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JANUARY, 1919

Woman's Part in the Great Victory

By DR. FRANK CRANE

THE greatest war in history is won. The mightiest victory since time began is ours. What part did Woman have in it?

The grim giant of militarism has gone down again, let us hope for the last time. Under Tamerlane, under Alexander, under Cæsar, under the Spaniards, brute force ran its Juggernaut car over the peoples of the earth.

Under William of Hohenzollern, altho he commanded hosts better equipped than ever before, the attempt failed. The onrush was stopped. Autocracy is dead. Monarchs are fleeing from their broken thrones.

Why did the Teutonic menace fail when the Roman, the Spanish, and the Tartar tyrannies succeeded? Because in the world there is a different kind of women.

The progress of the Nineteenth Century, the liberating and strengthening influences of modern civilization, have left their deposit in the characters of the women of America, of Great Britain, of France, and of Italy. They have a spiritual force that the world has never known before. In their hearts and minds are the permanent results of Christian civilization.

ARMIES win, in the last analysis, by their morale. And the morale of an army depends upon the women in the homes from which the army comes.

It was a spiritual something that won this war. It was the outraged sense of justice, of truth, and of mercy that leagued the nations of earth against the German monster. And Woman is the vessel of spirituality.

Man comes first in the order of nature; woman last. But woman is the finer and finishing element of the race.

Man, as a separate sex, stands for material power. for force, for battalions. Woman stands for the conquering, resisting, quenchless spirit inbreathed into force, without which man's regiments at last are shattered like a potter's vessel.

There are three ways for a man to look at a woman. The Byronic way of adulation and passionate flattery, which looks up to Woman, calls her a queen and a goddess. The Oriental and ancient way, which looks down upon a woman and regards her as a plaything and a chattel. And there is the way of Jesus Christ, who looked level into Woman's eyes, and treated her as an equal and a companion soul.

It is only when Woman is released from barbarous cruelty and flowered captivity, is set squarely upon her own feet, and is made to feel that she is a soul and a citizen, that she can exercise her due and divine influence upon the race. It is because American women are free and unafraid that they have reared such sons as died in Picardy and have sent forth such magnificent legions to save expiring Europe.

I LOVE to think of the part women have played in this war. They have not only served in public capacities, nursed the sick, organized relief and assistance, but they have in every way thrown their tremendous spiritual enthusiasm behind the men who sailed forth to die for American ideals.

Let us speak of the millions who were knitting, knitting all the day. It was not an insignificant thing. It was a symbolic thing. With every click of the needles went a heart-throb, with every prepared garment went an unspoken prayer.

This has been a woman's war. For it has been a war where everything that Woman stands for was at stake—Truth, Honor, Mercy, Justice, Decency, the welfare and safety of little children. It was because these invisible things nested in every soldier's heart and hovered in his dreams that he fought on to victory.

The German army had its ideals—world power and supremacy. Such were not ours. We had but one ideal, and that was to make our own land, and, as far as possible, all other lands, safe for a woman to walk in, to make the streets of every city in the world safe for little children to play in.

EVERYWHERE men rule, everywhere except in the highest realms—there Woman rules. The Eternal Feminine leads us on.

The sayings of Jesus sometimes appear to us effeminate, when he says, "Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth. Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God. And Blessed are the poor in spirit: for they shall be comforted." But in the light of this day these sentences leap out with a divine dignity, as tho the Mother Heart of the universe had uttered itself, and we see that the cannon, and ships, and bayonets of the Allies were but the instruments in the hand of that tall white Angel that stands at the portal of the Twentieth Century, and points to the future.

And that tall white Angel is Woman.

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YOUR BOY AND MINE

For the Families of Our Enlisted Men

Conducted by IDA CLYDE CLARKE

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When Your Boy Comes Home

THE Great War is over—as far as actual fighting is concerned. It is glorious news and, best of all, means that your boy and mine are coming home!

Just when, no one can say, for experts estimate that it will take from six to twelve months to get our soldiers back after all need for them in Europe has passed.

I have been drawn very close indeed to the great warm mother heart of America during these tragic months of war, and I have counted it a high privilege indeed, as the mother of a young volunteer, to pass along to other mothers through these pages what I could find of comfort and of cheer. The thousands and thousands of letters that have come to me have given me a new sense of the strength and beauty of woman's heart, and have brought home to me a deeper realization of the meaning of service and of sacrifice.

We are but in the beginning of our great task. Our boys are coming home with higher ideals and with a clearer vision of what the future must mean. We mothers of America must not be unprepared. The period of demobilization and reconstruction will present many wholly new problems and develop many difficult and intricate situations.

I shall continue to answer to the best of my ability the questions that are asked me. Please enclose stamped, self-addressed envelop (large size) when you write. Address Ida Clyde Clarke, Washington Editor, Pictorial Review, 707 20th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

The Demobilization Period

A COMPLETE system has been worked out by the Army Educational Commission of the Y. M. C. A., with the approval of General Pershing and the active support of President Wilson and the Secretary of War, whereby every soldier who may be kept in Europe during the demobilization period is to be given an opportunity to improve his education under Army control, whether he has only the first rudiments of education, none at all, or whether he is a college senior and now holds a commission. The plan was formulated while the routine of war absorbed the Army's main energies, but even then plans were made to widen it so that the army during the demobilization period may have the advantage of the higher educational systems of the English and French universities. The plan provided that, while the Army is waiting on peace negotiations, officers and enlisted men shall be given leaves of absence from their units to attend such classic institutions as those at Oxford, Cambridge, Edinburgh, and Glasgow in Great Britain, and at the Sorbonne and the universities of Paris and Bordeaux in France. The students will receive credits in American universities for courses followed in Europe. While the army is demobilizing, awaiting transportation to the United States, the post schools will afford courses in English literature, modern history, civics, bookkeeping, accountancy, stenography, elementary biology, and other subjects. Special schools will provide educational courses in electric wiring and repair work, salesmanship, practical agriculture, carpentry, telegraphy, tailoring, tinsmithing, cooking, etc.

Are Your Taxes Unpaid?

IF, WHILE you are away in the service of your country, taxes or assessments become due upon property which you or your dependents owned or occupied for dwelling or business purposes before you went into the service and which is still so occupied by either your dependents or your employees, some one on your behalf should file with the officer whose duty it is to collect such taxes or assessments an affidavit stating that your ability to pay such taxes or assessments is materially affected by reason of such military service. After it is filed, the property can not be sold to collect such taxes or assessments without a special order of the court, and the court may stay proceedings for such collection until six months after the war. Even if the court should permit the sale, you may nevertheless redeem such property at any time within six months after the war is over merely by paying the sum originally due with six per cent. interest thereon.

Preventing Lapse of Policy

IF YOUR soldier has an insurance policy or a fraternal benefit membership, and had made at least one payment thereon prior to September 1, 1917, and fears that he may not be able to keep up the payments thereon in his absence, he may (if such payments are not in arrears for more than a year) obtain through his commanding officer at camp a form upon which he may apply to the United States Government to prevent the lapse of such a policy or membership while he is away. Complete instructions as to how to make the application will be given.

Is Your Rent Overdue?

THE family of a soldier can not be dispossessed or evicted from their home during his absence without special order of the court, provided the amount of rent they are paying is not over $50 a month.

If the landlord requests such an order, any one on behalf of the soldier need merely state to the court that he is in the military service and, if the court believes that the ability of the tenant to pay the agreed rent is materially affected by reason of his absence, the court may stay the proceedings for three months, or may make such other order as it deems just. He may, if he desires, make an allotment through the office of the Quartermaster-general of a portion of his pay sufficient to meet the rent each month.

Every soldier's family should know that if any one attempts to evict them in his absence without special order of the court, they may call a police officer and lawfully demand the arrest of such person. Such an illegal eviction would be a misdemeanor.

Don't Worry about that Mortgage

IF YOU are a soldier, and if there is a mortgage on your property, dated prior to March 8, 1918, and if you owned the property before you entered military service, the mortgage can not be foreclosed and the property sold in your absence without a special order of the court. If such an order is applied for, any one on your behalf has merely to state to the court that you are in military service. If the court believes that your ability to comply with the terms of the mortgage is materially affected by such service, the court may stay the proceedings or make such other disposition of the matter as seems to it just.

Your Liberty Bond

THE following suggestions to men in the service on the care of their Liberty Bonds are made by an officer of the Quartermaster's Department:

Don't forget, when you get your Liberty Bond, to keep it in a safe place.

To keep the number of the bond; it will help you to identify it should you lose it.

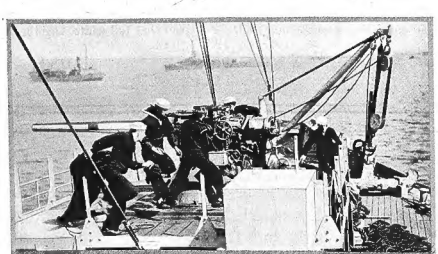
To cut the coupons every six months, and cash them at once; do not cut them until they are due.

Do not write your name or put any marks on the bond; marked bonds are worth less than those not marked.

You can borrow on the bonds; the bond is used as security.

Bonds carry interest—that is, every day some interest is earned, only the Government pays it every six months; but if you sell it you get interest from the date when it was last paid to the date you sell.

Never to send a Liberty Bond through ordinary mail.



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Sending Money Overseas

INTERNATIONAL money orders are under no circumstances to be used for transmitting money to members of the American Expeditionary Forces, as such orders are subject to the provisions of the money-order convention governing the exchange of money-orders between France and the United States. Arrangements have been made, however, by which domestic money-orders may be purchased at any money-order office in the United States at the domestic rate for a fee, drawn on the United States Army Postal Service, which will be cashed at any of the branches of the postal agent in France. These orders, altho expressed in dollars, may be paid in francs at the current rate agreed upon by the War and Treasury Departments. The method of drawing the orders and of designating the payees in the coupons was agreed upon at a conference between representatives of the War, Treasury, and Post-office Departments, and affords the cheapest, safest, and most expeditious manner of sending money to our soldiers in France or from them to their homes in the United States.

Have You a War Risk Claim?

DEPENDENTS and beneficiaries of officers and enlisted men who have claims under the War Risk Insurance Act do not need outside assistance in collecting claims of allowances, allotments, compensation, or insurance. The Bureau of War Risk Insurance, Treasury Department, arranges all such matters and settles all claims without charge. Such legal advice as may be felt necessary may be secured through the co-operation of the special committee for War Service of the American Bar Association, through the local legal advisory boards of each draft district. The law provides that the payment of a legal advisor employed in the preparation of the papers necessary shall not exceed three dollars in a single case.

Free Tuition for Soldiers

THE University of Colorado, located at Boulder, thirty miles northwest of Denver, will admit to all departments, free of tuition or other charges, all honorably discharged soldiers and sailors from any State, possessing the required educational qualifications. The school of law of the University of Colorado will admit all honorably discharged soldiers and sailors who have had a high-school education, or its equivalent, tho two years of college work is required of other applicants for admission. American soldiers who may remain temporarily overseas are offered every opportunity to continue their education under a plan formulated by the Y. M. C. A. The plan announced by the University of Colorado provides the same opportunities.

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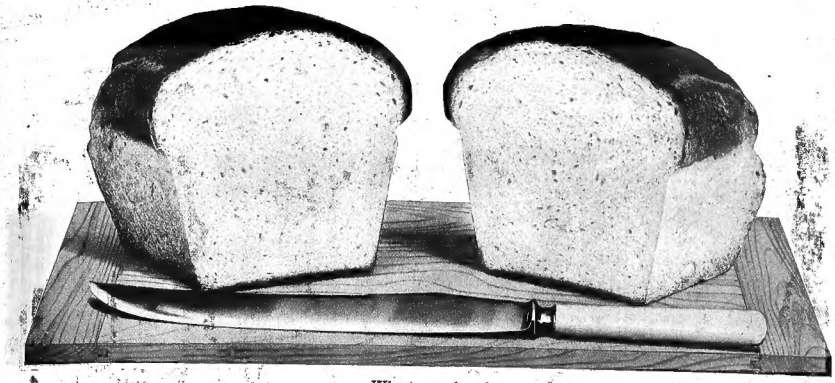
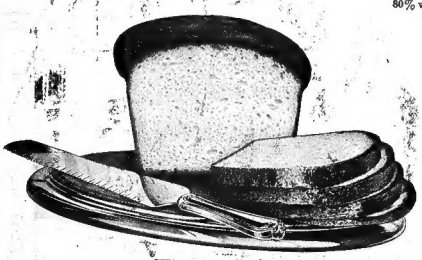
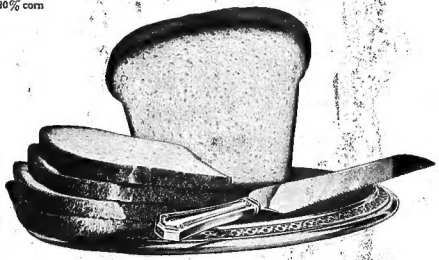


Wheat corn bread
80% wheat—20% corn



Wheat barley bread
80% wheat—20% barley
Use same ingredients as wheat corn bread, except substitute 3½ cups barley flour for the 2½ cups corn flour.



Wheat, corn and barley bread
80% wheat—10% corn—10% barley
Use same ingredients as wheat corn bread, except substitute 1¼ cups of corn flour and 1¼ cups of barley flour for 2½ cups of corn flour.

Breads That Are Better When Baked At Home

Homemade Victory Bread Recipe
Wheat corn bread
80 per cent wheat—20 per cent corn

Sponge

1 Cake Yeast Foam or Magic Yeast
2 Cups lukewarm water
1½ Cups wheat flour
2½ Cups corn flour

In the evening soak yeast 20 minutes in lukewarm water. Mix with flours to medium sponge. Cover. Let rise in warm place over night.

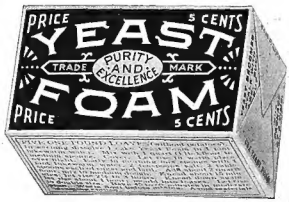
Dough

Sponge
2 Cups lukewarm water or milk scalded and cooled lukewarm
2 Teaspoons salt
1 Tablespoon sugar, or 2 tablespoons syrup
1 Tablespoon lard or other shortening
8½ Cups wheat flour (or sufficient to make medium dough)

Early in the morning, mix sponge with water, salt, sugar and lard. Add flour and mix to medium dough. Knead about 15 minutes. Let rise 2½ to 3 hours Mould into 5 loaves. Let rise to double size. Bake 45 to 60 minutes in moderate oven.

Warm flour before mixing. Avoid materials becoming chilled. Corn meal may be substituted for corn flour and, for better results, should be boiled and cooled to lukewarm before using. When boiled, omit 2 cups of lukewarm water in making dough.

Magic Yeast—Yeast Foam.
Just the same except in name. Magic Yeast is sold principally on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts.



Send for booklet,
"The Art of Making Bread," containing recipes that save wheat.

Northwestern Yeast Company Chicago

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NOTHING helps quite so much to make the home attractive during the winter as bright, clean, fresh curtains and hangings. It is easy to wash them as often as necessary, and without injury to the most delicate materials, if you use Ivory Soap.

Ivory Soap does not shrink, fade, rot or stain them. Color and texture are the same after every washing as before it. And they are as fresh, clean, soft and pleasing as can be.

Ivory Soap has been used for cleaning perishable fabrics and for all particular household purposes since 1879—forty years. Its freedom from alkali and all other harsh materials, its whiteness, its thick, lasting lather, its freedom from excess oil and its all-round superior quality make it suitable for any work which cannot be entrusted to ordinary soap.

IVORY SOAP...

IT FLOATS ...99 44/100% PURE

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A THOUGHT FOR THE NEW YEAR

By DOROTHY CANFIELD

DECORATION BY FRANKLIN BOOTH

"It is rather for us to be here dedicated . . . . . .

OUT in the wheat-field, golden under a golden sun, I came suddenly on the young American soldier, lying dead, his face turned toward the *Bois de Belleau*. He was the stillest thing in all the silent country-side, ghostly quiet after the four-days' din of battle, now gone forward and thundering on the horizon. Compared to his stillness, the wheat-stalks, broken and trampled as they were, seemed quivering conscious life; the trees, altho half-shattered by shell-fire, fluttered their bright leaves, vividly alive; the weeds by the road-side vibrated in triumph. They were wounded, mutilated, disfigured, but they had survived. They were alive. Only the soldier had not survived.

All men go a long journey to meet their death, through many days and months and years. But he and his comrades had gone a longer than any man before them. They had passed through all those days and months and years; and more than that, across unending miles of those other wheat-fields in a far country and across the unending miles of the ocean they saw for the first time; but far more than that, they had crossed incalculable gulfs of traditions, of prejudice, of the tyranny of old, fixed ideas.

He had come a long journey, he had trod a new road, he was fighting a new fight, this soldier who had turned his back on the limitations of the past, who was making forward into the future with all the strength and faith of his young manhood, when he met his sudden destiny and lay down forever in a wheat-field of France.

There he lay in a blessed, blessed stillness, having done his best.

. . . . . .

BEING still alive, and so not permitted to lie down by him to rest, I left him, and returned to a great city, any great city—all great cities everywhere in the world being the same.

I stood before the door of a shop. I saw an old, thin, work-deformed woman cowering before a well-fed man with a brutal voice who stood over her, angrily shouting at her that she had not sufficiently burnished the brass hinges of the great glass doors. With the rich abundance of the wheat-fields still golden before my eyes, I saw her cowering before him, all her sacred human dignity stripped from her by her need for food, by the fear of more hunger than even she could endure.

I saw a woman with a bloated, flabby body, strained together into a cohesion by steel bands, with a bloated, flabby face covered with red and white. Small glass-like pieces of white stone were thrust into the pierced flesh of her ears, gleamed on her protuberant bosom, on her puffed, useless fingers. With the roar of the distant battle still in my ears, I heard her saying, "The war is lasting too long! Lucette tells me that it's impossible for her to get the right shade of silk for my corset; the only coiffeur who understands my hair has been sent to the front; and I have not had a bonbon in ten days."

. . . . . .

I SAW a wretched, disinherited son of man, shaking with alcoholism, rotten with disease, livid with hunger, undone with hopelessness, flung on a bench like a ragged sack of old bones. Only the palsied trembling of his dirty hands showed that he lived. But with the awful odor of real death still in my nostrils, I perceived that he was alive, while the strong young soldier was dead.

I saw a man with a gross, pale countenance, with white fine linen and smooth black broadcloth, who stepped confidently forward, not deigning to lift his eyes to the crowd about him, sure that they would give way before the costliness of his ring and pin.

In his soft, white hands he held a newly printed newspaper which, open at the news from the stock-exchange, he read with an expression of eager rapacity. On his way stood a woman in all the fleshly radiance of her youth, with some of the holiness of youth still left on her painted mouth. She, looking at him hungrily, desperately, forced his eyes up to meet hers. With the glory of the dead soldier still in my soul, I saw the rapacity in his eyes change to lust. I saw an instant's sickness in hers go out quenched by the bravado of despair.

. . . . . .

OH, AMERICAN soldier, lying still in the wheat-field of France, did you come so far a journey to meet your death in order that all this might continue?

. . . . . .

"Let us here highly resolve that all these dead shall not have died in vain . . . . . ."

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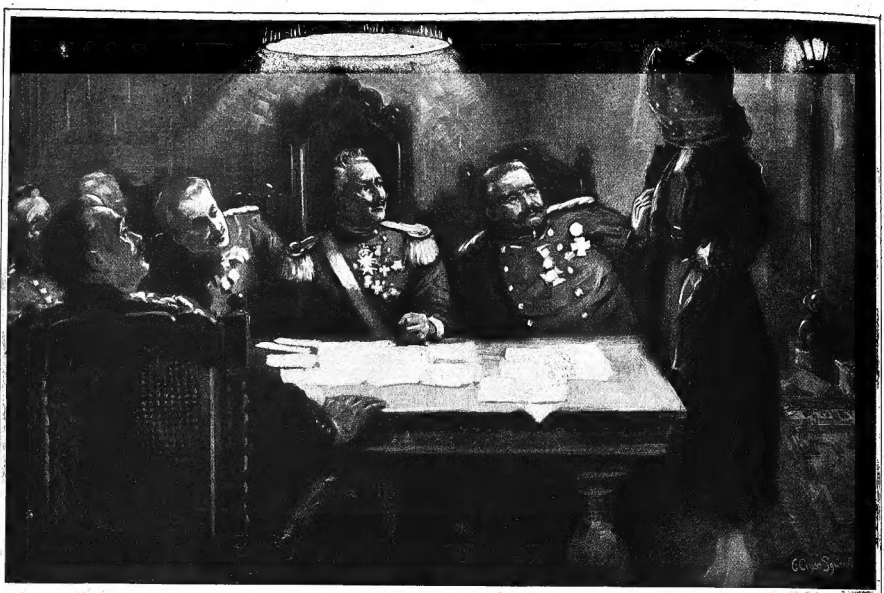

"'I Must Be Set Down in America by Means Which Will at Once Make Me Conspicuous and Place Me Above Suspicion'"

WRAPPED IN SILK

Opening Instalment of a Breathlessly Thrilling and Romantic Spy-Story

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. CLYDE SQUIRES

ROMANCE, Mystery, Adventure, and Intrigue! Here is the Spy-story of the year. It will keep you guessing to the last page as to which of these two beautiful women is the German Spy. We give you two guesses. You will need them both. Begins this month, ends in March. If you don't like to read the story in instalments, keep your magazines for three months and read it all at once.

THE sea was the color of slate upon which oil has been poured; its movement was not a roll but an undulation, as if it sleepily flexed its muscles. The horizon was vacant throughout its circle, a circle constricted by the most luminous of hazes, behind which anything might be concealed.

Suddenly the surface of the ocean was disturbed—an infinitesimal bubble of disturbance in a universe of placidity. For an instant it reminded one of the wake of a tiny animal swimming across a pond—of a muskrat making his crossing. Then appeared something not created of Natüre; something patently the handiwork of man. At first it barely broke the surface of the water; then it erected itself gradually, sinisterly, like the tentacle of some obscene creature of the depths—a tentacle bearing the creature's eye. It was the periscope of a submarine.

The craft slowly disclosed itself, lost its headway, and lay wallowing in the gentle swell. Presently on her deck appeared a man in the uniform of an officer of the Imperial German Navy. With feet wide apart he moved his body lithely in accompaniment to the movement of his boat while he scanned the visible ocean with his glasses. For half an hour he stood on the constricted deck until to the eastward appeared a vague blot which seemed to spread along and cling to the surface of the water. The officer turned suddenly and went below. The opening closed itself and the vessel began slowly to move—as slowly to disappear. It submerged itself until only a fragment of the periscope remained above the surface, and there it waited.

The vague blot on the horizon approached, became distinctly the trail of smoke billowing from the funnels of an ocean liner. Then the vessel itself, painted in fantastic designs and colors, issued from nothingness. It seemed to be pointed directly for the spot where the submarine lay in wait. Nearer and nearer it came, until one might have seen the captain on his bridge scanning the waters about him with unmistakable anxiety; until one might have seen the passengers stirring their appetites by rapid walking about the deck, or wrapped in rugs and carrying on flirtations in their steamer-chairs. The liner had been displaying no flag. Suddenly from her stern broke out the Stars and Stripes above a flag of white.

Her engines stopped. Officers in uniform might be seen passing about the decks, obviously re-assuring the passengers. But their re-assurances seemed destined to be in vain. Suddenly a man shouted, "Periscope—there's a periscope!"

Instantly there was confusion. Some rushed to the rail to view the spectacle, some scurried below to seize life-preservers and valuables, and to return frantically to take their appointed boat-stations. The periscope lengthened itself into the view of the men and women on the liner until presently the *untersee* boat lay at a distance of fifty yards, deck above the wash of the sea.

Once more her hatch opened itself to the officer who had scrutinized the sea with his glasses half an hour before. He was followed by two seamen, one of whom hoisted the German flag above a flag of white. The second sailor carried a megaphone, which he passed to his superior.

The officer took it and shouted to the bridge of the liner, "I have your passengers. Send a boat to take them aboard." There was no trace of German accent in his speech.

A BOAT let itself down spiderwise, and presently was being pulled toward the submarine, on whose deck, in obedience to the summons of the German officer, appeared two women. Even those aboard the liner who leveled excited and curious glasses upon these intriguing forms could make little of them. They were heavily muffled and thickly veiled. One could not tell if they were young or old.

The boat drew alongside the submarine, the women were helped to descend, salutes were exchanged, and the small boat drew away. Before it had covered a dozen yards the submarine was again sealed, her decks bare, and she was beginning to sink beneath the sea. By the time the boat reached the liner she had disappeared. Had it not been for the two heavily veiled women in the boat the passengers might have fancied there had come to them an exceptionally vivid dream.

Already a ladder had been lowered. The boat swayed and rolled against the vessel's side, while her crew, assisted by men aboard ship, assisted the women to scramble to the open gangway. Passengers craned their necks over the rail to watch until the mysterious passengers disappeared, and then broke up into little knots, each with a half a dozen theories to account for the phenomenon.

All passenger-carrying vessels buzz with rumor and conjecture and fantastic prophecy and suspicion in these days of war, but never had a vessel seethed as did the *Puritania* during the rest of that day and as far into the night as passengers could keep their eyes open and their brains inventive.

They had seen something which no logical mind could grasp; they had witnessed the impossible. They had, with their own eyes, perceived a friendly passage between a German submarine and a liner flying the flag of the United States. It is no wonder they guessed crazily. The craziest guess fell short of the truth——

Thirty days prior to this date there met in a certain famous building in Berlin half a dozen men whose word and wills controlled the destinies of the Teutonic Empires. They sat in council, and their discussions dealt with the newest of their enemies, with the potentiality for harm there might lie in that enemy. The grizzled man with upturned mustache and one arm which appeared to be useless, who dominated the group, was interested in the United States of America and in nothing else on that day. His attitude was shared by a massive, granite-faced old soldier who sat opposite him, and whose contributions to the counsel were made by snort or rumble or roar. A third man to whom they turned for facts repeatedly was not one of dominant personality, if one missed his eyes. He was neutral—colorless. But he appeared to know more of what was passing within the confines of America than would the editor-in-chief of America's greatest newspaper. His facts were at his fingers' ends. He was the chief of Germany's huge army of spies.

"There is one matter about which we must be informed," said the man with the upturned mustache. "You are aware of that."

"Fully, *Majestät*."

"What steps have been taken?"

"I have sent for the proper person. She is here and her plan is made. I have concurred. She awaits."

"Summon her."

Presently a woman entered the room slowly. She moved

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with the lithe grace of youth, with a certain splendor of movement possible only to women whom Nature has taken pains in the forming. She was veiled, but one hoped her face was as beautiful as her figure. It would have been impious to set other than a beautiful head on such a body. A young man with a long, thin nose, and eyes set close together, moved forward in his chair and breathed deeply.

"Mademoiselle," said the chief of the Secret Service, "you are permitted to speak."

"After Mademoiselle removes her veil," said the young man.

"The features of Mademoiselle are known only to me—to no other soul," said the Chief. "So long as none but myself know her to be in my employ she is invaluable. If one other knows, even yourself, her value is decreased by half."

The young man sat back with a frown.

"Your plan," said he of the upturned mustaches, impatiently.

"With your majesty's permission," she said in a clear, musical voice, a voice that was not German.

"You are French?"

"No, *Majesté*."

"Belgian?"

"No, *Majesté*."

"What then?"

"What your majesty pleases."

"He Did Not See a Dainty Hand Make Certain Mysterious Motions"

THE Kaiser smiled grimly. "Proceed," he ordered.

"I must be set down in America by means which will at once make me conspicuous and place me above suspicion. This is my plan. I shall proceed to Belgium, where I shall take up my residence. I have selected the spot. I shall make one woman friend. I have selected the friend. She is young and beautiful—and patriotic."

"Patriotic?"

"She loves Belgium."

"Ah——!"

"With her I shall plot to free prisoners of war. We shall be detected, tried, sentenced. The Edith Cavell episode repeated, *Majesté*."

The emperor frowned. The name Cavell was not grateful to his ears.

"Proceed."

"There will be an outcry from England and America. Germany will be obdurate. The world will ring with the matter. Finally *Majesté* will intervene. He will pardon the criminal myself and my friend upon condition that we accept exile in America. It shall be stipulated that we be placed on board an American-bound vessel and shall not return to Europe for the duration of the war. It will be done. We will be received in America as heroines—myself and my friend who is indeed a patriotic Belgian. I shall be a Belgian. Her antecedents are plain and beyond dispute. As her companion is the plot, mine will be the same. She is genuine, *Majesté*. She shall never suspect me. We shall be together always. She is beautiful and will be of assistance. Americans, *Majesté*, are said to be susceptible to beauty."

"And Germans," said the young man with the narrow eyes.

"And then?"

"We shall reside in Washington, *Majesté*. The rest will be easy. If the impossible occurs and suspicion arises, I shall throw it upon my companion. I shall borrow her identity. How will she prove it? It will not be myself who is suspected of spying, *Majesté*."

"The plan is good," said the Kaiser. "It has my approval."

"No plan is good," said the Crown Prince," which exiles such beauty from the Fatherland."

"It is directed to use all dispatch," the Kaiser said sharply. "What time must pass?"

"I should be in America within two months, *Majesté*."

"Excellent. Go with God, Mademoiselle."

Mademoiselle bowed low and retired.

"Is she trustworthy?" the Kaiser demanded of his chief of spies.

"She has proven it. Without her, Bulgaria would not have been in the war. Had it not been for her, Kerensky might rule to-day in Russia. I vouch for her, *Majesté*."

"It is well."

SO IT was that within the month the world rang with a second Edith Cavell outrage. Two women were detected in the act of plotting to liberate prisoners of war. Both were young. Both were declared to be beautiful. Both were reported as members of splendid Belgian families—and both were sentenced to be shot.

England flamed with protest; America reached a fire of rage. Neutral nations intervened. But Germany was obdurate. A crime had been committed and punishment must be meted out. That was justice; that was efficiency. As a last resort, the combined diplomatic corps of the remaining neutral nations waited upon the Kaiser and laid the matter before him. He was reluctant to receive them or to hear of the matter, but so ably did they present their case that, graciously and with compassion for the unfortunate and misguided, he gave his imperial promise to intervene—in case, and only in case, the guilty women should be exiled from Europe and held as prisoners or as guests of the nation in America for the duration of the war. This was quickly acceded to and the details arranged.

And so it was that a German submarine made a peaceful rendezvous with an American liner. So it was that passengers going about their lawful occasions were astonished and confounded. So it was that two beautiful young women came to be aboard the *Puritania*. It was, however, Chance that made Major Douglas Land a voyager on that return trip, Major Douglas Land of the Artillery, on special service. Design had nothing to do with his presence there. Thus Chance and Design rode on the same vessel. Such fellow passengers as they must make the happening of events inevitable. Chance and Deep-laid-plot.

The two women who had been put aboard the liner by the submarine did not appear on deck that day, nor were they present at meals until noon of the following day. Then they came down accompanied by no less a person than the captain himself, who showed them to a small table, secluded in a corner of the dining-room. Diners craned their necks surreptitiously, for beside the interest which the unusual arrival of the young women had caused, something of their story had trickled out until they had been identified as figures of world-wide consequence. For days the papers had carried the names of these girls in headline and editorial, and, because of their sufferings, Germany had drawn upon herself a new tidal wave of abhorrence.

They were, so confirmed rumor had it, Mademoiselle Renée Saxe and Mademoiselle Rachel Laurens, and were the identical women who had been detected by the German military authorities in Belgium in the act of plotting to aid in the escape of French and English prisoners. They had been sentenced to death, and the world had been waiting with rage and horror the announcement of the carrying out of the sentence. And here the women were, vomited up by a German submarine in mid-ocean! Two exceedingly pretty young women excite abundant interest aboard an ocean liner, but when you add to their attractions the glamor of adventure and of suffering, you have something to set an entire passenger list by the ears.

The girls looked enough alike to be sisters, yet there was a certain dissimilarity, perhaps more of manner and expression than of feature, which made one hesitate almost to believe they were of the same race. Mademoiselle Renée possessed a vivacity of expression and of movement that seemed more Gaelic than Belgian; perhaps with something of the Slav lurking in the background. Mademoiselle Rachel gave an impression of repose, of acuteness also. She did not fit into one's preconceived ideas of a Belgian girl, but might have been American with a few drops of the French-Canadian blood, or even with some descent from an ancester who had been a Hegeman of the Sobieskis. Neither girl was of the obvious type. Both were of the sort who make a man look and then consider and come back again to check up his conclusions. Inevitably he would conclude that his deductions had been erroneous. The beauty of each was touched with the exotic; was of that alluring type which cries out to men and demands their homage.

Major Douglas Land, wearing a wound stripe earned at Cantigny; now journeying to America on special duty, occupied a chair from which he was able covertly to watch the two girls throughout the meal. The Major was young, as were the gold leaves on his shoulders. He had come to France a lieutenant. In five months his efficiency and intelligence had won him not only rapid promotion but no mean measure of distinction for gallantry in the field of action. He was young, and these strange girls were beautiful and interesting. Therefore, the Major delayed not at all, but carried himself to the Captain of the vessel, with whom he was already on terms of friendship. That was a way the Major had—wherever he went he found friends springing up about him. It was a thing that happened.

"Captain," he said with mock seriousness, "I'm afraid you have neglected a pressing duty. It may not be too late to save yourself lasting remorse if you act quickly, but you will have to be mighty prompt."

"Eh?" said the captain, beginning to bristle. He was of English extraction, and even years of living in America had not accustomed him to the varying approaches of Yankee humor.

"You have taken two young women aboard, according to information that has been brought to me, that are very pleasant to look at. A long voyage is ahead of them, and already I can see they are suffering. It is dreadful to contemplate. If you take prompt steps you may escape severe criticism."

"What steps, sir? What criticism?"

"Steps to prevent loneliness. Do you know the numbers of young women who have died from loneliness on an ocean voyage. I can give you exact statistics. They are alarming. Now, then, there is just one thing to be done. Perhaps the greatest cure for that malady in the world is standing before you." He bowed. "The idea," he said with a boyish grin, "is that you take me to the steamer-chairs of these young women and present me as quickly as possible. Failure to do so may cause the most horrid results."

"Huh!" grunted the captain, but his eyes began to twinkle. "I think I understand the situation now. I am indebted to you for saving me from a blunder that might have blighted my career. Shall we go on deck at once?"

"Inasmuch as at once is the soonest possible moment, I am for it."

They went down on the promenade deck and walked aft to the waist of the vessel past the long stretch of steamer-chairs occupied by a few persons not in uniform, by French and American officers returning to America on various missions, by Red Cross men and Y. M. C. A. secretaries who had finished their term of service in France; by women in nursing uniforms and women in the blue-gray of the Y. M. C. A., by other men in the blue of the Friends, by a couple of naval officers. It was not at all the usual passenger list of antewar days. But the thing seemed perfectly normal, for everybody in France wears some sort of uniform these days.

BEFORE they reached the chairs where the two young women had already settled themselves in comfort, they were stopped by a man wearing the uniform of an American officer, but about his arm was a green brassard upon which was superimposed a red C—a newspaper correspondent fresh from the front.

"I wonder if I may have a moment, Captain," he said pleasantly, nodding to the Major.

"In a moment you may," said the captain. "By the way, have you met Major Land, Mr. Ballard?"

"I've heard of the Major," said Ballard, "but have never had the pleasure of knowing him."

"Going home to tell all about your job?" Major Land asked. "I hope you will be kind to us."

"Any correspondent who has seen the A. E. F. on the job will have to be kind whether he wants to or not," said Ballard. "But I'm detaining you."

"See you in just a moment, Ballard," said the captain, as they walked on.

The girls looked up as the captain approached with the young officer.

"I have taken the liberty," he said, "of bringing Major Land to you. He seemed to be afraid you might die of loneliness. May I present him?"

"But certainly," said Mademoiselle Rachel Laurens, smiling up at Major Land gaily. Mademoiselle Saxe smiled, too, but with more restraint, with something more of formality, almost of caution.

"I'll leave him to save your lives, then," said the captain. "But be gentle with him. He is not long out of the hospital."

"Ah, a *blesse*," exclaimed Mademoiselle Rachel. "You are going home to recover from your wound?"

"It was hardly worth calling a wound, Mademoiselle. I really had to argue with the doctor to get a wound chevron. He was all of the opinion I hadn't been hurt enough to deserve one."

"It must have been more than a scratch to compel you to go home to America," said Mademoiselle Renée, her eyes studying the Major's face intently as the striving to read the slightest message conveyed by its expression.

"Oh," he said easily, "it is not my wound that sends me to America."

"Ah," said Rachel, "a mission! But I am indiscreet to mention it."

"A mission? Oh, no indeed. I have been in France a year." He held up his arm to display the two golden service chevrons, each representing six months spent overseas. "Now I am being sent home to teach our new army what I have learned."

LAND was uncomfortably conscious that both girls were scrutinizing him more closely, more interestedly, than was natural in new acquaintances casually curious. For an instant he held the impression that both of them were trying to pry inside his mind to see what was there—for some ulterior purpose. It startled him, and he turned from one to the other quickly, appraisingly. The impression vanished, and he smiled to himself and at himself. "I almost wish I were a convalescent," he said lightly, "it would be very pleasant to have you sympathize with me."

Land's only regret was that he could not sit so as to watch both the girls at once. It was impossible to say which was the more beautiful. As he glanced at Renée he told himself she was the loveliest creature he had ever seen until he looked again at Rachel. It was disturbing, but pleasantly disturbing. No young man could have a pleasanter problem to worry him than which of two beautiful women was the lovelier. He shrugged his shoulders slightly. Long days on shipboard lay ahead of him in which to solve it.

"Let us promenade," suggested Rachel, and together they made the circuit of the deck again and again, chatting gaily, with Land the envy of every man aboard. "It is a wonderful feeling to be bound for America, away from all that," she

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waved her hand backward toward war-weary Europe, "to be crossing the ocean away from battles and intrigues and suffering—and from spies, spies, spies! You can not imagine the feeling of that, Major. My country is eaten up by German spies. They are everywhere. You are suspicious of every one. It will be wonderful to be in a land where one may speak freely and act without fear. I have been watched, watched!"

"YOURS has been a dreadful experience," Land said soberly.

"It isn't so terrible to die," said Mademoiselle Renée with straight lips, "but to be tolled to your death by a spy—"

"I'm afraid we are not free from them, even in America," Land said. "The German Secret Service has a long arm."

"And unscrupulous fingers," said Rachel with eyes that glowed soberly.

As they made the turn around the end of the cabin they came suddenly face to face with the man Ballard who had arrested the captain a short time before, the returning correspondent with the "C" on his arm-band. It was almost a collision.

"Pardon," said Ballard, stepping back, and waiting with an air of expectancy.

Land nodded curtly and passed on with the girls. For some incomprehensible reason he had taken a dislike to the man; there existed an antipathy which he would have been hard put to it to explain.

"Who is that man?" asked Renée, turning to look after him.

"A newspaper correspondent. For what paper I do not know."

"American?"

"Yes, Mademoiselle."

She turned her head and walked on silently, but there was a little pucker to her brows as if she were straining her memory for something that eluded her. "I don't think I like him," she said presently.

"I think I shall go below and lie down," said Rachel after a few minutes more of walking. "The exercise tires me."

"And I, too," said Renée. "*Au revoir, Monsieur,* and thank you for coming to our rescue."

"May I rescue you again?"

"But certainly," said Rachel looking at him directly with something very like challenge in her eyes. "We shall be lonely, shall we not, Renée?"

They disappeared, nor did they re-appear until the gong sounded for the evening meal. Land sat in his deck-chair and smoked furiously, while he considered them and compared them and admired them. He could visualize them clearly, for both were vivid types, yet as he looked at them with the eye of his recollection, he could not tell which he would choose were he to be given the choice. His own conclusion was that it was a toss up and God help the hapless soldier man.

Altho it was rather late, Major Land did not go below. He remained on deck chatting with his newly found acquaintances until they retired, then he paced the darkened deck, making the black rounds again and again. Not a light was visible on board, every opening, every port-hole was heavily screened. Even the momentary light that flashed from a door being opened and closed was hidden from the eye of a possible lurking submarine by a spread of canvas. It was like walking in a tunnel. Black forms would spring suddenly out of the darkness, so suddenly that collisions were oftimes unavoidable. One had to guess his way, and as for finding the entrance to the cabin it was not to be done. One waited until somebody opened the door, and then darted for the brief flash of light.

Land sat down to think and to watch the phosphorescent wake as it broke into silver flame against the vessel's side. He was young. He had been thrown into sudden contact with romance and with seductive beauty, and his head was not altogether steady as he re-acted to it. His thought was rueful, "If there were only one of them," was the *motif* of his reflections. It was his mature judgment, after a year in the camps and trenches, removed from pleasures, in a world destitute of women, that he could with facility love either of his new friends—if the other were not there to interfere.

"Confound it," he muttered, "I can't fall in love with both of them. I don't know what this year's rules are, but last year that wasn't being done."

He sat back and closed his eyes comfortably. It was good to rest. For a year he had had no moment of rest, and this complete idleness, this remoteness from the world, from the great and grim business which occupied all the world, was very pleasant. He drowsed.

Some one awakened him by stumbling against a nearby chair.

"I'm through banging around this deck in the dark," a surly voice said. "Sit down here."

"Well?" said another voice presently, a low, sweet, pleasant woman's voice.

"It's not in his cabin."

"You are sure?"

"I learned how to search in a school that tolerates few mistakes."

"He is known to have it, it is even known what it looks like and its size."

"Yes, a little packet, thin as a letter and no larger, wrapped in yellow oiled silk."

Major Land sat very still, but he was wide awake and alert now. A tiny packet, the size of a letter, wrapped in oiled silk! He knew what that was, for it was that packet that carried him to America. He listened.

"The thing is not in his cabin. He must carry it with him."

"He looks like the sort who would sleep with it in his mouth," said the woman. Her voice was pitched so low that Land could barely catch her words. He fancied the voice was familiar; there was a note in it that called to something in his recollection.

"Where is he, anyhow?"

"Prowling about the decks."

Land strained his ear to catch the slightest tone of those faint voices—to recognize them, to identify them. Every

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"WHERE WERE YOU?"

By JOHN BERNARD TERNS

BEYOND the long, pain-laden years,
Grim sentries of our griefs and fears,
A fair day waits, and it shall give
The Dead's great gift to those who live.
God help him then, his honor lost,
Who shared no part of what Peace cost,
Who neither wealth nor service gave,
But reaps life from the fallen brave.

Calm Peace will be, but he may claim
No part of it who failed its name,
For, till he die, in wake or sleep,
Shall conscience restless vigil keep.
Tho War conceal who duty shuns,
Peace takes the census of her sons,
And ever men the war review
Shall come the question, "Where were you?"

In school, his children yet unborn
Shall learn of old world's battle-torn,
When men relinquished life's full mete
That other men might find it sweet;
And coming home to eulogize,
Their innocent, all-trusting eyes
Shall look to his, who proved untrue,
And speak the question, "Where were you?"

But yesterday on fields o'erseas
We shaped our children's destinies;
And with us shall the reckoning rest—
To-morrow is To-day's bequest.
Keep faith! While Victory stills the guns
Peace takes the census of her sons,
And each when called must answer true
The Future's question, "Where were you?"

nerve was alive now and quivering. He knew he was the quarry and that here were the hunters—and he knew how precious to his country and to the cause of the Allies was the tiny packet he carried.

THE couple arose after a silence and moved slowly toward Land, fumbling their way in the blackness. The man tripped over a deck-chair, staggered—and sprawled upon Land, uttering an imprecation. As if by instinct the men grappled; Land with a known enemy, the spy with an unknown who had been an eavesdropper. His hands flew to Land's throat, stopped an instant at his shoulder as it touched the gold leaf indicating military rank.

"It's Land," the man said savagely.

The Major twisted sidewise, holding his antagonist off with his left hand while he placed his right against his chair and heaved upward. He was not in the pink of condition, not the clean, powerful athlete of the days before his wound, but he was, even in his convalescence, an antagonist to approach with caution. He struggled to his feet, lifting his assailant with him and for an instant they swayed, then pitched to the deck with Land uppermost. He tore free one hand and struck twice quickly, powerfully.

"He's on top," grated the man's voice.

A little hand came out of the darkness and fumbled over the Major's hair, a soft little hand. Land snatched for it, but it eluded him, and he was conscious of the contact of soft silk. As thoughts have an absurd way of doing at strange moments, this one flashed through his mind: "both wrapped in silk, the woman spy, the precious packet——"

His antagonist heaved and struggled silently; Land did not think of calling for assistance, somehow the idea did not occur to him. He was the sort to fight his own battles. Again that soft hand touched his hair—locating it, placing it. Then it seemed to Land as if a high explosive shell had struck close to his side. There was a paralyzing shock, the shock of the impact of something hard and round against his skull. It was repeated. Land's muscles relaxed, his grip slackened, he collapsed upon his enemy. The soft hand had not hesitated to arm itself and to strike.

They rolled him over on his back. The man flashed a light on the sprawling body as they knelt beside him, and with hands accustomed by training, they searched him swiftly, efficiently.

"I have it," whispered the man.

"Give it to me."

He laughed shortly. "I can take care of it," he said. Then, silently, swiftly, they disappeared into the blackness, leaving the Major outstretched on the damp deck, unconscious.

TWO women entered the dimly lighted cabin of the vessel from opposite doors almost simultaneously, and met face to face on the first landing of the winding stairway that led down to the deck upon which their rooms were located. The change from inky blackness to light blinded both for a moment. They stopped and scrutinized each other, neither's glance without suspicion.

"You are on deck at a late hour, Mademoiselle," said Rachel Laurens.

"And you," replied Renée Saxe.

"I? Ah, my cabin was close—the motion of the vessel. I felt the need of air."

"And I—I could not sleep, so I sat in my deck-chair."

"Alone?" said Rachel with a smile that was not altogether humorous. "Or was the American Major with you, perhaps?"

"I have not seen the American Major," said Renée, with a sudden compression of her lips.

Rachel yawned prettily, luxuriously. "He is charming," said she. "I have wished him good fortune. I think I can sleep."

Together they walked down the steps and to their adjoining cabins. "I think I shall dream of the Major," said Rachel as she opened her door, and, standing just within, lifted her arms with a gesture of lithe grace so that her fingers touched behind her head. She was alluringly beautiful.

"Good night, Mademoiselle."

"Good night," said Renée.

Both doors closed, and as they closed the smiles disappeared from each lovely face. Lips were compressed, dainty fingers clenched, and each turned to face the cabin of the other as if she strove to pierce the walls and to peer into the very consciousness of her neighbor. They were so alike, yet so unlike. They might have asserted their sisterhood with no one to doubt them; yet no one was surprized to learn that there was no relationship between them once he studied their faces, their manners. It was in beauty, in a certain seductive grace of movement, a touch of the exotic about the eyes that made for resemblance. Never before were two women more calculated to set men mad by their beauty aboard the same vessel. Never, perhaps, two women between whom a man would find it so difficult to choose.

Presently their lights were extinguished; they had retired to their berths. But Major Land had not retired to his berth. He lay on the dew-damp deck without, motionless, his body grotesquely crumpled.

After a time he moved, struggled to hands and knees, and tried vainly to gain his feet. His groping hand touched a deck-chair and painfully, slowly he pulled himself into it and sank back dizzily. Almost automatically his hand traveled to his breast, found the coat unbuttoned, and explored within. From his lips issued an incoherent sound, for there was no packet for his fingers to touch. Where they should have met an envelop of oiled silk there was nothing. The papers he carried to Washington from the War Council at Versailles were gone!

He lay back, struggling with his will to clear his brain, to bring his intellect to the *alerte*. It was calamity that overtaken him, the disaster of all calamities. He had lost that which had been entrusted to his discretion; secrets which must not fall into German hands had been stolen from him by a spy. The brutality of the realization, the sudden sensing of his position, of the ruin of his career, of the danger to his country's plans for victory, rallied him. His brain cleared; he felt he could stand upon his feet and walk, but a trial sent him reeling into his chair again. Again he tried, this time to stumble to hands and knees on the deck.

Time must not be lost. Seconds were precious. He must give the alarm, but he must give it with discretion. The news of his loss must be whispered to one man on that vessel, and to one man alone—the captain.

He knew the captain would be on the bridge, for in these days of ever frightfulness that excellent officer never left his post until the zone of danger was safely left behind. He must be notified at once.

The Major could not rise, so on hands and knees he crept forward; mounted the stairs to the upper deck and to the bridge itself, where, leaning against the rail he saw the square black figure of the master of the vessel.

"Captain," he said firmly. "Here! Quickly!"

"Who is it? What is it?" demanded the captain, turning suddenly.

"Major Land. I'm hurt. Help me up."

The captain, astonished, helped the Major to his feet, where he clung to the rail, thankful for the cold wind that blew strongly against his throbbing head.

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"Fall?" asked the captain.

"I was attacked—robbed. I was carrying a paper—of great importance—to Washington. It was taken."

"Aboard my ship!" the captain roared. "When? Where? A German spy aboard my ship!"

"At least two, a man and a woman. I overheard them talking, then they stumbled upon me, recognized me, and while I fought with the man the woman struck me with some weapon that knocked me out. When I came to, the paper was gone."

"How long ago?"

"Perhaps fifteen minutes."

"Call the First Officer," bellowed the captain.

PRESENTLY that individual appeared, blinking. "Get every steward and member of the crew out of their berths," Major Land and I will go to my cabin. Bring the men by twos as rapidly as possible. On the jump."

"Yes, sir," said the First Officer, and disappeared into the blackness. The captain helped Major Land into his own cabin where he assisted him into a chair and poured a generous glass of brandy.

"Get that into you, and remember all you can. A man and a woman, you say?"

"Yes."

"You didn't see them?"

"It was black on deck."

"Their voices? Would you recognize either again?"

"The man's voice was a mumble. The woman's seemed vaguely familiar. I might recognize it."

"Anybody acting suspiciously? Noticed anybody keeping an eye on you?"

"No."

"Hum. Here's somebody," as a knock sounded on the door.

The captain rose and admitted one man.

"What's your name?"

"Olsen, sir."

"Where were you a half hour ago?"

"In the smoking-room, sir?"

"Anybody with you?"

"Yes, sir. The other steward, sir. He's outside."

"Any passengers?"

"Three, sir."

"Who were they?"

"Two Red Cross men, sir, and a French officer."

"Leave the smoking-room?"

"When we turned out the lights, sir."

"That will do. Tell the other man to come in."

The other steward entered, and confirmed what the first had said. Man after man was questioned, but no crum of useful information was gleaned. The hour had been late and, save for a little group in the smoking-room, all the passengers seemed to have gone below.

It was Rouse, a cabin steward, who gave information that was disquieting to Major Land. It was vaguely disquieting. He was conscious that the hearing of it was repugnant to him, but he had not time to inquire of himself why.

"Did you see any passengers about?" asked the captain, after putting several other questions.

"Two, sir. Two wimmin."

"Who were they?"

"Them Belgian refugees, sir. Them wimmin that come out of the submarine."

"Where did you see them?"

"Standin' on the stairs, sir, lookin' at each other sort of queer, sir. They was fair starin' their eyes out."

"No imagination, Rouse. We're after facts."

"They was, sir. And they talked a little, and I heard them mention this gentleman here, sir. Clear as day they said it—the American Major, them was their very words."

"And what did they do then, Rouse?"

"Went to bed."

"That's all to-night. And keep a still tongue in your head."

"Yes, sir."

When Rouse was gone and the door closed the captain turned to Major Land. "Make anything of it?"

"Not a thing."

"The woman's voice you heard, was it one of those Belgians?"

"I couldn't say." Major Land hesitated a fraction of a second while the captain eyed him sharply. "The voice seemed familiar, but I can't identify it as one of them."

"You're sure it was a man and a woman that attacked you—not two women."

"One was a man—and a big man."

"That's something, anyhow. But about that voice—what other women have you talked to aboard?"

"A number, Captain. I really can't say."

"Um. A man and a woman. Have you seen either of those Belgians talking to a man?"

"No."

"Neither have I, and I don't imagine we should have seen it. The German Secret Service doesn't bungle like that. But I'll have that paper back if I have to search every passenger aboard this vessel. I'll have no damned spy work on my ship, and you can lay on that. I'll have the doctor fix you up. Then get to bed, and leave this to me."

It was afternoon of the next day when Major Land, head bandaged, and feeling shaky as to the legs, appeared on deck again. His face was older, as are the faces of those who have suddenly been brought eye to eye with calamity. His head throbbed so that logical thought was impossible to him. He felt himself to be futile in this emergency which threatened his career with catastrophe.

He attempted a walk around the deck, but half-way toward he was forced to pause and look for a chair. One was vacant at his side but, glancing forward, he saw another unoccupied at the side of Mademoiselle Laurens. She appeared very beautiful to Major Land as she stretched out in youthful grace, gazing at the sea with half closed eyes. He moved toward her.

"May I take this chair, Mademoiselle?" he asked.

"But yes. Mademoiselle Saxe has gone below. Me, I am *solitaire*."

She scrutinized Land's bandaged head.

"Is it that Monsieur has suffered an accident?" she asked.

Land did not reply for an instant. He was listening to her voice, testing it with the memory of his ear. Was it the voice he had heard in the darkness the night before?

"A trifle," he replied presently, and sat with eyes closed listening for her to speak again.

"A fall?"

"Something of the sort," he said a trifle grimly.

"I did not see you at *dejeuner*—and wondered if it was the *mal de mer*."

She had noticed his absence. It was flattering, and he turned to look full at her. It was impossible—the thought that she could be concerned in plots and spyings. It was unthinkable. She was what she seemed, a heroine, a figure of romance, wonderfully lovely, womanly, sweet. Her eyes were sympathetic as she bent a trifle toward him. An older man than Land might have felt his feet slipping from beneath him.

Yet he determined to apply another test. "Mademoiselle, you will not think me insane, but, while I close my eyes, will you repeat in a low voice a sentence?"

"Ah, a charm. But yes, I shall be joyous to charm away your illness."

"Repeat, 'It is even known what it looks like, and its size!'"

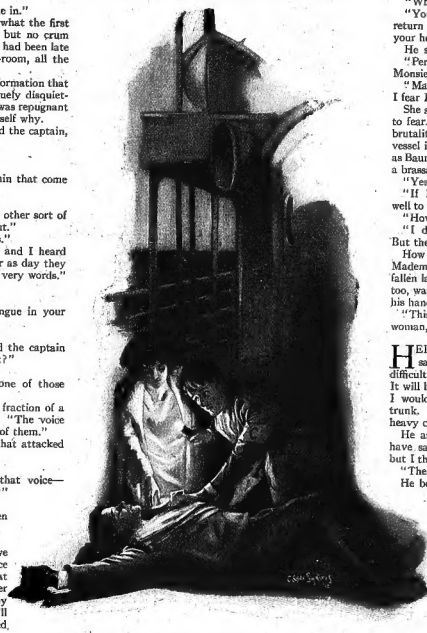
"*Tres drole*, Monsieur. Listen then." Land closed his eyes and focused his attention. She looked across at him with twinkling eyes, and repeated softly, "'It is even known what it looks like, and its size.'"

He sat with closed eyes, reconstructing last night's affair in his mind. He was conscious of a little shock of fear. Undoubtedly the voice and the tone were similar. It awakened a response in his memory. Mademoiselle Laurens watched his face intently.

"Does the charm work?" she asked.

"Beautifully," he said, trying to smile.

He looked away from her face, glanced forward as a man in the uniform of an officer, but wearing a correspondent's brassard, approached. The man was looking at him with some directness, and Land recalled his name. It was Ballard. He passed and entered the smoking-room.



"With Hands Accustomed by Training, They Searched Him Swiftly, Efficiently. 'I Have It,' Whispered the Man."

Mademoiselle Laurens uttered a slight sound and Land saw that she had suddenly grown grave, with eyes that were big with seriousness.

"That man," she said.

"Ballard?"

"Does he call himself Ballard?"

"A newspaper correspondent."

"Indeed? Monsieur, you are an American officer. I can trust you—I know that man. I have seen him in Belgium. I have seen his wickedness and cruelty. But for him, Monsieur, the troubles that have come to me would not have been."

"Ballard? What do you mean, Mademoiselle?"

"I am afraid to speak—even here—even to you."

He waited, not wishing to pry into her secret if she did not confide in him voluntarily. There was a moment's silence, then she spoke.

"His name is not Ballard—no. He is no correspondent. He is no hunter of news, but a hunter of men. His name, one of his names, is Kranzlein. He brought many to death or prison in my country. He is hard, cruel, implacable. Oh, I hate him! I hate him! And he is here to watch me, to spy upon me. I am sure of it."

"A spy! A German spy?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

Land was conscious of two emotions, and strangely the first was one of relief, almost of joy, that his suspicions of Mademoiselle Laurens had been proven to be baseless. She was denouncing a spy to him. That act cried her innocence to the heavens. His second sensation was one of hope, for here was something to work on—a spy. The precious paper might yet be recovered.

But if Mademoiselle Laurens were not the woman who had struck him down, who then? Was it Mademoiselle Saxe? Mademoiselle Saxe was not there. The spell of her beauty was not upon him. It might be she.

"Is Mademoiselle Saxe an old friend of yours?" he asked.

"But no. I know her very little. Only since the troubles overtook us."

"Can you tell me anything about her? Who are her people? What do you know of her before your days in prison? I do not ask out of mere curiosity."

"I know nothing, Monsieur. She has not confided in me. She is very silent and secretive. Ah, she comes, Monsieur."

Renée Saxe was standing almost by his side as Rachel spoke, looking down at him curiously, speculatively. He started to rise.

"No, no," said Rachel. "Mademoiselle Saxe may have, my chair. I go below."

She arose, smiled and swayed away, her lithe body meeting, with wonderful grace, the movement of the boat. It was a sight to stir the heart, to compel the admiration.

"You have been injured?" said Mademoiselle Saxe.

"A trifle."

"Monsieur, you will not think me prying, inquisitive, but was it an accident?"

"What do you mean, Mademoiselle?"

"You are an American officer. It is obvious that you return to America on a mission. Has the bandage about your head to do with that mission?"

He stared. "Why do you ask? What do you know?"

"Perhaps Monsieur carried a paper of value? Has Monsieur that paper now?"

"Mademoiselle," said Land sternly, "what do you know? I fear I must ask you to speak plainly."

She sighed. "I have seen on board a man I have reason to fear. Where he goes, violence comes—and cruelty and brutality. Of many, he is the worst. His name on this vessel is Ballard. In Belgium he was known as Kranzlein, as Baum, as many things. He wears your uniform, but with a brassard on his arm bearing the letter 'C.'"

"Yes."

"If Monsieur has lost a paper—anything—he will do well to take steps. The man Ballard is clever—dangerous."

"How did you know I carried a paper?"

"I do not know. I guessed. Perhaps I was wrong. But the sight of that man terrifies me."

How lovely she was! Mademoiselle Laurens was absent, Mademoiselle Saxe was there. Upon her his suspicion had fallen last, but he was overjoyed to have it removed. She, too, was loyal; she, too, was putting the German spy into his hands.

"This man Ballard," he said, "has he a companion? A woman, perhaps?"

HER eyes became inscrutable. "As to that I can not say. If a paper was taken, he has it. It will be difficult to find, but he has it. Of that you may be certain. It will be hidden securely, but I—ah—if I had lost a paper, I would search—not the man, not his baggage, not his trunk. No. I should examine with a minuteness the heavy cane he carries.

He arose. "I thank you, Mademoiselle, for what you have said. There is no paper. I fell against the rail—but I thank you."

"The cane," she said. "Let the cane be examined."

He bowed and strode forward, strength restored to him by excitement and hope. He mounted to the bridge and drew the captain aside.

"The man Ballard," he whispered, "is a German spy."

"Your proof."

"Both the Belgian women have denounced him to me. They knew him in their own country."

"Come," said the captain promptly.

They descended.

"Have you seen Mr. Ballard, the correspondent?" the captain asked of a deck steward.

"He just went down to his cabin, sir."

The captain and Major Land went down the stairs and walked softly to the door of the man's cabin. It was closed. The captain rapped.

"What is it?" came a voice from within.

"It is the captain. May I speak with you a moment."

The door opened and Ballard appeared, frowning. His frown deepened as he saw Major Land.

"Gentlemen," he said coolly.

"We wish a word with you," said the captain. "Shall we step inside?"

"As you wish."

They stepped within and closed the door. Ballard stood with his back to the wash-stand regarding them coldly.

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"Ballard," said the captain, "last night you took a certain paper from Major Land. We came for it."

"I don't understand you. A paper?"

"Be quick. I'll have no spy tricks aboard my vessel. The paper."

Land saw the man look once at the open port; saw him glance at the herth on which lay his cane. Then, suddenly, both men lunged for it, gripped it. The huge bulk of the captain reached over Land; his ham of a fist crashed against Ballard's jaw, and the man went down. The captain was upon him, crushing him to the floor.

"RING!" he said.

Land touched the bell, then fell to examining the cane feverishly. It was a heavy stick with curved head, and a ring of silver just below the grip. Apparently it was solid. The head did not screw out, tho the Major exerted all his strength. He was impatient. Gripping the stick firmly with both hands, he thrust it against the upper berth, smashing it to fragments. It was hollow, stuffed with cotton, and midway down, rolled into a tight cylinder, was the precious packet wrapped in silk.

Douglas Land was in a curious frame of mind when the vessel docked at New York. He was lost in a great uncertainty, an uncertainty not without its elements of humor. He was in love. He knew that much, but, strangest of dilemmas, he did not know with whom. There was even possibility that it was a dual affair and that he was in love with two women simultaneously. When he was alone with Rachel Laurens doubts ceased to exist. He loved her. When he was alone with Renée Saxe, she was the one woman of all the world. But when both were with him, or when he was solitary, there was nothing for him to do but shrug his shoulders ruefully and use certain large and virile expressions well known to the American Expeditionary Force in France.

As for the girls—both were charming. Both seemed to welcome his society. He was not a vain man nor one given to coxcombry, but he fancied he might hope if only he could determine upon which to center his hopes. It is difficult to press a suit or to forward a love affair when one does not know whom he loves. So the Major left the vessel with both the girls in a state of mind that many might envy, but which might, conceivably, furnish the groundwork for such a farce as he had seen more than once on the stage of Paris.

A representative of the State Department met the young women who were to be the guests and wards of the nation, and shielded them as best he could from the very legitimate curiosity of a throng of representatives of the press, both reporters and photographers. It was all very exciting and novel to them, and both took the strange situation with delightful humor.

"You're national figures," Land told them, "and you've got to stand for being photographed and interviewed and written about. All America is interested in you—and the Lord knows what would happen if you refused to satisfy the curiosity of the people."

"The dear things," said Rachel, "I don't mind at all."

Renée Saxe was more reticent, was even doubtful about the propriety of having her picture in the public prints, but there was nothing for her to do but surrender. So that night every paper in New York carried columns of the story with photographs and interviews with the girls and with any other passengers who had met or spoken to or seen them and were willing to talk. The press services carried the story to the Pacific coast and from Canada to Mexico.

Major Land was compelled to leave for Washington immediately, but was relieved to be informed by the government's representative that Washington was selected as the home of his two friends. They were to be the guests of the nation in its capital, and, as soon as they had rested from their voyage, they were to be taken to an apartment that had been provided for them. Land said *au revoir* regretfully, and hurried to the Pennsylvania station where he caught a midnight train, arriving in the Capital next morning.

Washington was a strange city to him; its streets were crowded with strangers. Young officers were everywhere, looking very handsome and very safe in their splendidly fitting uniforms. Thousands of automobiles made the streets unsafe, and the hotels were unable to care for a fraction of the guests who applied. For there was a war, and all America seemed to find it necessary to travel to Washington with motives selfish or patriotic or mixed.

Accommodations had been reserved for Major Land at the Willard. No sooner had he entered his room than the telephone rang and a voice came up to him.

"This is Ted Richmond. May I come up?"

"On the jump," said the Major joyously.

The men shook hands riotously.

"Got nicked a trifle, eh? Oh, my. Service-stripes and wound-chevrons and the whole bag of tricks!" Richmond beamed at his friend and banged him on the back.

"And you? Still sleuthing for Uncle Sam?"

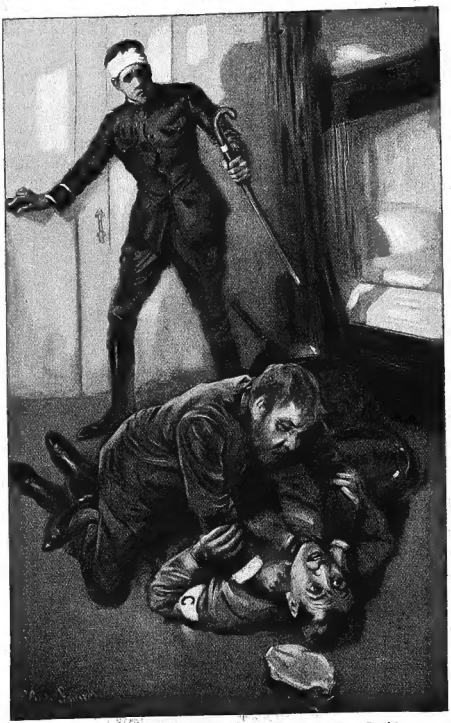
"And a fine job it is in these days. And, much as I love you, that's why I'm here. What about that little *rinacaboo* on the boat? Are you sure it was a woman with Ballard?"

"News travels quickly," said the Major. "Yes, I know there was a woman."

"Ballard won't admit it. He won't admit anything. Did you get to suspect anybody?"

Land hesitated a moment; and then replied, "No."

"Come clean, friend, come clean," said Richmond. "Listen here. We know that the most efficient woman spy in the German outfit has disappeared. She was the little



"The Man Went Down. The Captain Was Upon Him, Crushing Him to the Floor. 'Ring!' He Said"

lady who upset the beans in Roumania and played the devil in Russia. She's disappeared from view—not that we ever saw her, or can identify her—but we've followed her handiwork all over Europe. And she's good. Oh, boy, but there's class to her. By common consent she is allowed to be young and very beautiful—and her work shows that she has the tender heart of a tigress. We believe she is on her way to America."

"What's that got to do with me?"

"Lots. I believe she was your mysterious woman. And I believe something else that I haven't dared to mention to anybody for fear of being laughed at. I believe she is one of those two Belgian heroines, by Gad."

"Sunstroke."

"Maybe, but the thing looks to me like a plant from the start. It's characteristically German. How better could an efficient spy get into America with such privileges and standing as no woman ever had before? Just study the whole thing. Germany would not, conceivably, carry through another Cavell affair. This was almost a duplication of the poor English woman's case—except that there are two heroines. Then, in answer to protests, Germany surrenders the women on condition that they be brought here and kept here. Well, you it's a plant."

"Nonsense! Listen, Ted. Both those girls denounced Ballard to me. They wouldn't have done that—"

"NONSENSE, yourself. It's exactly what the woman I was talking about would do. It made her position solid. She was clearing herself from suspicion, and she would have denounced her own brother to do it. No, Douglas, one of those girls is the real thing, and one is a spy, but I'm darned if I know which is which."

"It ought to be easy to trace them back."

"Belgium, at this moment, isn't a country where people can be traced far. We've tried. The facts are that we can follow both girls backward a few weeks, and there everything ends. It is as if they had both been suddenly created. We're stumped."

"You're daft, man. Those girls are the prettiest and sweetest and—"

"Hum! Which one, Doug?"

"Darned if I know. That's the devil of it. Wait till you see 'em, old man. Just wait."

"You take a tip from me, and forget it. It would be just your bullhead luck to pick the wrong one. And one is mighty bad medicine. I was hoping you would be able to give me a gleam of intelligence, but not a gleam from you. Nothing but a gibber. Next you'll be telling me you're in love with one of them."

"Both," said Land soberly, but with a twinkle in his eye.

"Stay away. You'll get your fingers burned."

"Your job has warped your brains, Ted. Suspicion has gone to your head. You are down with a bad attack of spyphobia."

"Go ahead, sonny. Ride on. But when you come a cropper, remember, I tipped you off. Well, I've got to go out and catch me a German for lunch. See you later. And, for heaven's sake, walk softly, Doug."

It was three days later that Rachel Laurens and Renée Saxe arrived in the national capital and were installed in a more than comfortable apartment in a quiet portion of the city. That very evening Major Land called to pay his respects. As he turned to enter the apartment building he all but collided with a strange figure, or pair of figures that emerged from it hastily. The Major stepped back and stared. Shuffling out of his way he saw the figure of a stumpy little man with the greenest of baggy trousers and the most wrinkled of brown coats; a little man with black glasses—and with an enormous bird-cage strapped to his back. The cage contained half a dozen parakeets, who ruffled their feathers and swayed to the uneven motion of their conveyance. A rope tied to the left wrist of the little man was tied at the other end to the collar of the frowsiest but most roguishly intelligent little yellow dog the Major had ever seen. The man was blind.

The dog passed to one side of Major Land, the man tried to shuffle by on the other side, and all came to a standstill.

"Tell your fortune. Let the little birds tell your fortune. Only ten cents. They tell the past, they tell the future. Wise little birds; knowing little birds. The secrets of life and death are theirs," mumbled the man.

LAND laughed. "Not to-night. Your birds might tell me something unpleasant."

The little man looked at him with unseeing eyes.

"Unpleasant? Only the truth. They see the future. They give warnings. Warnings. My birds love the young and protect the young with their warnings. Only ten cents. Only a dime." He laid a wrinkled and dirty hand on Land's sleeve. "You need a warning. I feel it. I can feel danger and misfortune in your touch. Be warned. Only ten cents."

Land drew back with repulsion and stepped over the rope. "No," he said sharply.

The little man shrugged his shoulders. "Then that won't take warning must suffer. Poor little birds; to know and to be refused the telling."

Land passed on, conscious of a strange feeling of uneasiness, of a chill creeping of the skull. The man had impressed him, that street fakir, that mendicant. Some uncanny potency, some invisible essence had passed from the man to him, and chilled his blood. He hurried up the steps without turning and rang the bell.

Presently he was ushered into a pleasant room and saw Renée and Rachel standing before him—and his humors passed away. Magic vanquished magic. The necromancy of beauty wafted away the spell of age and hideousness.

"Your country is good to us. See how comfortable we are. Is this not pleasant?" Mademoiselle Renée spoke.

Land smiled. "You should have had a palace for princesses out of a fairy tale."

"A palace for poor refugees like us! When I think of the horrors and miseries we have come from, Monsieur—ah, then it seems a sin to come to this." Rachel swept her hand about, indicating the apartment and its luxuries.

"But sit down," said Renée. "You have been very much occupied. Still you have had time to think of us!"

"Indeed, yes. I have been impatient for you to come. By the way, I had a narrow escape from looking into the future as I came into this building."

"The future? How, Monsieur?"

"A fortune-teller. A bit of a man with *green* trousers and a brown coat—with a bird-cage on his back and a dog on the end of a string. He was blind."

He stopped suddenly, for both girls were staring at him; both lithe figures had straightened to tenseness, lips parted with sudden alertness.

"A blind fortune-teller?" Renée said in a strained voice.

"Blind? With little birds?" said Rachel.

"Yes. Here at your door. But—has he perhaps annoyed you?"

"Indeed, no. But it was startling. Blind men and dogs and birds—an ill combination in my country."

"Yes, yes," agreed Renée. "What you call bad luck. I hope he has gone."

Land walked to the window and looked down. The street was empty, silent. The little man with his birds and his dog had disappeared.

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Putting Her House in Order

No Woman Can Manage More than One Business at a Time

Fourth Article of the Series on "Women in a New World"

By HELEN RING ROBINSON

FIRST WOMAN STATE SENATOR OF COLORADO

SAINT AVILA in her convent, so the old monkish story runs, was frying fish one noontide when she was seized with a religious ecstasy. "But so housewifely was she that she did not drop the griddle or let the fish burn."

In other words, being a mere female saint, her rapture was divided between the Holy Ghost and fish. It was a scattered ecstasy, a discursive ecstasy, a two-by-four ecstasy.

I should be more assured of the glory of Saint Avila's ecstasy if she had burned the fish—as King Alfred burned the cakes he was tending for the wife of the swineherd when he indulged in a political "ecstasy."

There was no housewifely pull-to King Alfred's absorption. It was concentrated, it was undivided, it was wide as the seas that wash England. He fought his wars and won them while the cakes burned.

Dear pale ghost of patient Saint Avila, I wish you had burned the fish!

FOR two decades and more women had been claiming the right "to take all labor as their province" when the Great War came to force all labor upon them.

Some feminist writers forthwith became so enthusiastic over the widening opportunities thus offered to women that at times it has seemed as if they thought Divine Providence brought on the earthquake and the shambles and the famine and the fire we call war in order that women might become street-car conductors.

When reading such outpourings, our thoughts turn naturally to Peer Gynt and his protest, under the stress of a somewhat corresponding notion, that Providence was successful—but not economical.

However that may be, women have won the right to do, under more or less favorable conditions, work that men have done in the past.

So to-day, Friendly Reader, I can leave that phase of the subject and discuss instead the right of women to do, under favorable conditions, the work which women have done in the past. Their stedfast right to undertake the multifold vocation of child-bearer and housewife and home-maker.

Yes, and the right of the race to the best of such work that women can do.

There is no conflict between these two rights because, as you will observe, I am discussing women, not "woman." It is silly to talk about "woman" as it is silly to talk about "man." They are creatures who dwell only in the dim limbo of the Jabberwock and the Snark. Ever more and more the two sexes differ widely within themselves.

There is no conflict, I repeat, between these two rights—the right of women to do what has been called "men's work" and their equal right to do what has been called "women's work." No conflict whatever—unless women attempt both at the same time. Then there will be an irrepressible conflict.

Do you murmur something about the "exceptional woman," Friendly Reader?

I have no interest in the exceptional woman. She is only—the exceptional woman.

I am talking about your neighbor and mine. Your sister-in-law and mine. She can not indulge in a religious ecstasy and fry fish properly at the same time. It will be a mere waxwork ecstasy or else she will burn the fish.

If a woman must work in a factory or follow a profession during her child-bearing, child-rearing, home-making period, then she is justified in refusing motherhood.

Feminists who contend that a woman can do both, who talk lightly about crèches and community kitchens and schools and public playgrounds for her three or four children while the mother is turning lathes or writing masterpieces, are belittling the work of home-making quite as much as is the man who talks about "supporting" the wife who does his washing and cooks his dinner and serves as his valet—and listens to his conversation.

THERE is, perhaps, some excuse for the men who thus undervalue the work of women as housewives. Their minds are all rumpled up on the subject because they look upon home-making not as work but as a "sphere"—"woman's sphere." That is why the average working-man may see no special hardship in his wife getting up to get breakfast before they go to the factory together. Why not? It takes some time, to be sure, that he may spend sleeping. But it takes time, too, for her to do up her long hair. He hasn't such bothers. But "women are like that."

Women, however, have no such traditional excuse for belittling home-making. They know it is no more a "sphere" than it is a parallelepipedon. They know it is hard work.

WE ARE passing now, at the end of the Great War, from the anarchistic, the iconoclastic stage of the Woman Movement to the constructive stage.

During the anarchistic stage women struggled to get their claim to a soul allowed. They fought for the right to possess their own bodies and their own property. They fought for a vote and a place in the professions and in the industrial world. But, most of all, they fought for the right of free choice.

And if they have not yet won all their seeking, if they have not entirely shattered the congealed irresponsibility once described as "woman," or the tenacious sex snobbery, still sometimes classed as "man," at least it is safe to say they have won that crowning right—the right to say "I choose."

With that winning comes the constructive stage of the Movement.

A woman may choose to be a lawyer or she may choose to make the dish-cloth her banner.

She may choose to have children or she may refuse.

She may choose to construct out of old beauty and new knowledge a nobler type of home than the world has ever known before or she may consign that home to the dust-heap.

Only—having once chosen, she should abide by the terms of her choice.

If she has no children—a fact for which we are coming to grant, she may not be entirely responsible—a married woman may be able to carry on a business life and still manage to keep house—sketchily. In such cases, her husband should help in the sketching. The housework should be divided fairly between them and made a form of recreation—in place of golf.

No woman, however, can righteously choose the double burden of motherhood, with the family life motherhood should imply, and an outside life in industry during her mothering period.

I HAVE been sadly puzzled by a book on the progress of women which I have just re-read. For constantly the brilliant woman writer speaks of the woman's choice of "work in the home or constructive work"—sometimes she calls it "creative work"—which she implies can only be done outside the home.

The fact is, there is no more "creative," no more "constructive" work to be rendered to-day than the work of home-making.

More creative force is employed in making a comely, well-ordered home for three or four children, the abode of light and inspiration and laughter, than in writing a ton of ordinary short stories.

(One of these days somebody will discover that the reason why women have attained little eminence as musicians and sculptors, is that they have put their creative force into the shaping of children instead of the shaping of sonatas or statues.)

Women must not permit the distinctive work of women to be belittled. In the Mother's House there are many mansions.

Home is not merely a place for frying fish and baking lemon pies and washing dishes and making beds and using the vacuum cleaner.

All of these things must be done, to be sure, and home-making has a more literal significance in America than ever before since pioneer days now that, under present conditions, probably not more than four per cent. of all American housewives employ even one domestic servant. The coming of peace has brought no immediate change as the housemaid was "passing" before the war began—tho there will undoubtedly be a development of co-operative kitchens and house-cleaning establishments. Most home-makers must choose in a very real sense between doing the greater part of the housework themselves or throwing the home into the dust-heap.

If there are children to be considered, a woman should think long and hard before she throws it there. For she will be throwing away a

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Decorations by Franklin Booth

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The Twelvetrees Kiddies Are Still At It

Drawings by
C. H. Twelvetrees

THE FIGHTING SCOT
"Freemen Stand, or Freemen Fa',
Let Us Do or Dee!"

THE ITALIAN BERSAGLIERI
"Ye Aliens, Abandon Our Homeland Italian,
The Hour Is at Hand, Shake Its Dust from
Your Feet!"

TELL THAT TO THE MARINES

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PEACE and Truce and Armistice can not dampen the martial ardor of the Twelvetrees Kiddies. Their fathers and brothers and uncles and cousins have won the war, but are still over there, and the children can not help glorying in their valor. Don't they look fine in their new uniforms?

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THE PICTORIAL REVIEW COMPANY
NEW YORK CITY

A DEEP-SEA "GOB"

A Sailor's Life's the Life for Me—
We've Swept the U-boats off the Sea!

THE POILU

"Allons, Enfants de la Patrie!
Le Jour de Gloire est Arrivé!"

A REAL "CHOCOLATE" SOLDIER

"Ah Wonders if Uncle Sam
Will Jest Let Ma Use Ma Own
Judgment about Chickens!"

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"THOSE EIGHTEEN GIRLS FROM SMITH"

How They Met the German Drive on the French Front—There Is No More Inspiring Page in the History of American Womanhood

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

British Official Photograph

Refugees fleeing before the German guns. Note the sturdy cheerfulness on the faces of the people

French kiddies who are glad to make friends and love to pose for their pictures (at the left)

Marie Wolfs and Daisy Lewis dressed for a busy day's work in the uniform adopted by the unit (below)

The Uniform Is Made Like a Coat and Fastens in Front

THE warning came in the night—"They've broken through and are coming on, thousands and thousands of them, constantly advancing!"

The little group of American girls in the French Château had thought the worst was over, and now the Germans were breaking through again.

"We can't hold them," had been the English officer's parting words. And then, with the awful sound of feet steadily retreating, there came to those eighteen plucky girls of the Smith College Unit at Grecourt, the first realization of the terrible thing swooping down through the land, the steadily advancing waves of the German hordes that apparently nothing could stop.

In spite of the various rumors that had been flying about, the girls confessed afterward that they put no faith in any of them. The idea that the Boches could actually break through the allied lines seemed absurd. A letter from Marie Wolfs says, "On Friday morning, March 21st, we were awakened at four o'clock by the rattling of our windows and the shaking of the houses. A terrific bombardment was in progress and for ten hours there was no let up. But even then the girls expected good news any minute."

Spring had brought anemones into the courtyard of the château and some creature comfort in the shape of a new *baraque* which they called the *Mairie Ecole* and which contained a kitchen, two bedrooms, a place for shelves, and a fifteen-by-forty living-room. Their work of reconstructing devastated France had been well under way. The lovely country round about had been newly plowed and planted and would soon yield crops of wheat, potatoes, and vegetables. Arrangements had been made in each village for the harrowing, and the girls had been helped by the French *Service Agricole*, who furnished grain and helped buy the smaller plows. The fields were much too small for the large tractors. The little farms had been stocked with rabbits, goats, and chickens and the villagers were already self-supporting. If it had not been for the disturbing rumor of the great offensive that loomed like a shadow over the good that had been accomplished, the girls would have been almost happy. As it was, they lived in the great lull before the storm, which broke over Grecourt with an astounding suddenness, and before which the Unit stood staunch and undismayed.

JUST the day before the warning, and in the face of possible evacuation, Elizabeth Bliss and Ruth Joslin had started out in the car for Verlaines to teach some children's classes. To quote from the diary of Elizabeth Bliss: "As we neared Verlaines, we began to meet refugees fleeing from Ham. By this time we could actually hear the whistle of the shells through the air. We calmed the people, many of whom we knew, as well as we could, and drove on into Ham where the streets were filled with ambulances bringing in the wounded, a steady procession of them. I've seen many since and am somewhat used to them, but it was a horrible sight. The casualty clearing station which we passed was filled, and new tents were being erected. Troops were pouring through the streets on their way to the front. At that time there was absolutely no sign of any retreat. The town was full of rumors, good and bad, but we could not get one bit of authentic news. On the way home we carried our first refugees to Erchon, about ten miles back of Ham. Thursday night was quieter, no barrage, only occasional heavy guns and many air raids. In our ignorance, we thought the worst was over. At ten o'clock that night an English officer whom we knew rode over to warn us.

"Immediately Frances Valentine and I started for Verlaines. The town was already full of English who had been in the battle the night before and had been forced to retreat. We worked there all night, and by four I was almost the only civilian in the town, my own little special village where I had worked for weeks. English Tommies were billeted in my little social center, and horses were turned loose in the gardens and fields we had sown. I can't tell you the sense of desolation I had while I waited for the car to come back for me.

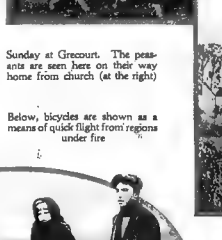
"When we finally reached Grecourt we found an anti-aircraft gun, and also a whole troop of artillery which had lost its guns, camped at the château, and the girls there had been feeding troops since three o'clock. We found places for them to sleep, and Daisy Lewis ran out all our cars, filled them up with gasoline, oiled, and greased them. At three o'clock in the morning, Major—— appeared, and said that we must leave instantly, that the Germans were between three and five miles away. And according to Frances Valentine, 'in the faint gray mist, that mist that had been so fatal to the British Fifth Army, we rolled through the gates of the home we had made, for the last time.'"

In the days that followed, the girls worked as they had never worked before. The devastation that they had met at Grecourt was nothing to working with distracted refugees, with just a few miles between them and the German guns. The girls had no definite aim, things were too utterly confused, and each girl did what she thought best, acting on her own initiative to help evacuate the villages. In addition, the girls opened canteens at the towns where refugees were pouring in, and where trains were going out. For seven days and nights they never removed their clothes, working constantly to bring what order they could out of chaos. Montdidier became an important refugee center, and the care of the people, of feeding them, and of getting them safely aboard the trains, was left entirely to the unit. Many of the refugees were fleeing from their homes for the second time during the war, yet all had confidence in the army and hoped soon to return and build their homes anew.

LET us see what it really meant to live in a ruined village, let us follow the girls through the months of hard work that led to the fruitfulness of devastated fields, the independence of penniless peasants, let us face with the girls the bitter defeat that the great German offensive brought into their personal lives, so that we may better see just how they looked upon their failure.

The unit which was sent to France by the Smith College Alumnæ consisted originally of the following young women: Dr. Alice Tennant, Dr. Kelly, Margaret Ashley, Marjorie Carr, Ruth Gaines, Elizabeth Dana, Marie Wolfs, Lucy Mather, Frances Valentine, Marion Bennett, Alice Leavens, Anne Chapin, Ruth Joslin, Elizabeth Bliss, Margaret Wood, Catherine Hooper, and Daisy Lewis. Mrs. Harriet Boyd Hawes, who was at first a director of the unit, was later replaced by Mrs. Barrett Andrews.

It was at Grecourt that the unit made its home, a little village in the Somme region lying on the map midway between Nesle and Ham—a peaceful little village enough, with an innocent blue sky overhead, and a rolling country round about. But the muffled and steady reverberations booming constantly day and night bore evidence to the fact that somewhere to the northeast stretched "the front." The roads around Grecourt thronged with military camions, young officers driving high-powered



Sunday at Grecourt. The peasants are seen here on their way home from church (at the right)

Below, bicycles are shown as a means of quick flight from regions under fire

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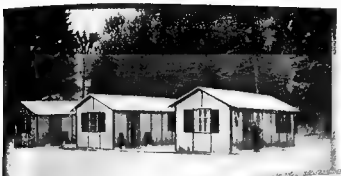

The *baraques* or portable houses where a part of the unit lived in the courtyard of the château

At the right, awaiting their turn on milk distribution day in one of the French villages

cars, and an occasional regiment marching somberly to the trenches, made of the quiet little village a bustling town.

There the girls began their reconstruction work in the Summer of 1917, there they lived their lives, and there, in a simple workaday world, even the battle became a part of things and danger was forgotten. The unit was divided into groups, each of which had charge of a branch of reconstruction work. At first it was found necessary to supply the villagers with common necessities, food, clothing, and decent living conditions, but the plan was to so reconstruct the sixteen villages around Grecourt that the peasants would once more enjoy life as they had lived it before the Germans devastated the country. Personal life at Grecourt became almost incidental. The girls were separated during the day and returned to Grecourt at night where their portable houses with canvas roofs and sides had been set up in the courtyard of the ruined French château.

A GENERAL store was opened, and the people from other villages walked six and seven miles to obtain supplies. Where the distance was too great for walking, the motor-truck was loaded with supplies and the girls drove into the other villages with clothing, kitchen utensils, wool, soap, and articles of food. Classes were organized for children in the back of an old barn—sewing for the girls and carpentry for the boys. The plan was to teach the people to help themselves in every way possible. The doctors took charge of the medical cases, and there were many.

Late Summer and early Fall brought no great hardships, but with the first cold weather life became difficult. The cold that first Winter was intense.

The girls' supplies were kept in the partly ruined cellar of the château and had to be carried over two hundred yards to the kitchen to be prepared, and then to the dining-room, still seventy-five yards distant. It was not possible to heat any one room, and frequently the milk would freeze before it could be poured over the breakfast cereal. Everything in the bedrooms froze solid, water, ink, and even tooth-paste, and there was no possible chance of storing anything away, for there wasn't a chest of drawers in the camp.

In January the general store where supplies were sold to the peasants, and the children's classes, were temporarily abandoned. The rainy season had flooded the girls' supply cellar, and the firewood floated around in the murky water. For a time it was impossible to buy any gasoline at all and, unable to reach their people with necessities the girls faced real discouragement. But did they sit back and lament about existing circumstances? No, they made a joke of things instead. The mud and cold became so discouraging that they took to wearing wooden sabots after the fashion prevailing in Grecourt. Washday came every day in the week and the clothes took a whole week to dry. The girls had a long, narrow room that the Germans had used as a morgue, for their washhouse. There was an old Frenchwoman in command, and on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, she washed, altho no girl ever saw her perform this mysterious rite. On Thursday, sundry pieces of clothing began to make their appearance on the line, flannels, handkerchiefs, and many stockings. The girls often wore as many as four pairs at one time. Should the line become too full, there was a good loft not too far away. The stairs had been blown away by the German guns, but there was a ladder, and up that ladder toiled the one-hundred-and-eighty-pound washwoman, a dripping mass of flannel clutched to her ample bosom.

Two of the girls doing emergency work on an automobile supply truck and having a good time over it

Social affairs played their part at Grecourt. The girls never lacked admirers, for French, American, Canadian, and British soldiers vied with each other in "tracking them to their lair," as Alice Leavens put it. A dance meant donning one's best clothes. Of course there were no satin slippers and filmy evening dresses; dressing up consisted of cleaning your heavy shoes, brushing your suit, and carefully adjusting your blue unit cap to a rakish angle. It did not matter whether the party happened to be French, American, or Canadian, the ladies' costumes were always the same.

It must be remembered that altho little has been said during this story of the attitude of the girls toward their great danger, the unit was composed of every-day young women with normal impulses. Grecourt was after all just a few miles from the front and there is no reason to suppose that the girls were not often terrified, that the whine of a bomb or the shriek of a bursting shell did not strike fear to their very souls. There may have been a desire to flee and to look out for themselves, many a time, and altho there is not a word of real fear expressed in any of the personal records or letters of the girls who came through the great offensive, no girl could go through shell-fire without suffering some of the real terror that even a soldier admits to feeling just before he goes over the top.

In a letter from Mrs. Barrett Andrews written on March 6th, two weeks before the drive, she mentioned the fact that the unit in a short time would have done all it had set out to do at Grecourt. "When we move," she said, "into a similar field, we hope we shall be able to do much better work than we have hitherto done."

IN THE light of subsequent events, the unit was not permitted to stay for even the short time necessary to finish its work. Instead, the girls saw their fields devastated, the homes that they had helped to rebuild vacated by the fleeing refugees, the results of nearly a year's work wiped completely away. But did they talk about it as work done in vain—did they admit it as a failure? No, they turned their defeat into a glorious victory, they accepted failure as temporary, and immediately began to plan the work anew. Until recently the territory vacated by the Smith College Unit during the great offensive, which had been regained by the British, lay in dubious territory, and was under fire constantly. Therefore reconstruction work at Grecourt was temporarily abandoned, altho the girls expected to return there at the first opportunity.

And what did they do in the meantime? At Château-Thierry and along the Marne they did emergency relief work. They worked with Pershing's troops in hospitals and canteens. In short, they filled the interlude that lay between the work they had almost finished and must begin all over again, with work that was necessary at the time.

In a letter from Elizabeth Bliss from Beauvais on August 3, 1918, she said, "On the day before the French-American offensive, Margaret Wood and I became members of a 'flying unit' behind the lines. We had no idea of an offensive until, having settled ourselves in a tent hospital which had been evacuated from Soissons ahead of the German advance, in the middle of the first night we were awakened by a terrific barrage. Early the next afternoon the wounded began to come in. In my tent with twenty-five men there were just an English nurse and myself to do all the work necessary. Often four teams of doctors worked day and night, and in our tent there was only one case of instruments."

A typical family group photographed at Grecourt by one of the unit

British Official Photograph

Huge wagons drawn up in a village street and loaded with the villagers and their various possessions

Some of the unit worked along the Marne, using river barges as a means of evacuating the wounded soldiers.

One of the unit writing from Château-Thierry on August 23rd, said, "There was little we could do during the night for the men that had been brought in, save to give the gassed soldiers water or ease the position of a fractured leg or arm. Often it was necessary to operate on a wounded man on the boat, and an operating table was quickly rigged up out of an old ladder and two wooden 'horses.'"

The unit itself lost its entire equipment, even the cars were ruined by wild emergency driving, and $25,000 was expended during the offensive alone.

The war is over now and the girls are going back to Grecourt to begin their reconstruction work all over again. They are going back to the same hardships, the same building-up process, but not to the same dangers. No rumbling barrage will trouble the peaceful French country, but instead the happy laughter of little children and the homely sounds of contented life that the Smith Unit and others like it will make possible all over devastated France.

A gala day at Grecourt when the officers came to call and when hospitality at the château meant almost as much to the men as a trip home. The peasants from the surrounding villages were always invited to the affairs

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THE GALVANIZED GRINGO

They May Go Away, but They All Come Back

By EDWARD S. O'REILLY

Author of "One Man's Meat," "Soothing the Savage Breast," Etc.

ILLUSTRATION BY H. J. SOULEN

ONE of the chair-warmers in the Live Stock Exchange had just announced his intention of quitting the range and going back to the Far East where the money comes from. As usual the Old Cattle Buyer was adding a few remarks.

All cattle buyers are expected to talk too much—that is part of their business—but the Old Cattle Buyer was a noted specialist in verbosity. Unexpurgated scandal was his meat and drink, and Dame Rumor was his handmaiden. He was the very kaiser of conversation.

"You may think you're sayin' good-by to the border, but you'll come back; they all do," he declared, inserting a fresh toothpick into his mobile mouth. "You may think you're shut of this Mexican country, once you curry the sand out of your hair and buy a hard hat, but you ain't. There's somethin' about the desert that soaks through your hide. Some day it'll come breakin' out like the seven-year-itch. Then you'll come back.

"Look at old Tim Coggins, for instance. Maybe you didn't know him. Always stayed on the Mexican side. Never come to El Paso or mixed up much with the Americans. He was a queer kind of a hermit, prone to silence and always playin' a lone hand.

"For twenty years Tim had been down in that Chihuahua country, just maverickin' around, workin' on different ranches and prospectin' in the mountains. More Mexican than white. They used to call him a galvanized gringo. Very seldom got into any trouble. Just went around mindin' his own business, and lookin' like he was thinkin' about somethin' that happened last week.

"Well, you remember the time the United States got after Pancho Villa and sent this General Pershing down to round him up? Tim was workin' on the Ojitos ranch then, doin' a little teamin' and greasin' windmills. When them American soldiers struck the ranch they was lookin' for a man who knew the country to be their guide.

"There never was nobody knew Mexico any better than Tim. He knew every goat-trail from Columbus to Durango. So he offered himself and they hired him as scout at fine wages. I was in an' out of that country right smart that time, buyin' feeders, and I saw Tim off and on.

"It seems that they was a young yellow-leg officer, Lieutenant Wright, in charge of these here scouts. Tim and him threw in together and they got to be great friends.

"This young fellow had only one topic that seemed to interest him—the girl back home. Knowin', as he did, that he'd discovered the world's greatest girl, he expected everybody else to be surprized and gratified. Used to talk to old Tim by the hour about her and the folks back home. Was just waitin' for his furlough to go back and get harnessed.

"One evenin' a couple of months later I was in Columbus, where this raid started from. That evenin' I went down to the depot to bark at the train, and there was old Tim. He was all lit up in store clothes and a Yankee hat. Had his whiskers bobbed and his hair roached. Looked like one of these danged homesteaders.

"'What's eatin' on you, Tim?' I asks. 'First time I ever saw you on this side of the line. You ain't quit Uncle Sam, have you?'

country twenty years ago,' he says. 'Now I'm goin' to tell you.'

"It seems that Tim had been reared way back East in a little town called Fairview, Ohio. He had a friend back there named Tom Cummins, and they was thicker than burs in a cow's tail. They worked together, boarded together, and wore each other's clothes. Kind of Knights of Pythias.

"It was only natural that they should go loco about the same girl. Tim got her and they was hitched and in due time had a little hostage to fortune, named Kathleen.

"This Cummins fellow took it almighty hard. Got to consortin' with the wild bunch and tryin' to cure his fallin' arches by restin' his feet on the brass rail. One night he tries to raid the town and gets into a real, forty-five-caliber fight.

"These friends he's fightin' with have him down and are stompin' on his face, when Tim horns in and takes the fight off his hands. I sure would like to have seen that battle. Old Tim never did leave anything to the imagination when it came to a fight. In due time he wins.

"Then they are up against a tickilish proposition. One of these other fellows is dyin' and Tim stands to be took for murder. This Cummins snoozer is dead sober by this time, but kind of stampeded by the swiftness of events.

"To save Tim, they get up a plot together. Tim was to beat it down to old Mexico where there wer'n't no extraditin' then, and Cummins was to stay and fix things. He swears he'll look after Tim's family and get this killin' hushed up, then Tim can come back and not get hung. So Tim goes, trustin' to this friend.

"FOR a while he got letters. First Cummins writes that this man dies and that there's a big reward out on Tim. If he comes back he will be hung sure and disgrace his family. Then he gets a letter sayin' that Mattie, that was his wife, had got a divorce because she couldn't stand for folks sayin' that she was the wife of a murderer.

"That just knocks all the ambition out of him and right there he stops plannin' for the future. Settles down among the Mexicans and grows whiskers. For twenty years he hikes around this desert thinkin' of his past. His only pleasure is dreamin' of his bride what quit him cold, and that little baby, which he can't never go back to see.

"You'd naturally think that was an almighty hard jackpot to open, but this here Lieutenant Wright I was tellin' about, he opened it. Got to tellin' about the folks back home and showin' his girl's picture.

"Danged if that little girl wasn't Tim's own daughter growed up! Little by little Tim got that story. This here Cummins had proved to be a low-down lyin' polecat. That fellow Tim whipped didn't die like Cummins said he did. He wrote them letters just to keep Tim out of the country. Then he wrote letters to the wife sayin' that Tim was dead, and after the conventional mournin' period he married her. It made me feel mighty bad just to hear old Tim tell about it that day at the depot.

"'You see this hound what I trusted lied to me,' Tim told me. 'He always wanted Mattie and he got her. Stole her—and she always loved me—and made a bigamist out of her. He stole my little girl and stole twenty years out of my life. Twenty years in the desert, and I'm an old galvanized gringo with a horse for my only friend, while he's a State senator and the town's leadin' citizen.

"'So you see I'm goin' back to kill him. There ain't no other way. It's only justice.'

"The way old Tim said that made me feel that he was a judge passin' sentence. It was so all-fired final. I knew he'd do it.

"He left that night with his old cedar-handled gun stuck in his waistband.

"After that I was driftin' some she-stuff across from Mexico and havin' to pass the government inspection. Kept me busy there in Columbus for several weeks, havin' them dipped and pickin' them for ticks.

"One day I took a lope into El Paso to get some clothes and get cleaned up. Who should I run into, the first crack out of the box, but old Tim. He was pikin' along from the depot with his suitcase under his arm, and he was whistlin'. First time that I ever knew he knowed how.

"He greets me like I owed him money, and we headed for the first corner to go through with the formalities of friendship. Naturally I was so full of questions that I sizzled like a bottle of pop, but I had to stand hitched until the old scorpion got ready to talk. At last, little by little, he unwound this yarn. It sure was sad.

"TIM had left here so full of poison that he couldn't hardly wait to get to this false friend what had branded him. All the way up on that train he kept feelin' on his wrongs until he was as dangerous as a rattlesnake.

"Well, he dropped off in this Fairview town late one evenin' and started out to get the lay of the land and plan this homicide. He wanders around the town lookin' at the old landmarks that he'd knowed when he was young. Then he strolls out to the little cottage where he'd taken his wife when she was a right young bride. There was a family of Bohunks livin' in it and raisin' pigs where him and his Mattie had their flower garden.

"That riled him up worse than ever and nothin' would do but prompt bloodshed. So he heads back for town to locate this senator fellow.

"When he comes to the hotel there's some kind of a bayla goin' on and the dinin'-room is full of people all dikked out in their Sunday clothes. Tim asks an innocent bystander what was goin' on.

"'Ain't you heard?' says the bystander. 'The folks is givin' a reception to Lieutenant Wright. He's just come back on leave from the foreign war down in Mexico. Goin' to be married in a couple of days. Senator Tom Cummins is about to uncork one of his speeches. He never lets a chance go by.'

"Tim slides over to the hotel and mingles with the bunch standin' around the door. Right away he spots this Cummins all rigged out in a preacher coat and one of them statesman neckties. Then he sees his Mattie. Must've been

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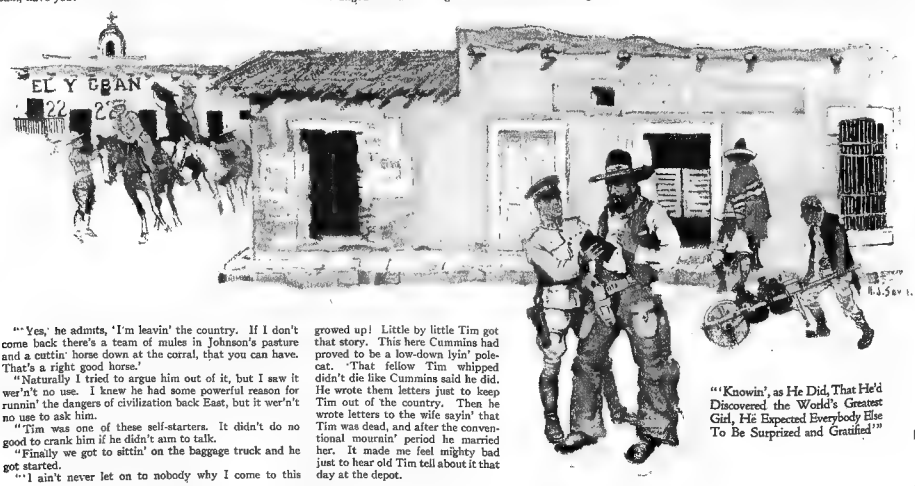

"'Yes,' he admits, 'I'm leavin' the country. If I don't come back there's a team of mules in Johnson's pasture and a cuttin' horse down at the corral, that you can have. That's a right good horse.'

"Naturally I tried to argue him out of it, but I saw it wer'n't no use. I knew he had some powerful reason for runnin' the dangers of civilization back East, but it wer'n't no use to ask him.

"Tim was one of these self-starters. It didn't do no good to crank him if he didn't aim to talk.

"Finally we got to sittin' on the baggage truck and he got started.

"'I ain't never let on to nobody why I come to this

"'Knowin', as He Did, That He'd Discovered the World's Greatest Girl, He Expected Everybody Else To Be Surprized and Gratified'"

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Photo International Film Service Co.

Helen Holmes, the First Woman Trader of Wall Street

Have the American Women Made Good? Well, I Guess Yes!

Read This Convincing Article by the Author of "Women Wanted" and See When and Where and How

By MABEL POTTER DAGGETT

SHE looked at me across my luncheon table the other day. She is just eighteen. That used to mean a girl at the pleasant place of mystery, "where the brook and river meet," as the poet posed her.

Palpitating with excitement between short skirts and her first evening gown, she would have been just about to close the school-room door and do up her long braids and enter the drawing-room. But not any more is she finished like that.

For this girl is at a crossing between epochs of civilization. Back to where her young feet now stand, future centuries are going to turn and say—Here is where the sign-board should be. And their historians will tack it up that at the Great War in the Twentieth Century this was the parting of the ways between the old world and the new. They will, I feel sure, mark it just as carefully as the battle-fields of the Marne and the Somme.

So let us in this joyous living present not miss this central figure in the phenomena that are unfolding from the cosmos about us. Her steady young gaze is bent on more than a dance program. The serious young eyes lifted to mine are looking down a future that is big with great events. She is at the mighty crossing of what-the-world-is-coming-to. It is a promised land of which some who have struggled the hardest to reach it, old women of yesterday, may have only the vision. It is eighteen holding the race in her safekeeping who is surely going across to occupy.

Here is the real New Woman. Over her shoulder the old world may well look to-day and hold its breath. For she is going far.

The girl who is a guest at my luncheon table had spent her vacation in her country's cause. It is a service in which her hands which were soft and white have grown brown and calloused. She lifts a chiffon sleeve and says with pride, "Feel my muscles." They are as hard and firm, once we would have said, as a boy's. Now we say as hard and firm as a farmerette's.

In a fashionable girls' boarding-school in the Spring of 1918, Evelyn listened to her country's call. Some 15,000 more girls like her heard it, too. They are those who enlisted in the Woman's Land Army of the United States.

No one would have believed that they could have done it and some of you will doubt it even when you read it. But it's true, that these girls have plowed and planted and milked and weeded and hoed and hayed the last Summer through in the hired man's place. They're not as physically strong as he. But neither are they anything like such a slacker. And what they lack in muscular equality, they so much make up in mental superiority and scientific skill that the American farmer says they'll do. In admiring chorus he wants more women.

The Land Army is now preparing to enroll 50,000 for the Summer of 1919.

The clothing factories are getting out overalls a little wider in the hips.

The machine-shops are busy on farm implements that will come out next Spring in women's sizes.

This girl here has picked up potatoes in the field at the rate of twenty barrels a day. But she had to have a basket one-third smaller than baskets had been before so that she could lift it. There is always a way, she tells me, for every task. And sometimes it's merely the trick of knowing how.

"Evelyn," I have expostulated, "how could you possibly pitch hay?"

"It's nothing," she insists eagerly, "after the farmer shows you how to bend your knee as you pick up your forkful. It's a lot harder mowing away." And she explained so that I now understand what that is. It's standing in the barn where the hay is thrown in and pulling it around with the fork.

The dust and the little hay seeds blind and choke you and the perspiration rolls down you in streaming rivers so that you wish once more for a skirt instead of these close-fitting trousers.

THE August sun pours down on the roof above your head until you wonder if it will never take fire and let a little breeze through. And still you have to stay, you who never did anything stronger than tennis before in the Summer. For this is a regular job, you know, and you are no quitter. You're the reserves behind the firing-line. And you're raising the food for sending across to France for some one who's winning the war and maybe a medal or more. That's how we felt last Summer.

Won't it be grand when he comes home with the *Croix de Guerre* on his breast? Military weddings are even now all the rage——

Your thoughts, you see, do trail off like this. You keep right on, of course, mowing or pitching or plowing as the case may be. But when a bird begins to sing in the apple-tree and you're only eighteen——

Well, and so the Summer went by with eight hours' work a day and sometimes a little dreaming. And the farmerettes were mustered out of overalls and back to school again. They are mostly the girls of the leisure classes. Not even the farmer's daughters are as strong as these, who have always had the best of food and plenty of playtime to grow in. They fit in nicely now for this seasonal occupation in furnishing the nation an extra supply of farm hands. And I suppose not any of them thinks of being a sociological exhibit.

But Evelyn here came home jingling a Summer's wages in her right-hand pocket. She had been earning two dollars a day. The next morning she stood a slim young thing with her hand slipped in the pocket of her tailored skirt as you see girls nowadays. "Father," she said, "I think I'll go to work instead of to college this Fall." He pinched her pink cheek and replied jocularly, "So, and who do you think would have you without any experience?"

For answer she pulled his morning paper from his hand.

Turning over the war news, she spread before him seven columns of classified "ads" offering attractive inducements to young women, most of them urging that the employment offered was "pleasant and congenial."

"There," she said triumphantly, "there are lots of things that I could do." A daughter destined for the world's work this New York lawyer couldn't argue out of it. But he did convince her of the need for preparation for it. He quoted to her what President M. Carey Thomas said to Bryn Mawr's last graduating class, "Education at the present time is a patriotic duty. America must make sure that our boys below fighting age and all our girls shall receive an education that will enable them, after the war is over, to rebuild the world on firm foundations of international law and order." So, after all, Evelyn is a freshman at college this year. But she is chafing at the delay.

Something is happening to girls everywhere to-day. It's most important of all that it's happening to girls who pick up potatoes. The smart set thus enjoying patriotism, have started that which simply can't be stopped. The habit of work has been made fashionable.

Every girl worth her salt to-day wants to earn her own living. And every girl that isn't has got to want to anyhow, if she's going to be in style, just as much as she's got to have a wool sweater or wear furs in Summer. The strongest possible social force has been set operating and actively co-operating toward economic independence for the New Woman.

I look at Evelyn with envy. She doesn't even know how different and how easy it's going to be for her. For girls who have grown up before, so many ways that their ambition turned weren't woman's sphere. Church and State and the neighbors said so strongly that woman's place was the home that even in this national crisis now it's difficult to get these women of an older generation out of it. There's Evelyn's mother who grew up this way. And I'm sure it hasn't yet occurred to her that her country needs her for any more arduous employment than knitting a few sweaters. Tradition is the hardest thing in the world to break.

Evelyn has never been fettered by it. The world is hers from which to choose. Never since civilization began has young womanhood looked down such wide vistas of opportunity as now. Every vagrant breeze that blows to-day wafts to Evelyn her call, Women Wanted. She found it in her father's morning newspaper. She has read it in the announcements sent out by a famous professional school, from her brother's college, now bidding for the attendance of women as fervently as once it forbade them. She has heard it at every afternoon tea where the

Kyzyte Photo Service, N. Y.

These Girls Are All Doing a Man's Work and Doing It As Well As a Man Could

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khaki uniform with Sam Brown belt is more the rage for women's wear than anything right from Paris. Her clergyman in surplice and tunic told it to her from the pulpit on that nation-wide labor Sunday in September. Her Government said it to her insistently through 500 United States employment offices opened throughout the country.

It's all right, Evelyn. It's going to be quite proper. Church and State and the neighbors are all nodding assent. You don't have to imperil your hopes of heaven or social ascendency. Constituted authority underwrites the statement that every place is your place to-day. God speed, I say breathlessly across my luncheon table. Girl, the race is to you now if only you are strong.

Keystone Photo Service, N. Y.

Did the Farmerettes Make Good? Ask the Thousands of Farmers Who Are Shouting for More

THEY are making over America for you as, a little while ago, I saw Europe unlocking all the doors to let the woman movement through. It was the draft last Fall that finally woke our country up. The Goverament program called for the withdrawal from industry of 250,000 men each month for military service. For every man released for service at the front, a woman was called to another place in the field or the shop or the office. I went down into Wall Street the other day to see them coming.

Within the memory of women now living, a skirt down in this district was so unusual a spectacle that office boys and bank presidents stood at the windows to see it go by. Now the fluffiest-ruffled affair attracts scarcely a disturbing glance. The typewriter of course was what first tickled the way open for women in the business world. But the stenographer was there a number of years before a woman might lift her eyes to look at a position any higher up.

© Harris & Ewing

Mary Van Kleeck, Head of the Woman's Division of the Department of Labor

It is not more than ten years ago that the first woman expert accountant put up her name on the directory of one of the big office buildings on Broadway. A little later a girl from Cornell University wrote down to Wall Street that she had decided on high finance for her future career. Finally one of the numerous brokerage firms to whom she applied stopped smiling and said calmly, "After all, why not?" . I saw her the other day. She is selling several million dollars' worth of bonds a year for them now.

About five years ago another large bond house opened a special department for selling securities to women and asked a suffrage soap-box orator to take charge of it. Her salary is now $10,000 a year. These are the pioneers who have been conspicuous. They won't be much longer.

The banks and the offices are fast filling up with women. Already there are girl messengers, girl filing-clerks, girl correspondents, and girl book-keepers where only men have been before. I walked through the offices of one Wall Street house the other day that alone employs 600 of them who are getting their apprenticeship in finance. A well-known brokerage firm last Summer conducted a special class for training women in bond salesmanship. The United States Government itself has been on a nation-wide drive to find three thousand stenographers.

There are plenty of places, and more and more of them are high up. The first woman in the history of the American Institute of banking to appear as a speaker at any of its sixteen annual conventions, addressed 500 banker delegates in Denver in September. She is a member of the American International Corporation which numbers the Hog Island Ship-building plant among its enterprises. The Women's Association of Commerce of the United States of America has held its second annual convention at Cincinnati. Large and larger undertakings are going to require the touch of a woman's hand.

A director of the Intercollegiate Bureau of Occupations recently went as a sort of special commissioner on a tour of the women's colleges. Her mission was to set forth the inducements which big business offers in the way of a career for their graduates. You see you don't have to any longer write down from Cornell and wonder whether any one will answer Wall Street's waiting for you. You ought to see how they're fixing up!

The porters are kept busy these days bringing women's desks out of all the far-away dark corners that used to be good enough. A woman's desk is now moved to a new position where there is plenty of light and air. And I think you'll like the "rest rooms." I know one that has just been done with Japanese hangings and mahogany mirrors. You're no more an intruder in the commercial world. Please feel perfectly at home. And it's even better than that.

I could not but notice a new buoyancy in the way these women in business carry themselves. It's a little air of assurance that tho they are naturally being let in at the bottom, they will not always have to stay there. As high up as they can look, there are no more "keep off this job" signs.

New York University, the largest school of commerce in the world, tells me that equal opportunities for equal capabilities is now a prevailing business rule, even at the risk of a woman reaching the best salary in sight! Employers are beginning to call up on the college telephone to say, just as they used to about a boy, "I want a girl whom I can familiarize with every department of my business." The professor who told me this, fitting his finger-tips carefully together, went on, "Women are specially adapted to commerce. We are just beginning to discover that they are one hundred per cent. efficient as business executives. They seem to have a grasp of detail that men have never been able to develop."

Yes, Evelyn, it's like this, the warm welcome that waits for you in the business world. But the professions want you, too, just as much as commerce does. Give them at least a hearing. "Doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief" — say your daisy-petals over again, little girl, and very thoughtfully. Yesterday one blindly married destiny. To-day one decides it.

Would you wish to be, perhaps, a lawyer? It's quite as ladylike as anything. Twelve hundred women in the United States have now tried it without at all "imperilling the general well-being of society," which was the fear of the Supreme Court of Illinois when a woman in that State first petitioned to be permitted to practise law.

A celebrated Judge, addressing several hundred women students at the New York University Law School the other day, told them that enfranchisement has brought the woman lawyer into a position from which she is destined to command a compelling influence upon the political activities of the community.

The first woman Federal District Attorney steps into the limelight in California, where a woman has just been advanced from the position of assistant to that of United States District Attorney. A girl of twenty-two has recently been appointed Assistant United States Attorney for the western district of the State of Washington. When she took the oath of office, the man who appointed her announced that in selecting her he was influenced by the desire to "acknowledge the ascendency of the sexin the professional as well as the business world, and at the same time to help conserve man-power."

Everywhere you will find it like that. You can really be anything now that you'd like to be. The Navy Department during the war threw open to women positions as mechanical, marine, engine, and boiler draftsmen. Women architects are still drafting plans for increased housing accommodations at the national capital. The chemical service section of the Army called for no less than 1,600 women chemists in the Gas Department to replace men. The first all-woman staffed newspaper, the Atlantic City *Evening Union*, is on the news-stands.

Now that the fighting is over, women are most needed in the vast battalions of life that we are organizing to succor and restore the world. Florence Nightingale, the first woman army nurse, had to take her reputation in her hands when she went to the Crimea. The War Department was averse to having "females messing around." Society was simply shocked that a good woman should minister to wounded men. And it was never going to speak to such a person again.

But it survived to sing her praises. A nation has, since this war commenced, set her statue in one of its public squares and placed a marble tablet in her memory among its warriors' tombs in a cathedral crypt. Her successor, the Red Cross nurse, is the sainted figure of the world to-day.

DURING the war, America alone asked for 50,000 nurses. To meet the need, an army school of Nursing was established, under the Army Medical Department, with branch training centers in various United States military hospitals.

And Vassar College last Summer opened a Nurses' Training Camp, to fit college women to enter directly upon advanced hospital work where they may fill administrative and executive positions made vacant in civil institutions by the demand for nurses.

The woman physician is as surely established by this war as the nurse was by that other war of 1856. The world has quite forgotten that it ever said that a woman couldn't or shouldn't practise medicine. Thirty-five thousand or even forty thousand medical men was the quota that this country planned to send overseas. That left thirty-five thousand vacant places at home with only something over five thousand women doctors on the roster of the American Medical Association to fill them. No such scarcity of doctors will ever occur again.

The War Service Committee of the Medical Women's National Association has sent out the announcement, "The need for more women to study medicine is apparent, even tho the war is over. Each woman now practising and those who have retired, should urge as many as possible to go to a medical college at once." No need now to list the medical colleges that will not let the woman student in. Are there any left who would bar her out? The Women's Medical College of Pennsylvania says, "We are having requests for our graduates from hospitals all over the country from Massachusetts to California and even from Europe."

THE Surgeon-general at Washington has said that there will be need for the services of every woman physician in the United States. Already the choicest places in the profession are no longer wholly reserved for men. How could a woman be a resident physician, the hospitals used to say, when there was a man doctor already occupying the only room that she could reside in. That room has now

Photo Otto Sarony Co.

Dr. Barbara Hunt, Director of one of the American Women's Hospitals in France

Mrs. Mary Phillips Riis, Widow of Jacob Riis, and a Type of the Successful American Woman in Business

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been made ready for her. One request alone that has come to the War Service Committee of the Medical Women's National Association is a telegram asking them to supply immediately twelve women interns for a single hospital.

Every edition of *The Woman's Medical Journal* contains advertisements headed, "Resident Woman Physician Wanted," from city after city. Commissioner Kingsbury of the City of New York has placed women physicians in almost every municipal institution under his charge. The Board of Health at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., has elected a woman as City Health Officer. The Guilford County Medical Association in North Carolina is so far away from the days when women physicians weren't even admitted to our best medical circles, that they have elected a woman president of their county organization.

The General Medical Board of the Council of National Defense at Washington added a woman physician to its membership. Europe has for the past year been calling for American women physicians to come over and care for her civilian population almost entirely destitute of medical service. The International American Woman Suffrage Association has had three, or it may be even four, of their "Women's Overseas Hospitals" at work in France. The Medical Women's National Association had two "American Women's Hospitals" in the Aisne district: Probably 200 American women physicians are now abroad, and altho their first call was for civilian relief, they were eagerly welcomed for war work. Three of the "Overseas" doctors were decorated the other day for bravery on the battle-field. When news came that the war was over, an American Women's Hospital, of 1,000 beds, and costing $100,000, was ready to be sent over.

Doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief, Evelyn, which will you be? Even a captain of industry is not beyond the bounds of possibility. The Women's Work in War-time Committee of the National Women's Trade Union League presented to their sixth biannual convention a report which said, "It is in the industrial and economical field that the World War will work the most far-reaching transformation in the condition of women. From casual to permanent, from unskilled and unimportant to trained and essential factors in the economic life of the world, this will be the effect of the war on the condition of the working women of the Western nations."

Not merely by the thousands, but by the hundreds of thousands, were women invited to enter industry. And they will continue to come. There was no reason at all why the "work or fight" edict should have been limited to one sex. Women must still stand behind the men who are yet "over there." An army of 2,000,000 in France will require an army of industry of 8,000,000 in America to support them. Millions of pounds of food must be prepared. And millions of garments must be made. Dear ladies of yesterday, do you think it can be done at home by hand? Evelyn's mother, with her soft diamond-ringed knitting-fingers, can turn out from the costly embroidered satin bag in her lap one sweater a week. A woman standing at a factory loom can turn out 1,800 sweaters in a week. Oh, where, then, is woman's place?

DR. ANNA HOWARD SHAW, Chairman of the Woman's Committee of National Defense, sends out a ringing call for women—and she doesn't exclude the idle rich ones—to man the industries of the country. Every facility for enlistment is being afforded. Secretary Lane some months ago requested the school authorities of cities where trade instruction is given, to admit women to all courses so that they may be prepared to take the place of skilled as well as unskilled men.

One after another the trade unions are admitting women to membership. I believe the piano-tuners in their last convention assembled, still greatly resolved that "women were not adapted to their trade."

But women are successfully doing a great many things that they never did before. Already we have women operating our elevators and our street-cars and making munitions and building aeroplanes and ships. Such a curious world as we are in. Is it real? Or are we doing again that stage-coach game of our childhood when everybody changed places? Anyhow, there are some re-adjustments that we may even wonder why we waited for the war to bring about.

"All the good old soft snaps," says the New York *World*, announcing the first of the 150 women ticket-choppers to be put on the subway, "that have been labeled, 'for men only,' have been wrenched away and bestowed upon the sex that used to dispel ennui over the wash-tub, and waste nights riotously among the bright lights scrubbing up office buildings."

There are other new arrangements which are most significant of the fact that an old order is ended at last. It is no fairy-tale I have to tell you. It is the solemn truth, that which all the women who have ever worked have hitherto petitioned for in vain is now being brought to pass! See the Woman's Bureau at Washington which has just been established to look after the welfare of the New Woman in Industry.

Among the first benefits which the War Department has commissioned it to secure for her is equal pay for equal work! Through Government intervention the other day, 33,000 women in the Chicago Stock-yards had their wages raised to what the men beside them are getting. Not a woman school-teacher on two-thirds the salary that men teachers get, not a woman doctor or a woman lawyer asked to accept two-thirds a man doctor's or a man lawyer's fee, not a woman newspaper reporter working for two-thirds the man reporter's wage, or a woman magazine writer receiving two-thirds the price that's paid a man, but rejoices to-day with these "sisters-under-the-skin" in Chicago. For a new-freedom principle is now being established in our land.

Oh, Evelyn, Evelyn, I say, the war has won equal pay for women! And you eat your ice so calmly there across my luncheon table, you for whom a whole social structure is being done over to-day!

It isn't only that everywhere, from a car-barn to a bank, they are outfitting a "rest-room." More than this is going on. Watch the long lines of the woman movement. There are twenty million plants in the Eastern States alone that are employing from 1,000 to 5,000 women each. One clothing establishment, where there is not a man among the 3,000 women employees, is known to the trade as "no man's factory." The Pennsylvania Railroad has 2,360 women in positions formerly filled by men. Those 33,000 women in the Chicago Stock-yards have all come into the packing industry in the past four years. Like that, you can count them everywhere, these New Women arriving in vast numbers at the doors of the factory.

And what will you do about the kitchen they leave behind them? Or the baby they must bring with them? These are the questions that the community is going to be obliged to answer. Already the Children's Bureau at Washington has prepared a survey of the day nurseries available throughout the country; and at least one manufacturing concern, a shoe factory in Boston, announces that it has opened a *crèche* on its premises for the care of the children of its women employees.

To the Young Women's Christian Association the Government has turned for assistance in cooking the dinner for the New Woman in industry. The industrial service centers which that organization has opened at the entrance, or sometimes within the factory itself, include the cafeteria for serving meals.

Please see below what you can buy at one of those industrial service centers in Bloomfield, N. J.:

LUNCH—À LA CARTE

Roast Veal and Dressing	.15
Stuffed Peppers	.12
Mashed Potatoes	.05
Corn and Pimento	.05
Creamed Lima Beans	.05
Vegetable Soup	.05
Fruit Salad	.05
Pie	.05
Chocolate Pudding	.05
Gelatin	.05
Ice-cream	.05
Coffee, Tea, or Milk	.05
Bread, Butter (each)	.01

SUPPER—TABLE D'HÔTE, 25 CENTS

Minced Meat on Toast	Potatoes au Gratin
Beet Salad	
Cottage Pudding	Coffee, Tea, or Milk

ANY housekeeper who goes to market these days can see how a sample menu like that would start something. There are women doctors and women lawyers and women writers who have already begun to say, "Why not meals for me too, as well as for munitions workers?" And the American Cooked Food Service is the answer. Already its purple automobile is on the streets of New York carrying dinners sent out from a purple furnished office to be delivered hot to your home table at one dollar per person.

The scientifically outfitted kitchen in which they are prepared is equipped to cook for a clientele of five hundred, thereby taking the place of at least one hundred individual kitchens. See all the women set free for outside work! Cooked Food Centers are the greatest conserver of woman-power that has ever been invented.

Evelyn, here, of course, isn't rising to it as I, for instance, do. I can see plainly that girl is going to take for granted all the benefits of sociological evolution that are coming to her. Some day when she's gone a long way down the new road at which she now stands with impatient feet, I can hear her talking of the little individual kitchen that every woman used to have. "Foolish," she'll say, "wasn't it, to waste so much space on a room that was so entirely unnecessary?"

And they'll all smile, as we do now, about the candle-molds and the spinning-wheel we find in the attic.

There are other matters that I'd like to know what they'll be saying about. When the editor of PICTORIAL REVIEW asked me to write this article he called me into his office in conference. "Now just what do you think is woman's chance?" he asked me. And I told him. But he objected, "If women do all these things in industry and commerce and the professions, what are they going to do about marriage?"

And so I invited Evelyn to lunch with me, that I might ask the real authority, the New Woman who's going to do them. "Why of course I am going to get married," she said, turning the diamond ring on her finger.

"But who'll wash your children's faces?" I interposed in classic objection.

"Why, what are trained nurses for?" blandly replies the girl at the crossing. "Wouldn't they know better about babies than I do?"

Well, after all, wouldn't they? There may be that revealed to the new woman which was hidden from our generations gone before. Anyhow, I've a faith in her that she's going to be able to handle the problems she's coming to.

For Evelyn's not "finished" at eighteen. She's just begun to-day.

Only, I've read the casualty lists. Military weddings. Military weddings! God forbid, but there are some that will never be celebrated. Evelyn, Evelyn, slim and young and eighteen and carrying the race in your safe-keeping, is there Dead Sea Fruit over there in the Promised Land of Great Opportunity? Yet you go up to occupy. On your young impatient feet the centuries speed you!

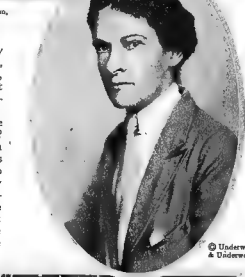
Photo Josslo Turbot Buels

Elizabeth Cook (above), the Favorite Financial Advisor of Seven Southern States

Florence King (at right), President of the Women's Association of Commerce of the United States

Photo Morrison, Chicago

Kathleen Taylor (below), One of the Powers of the Downtown Investment World, New York



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Girls of the United States Industrial Army Working on Sealing Machines

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JENNY

Everything Is Right if You've Only Got Love

By FANNY HEASLIP LEA

AUTHOR OF "COME AND BE SAVED," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
STOCKTON MULFORD

"Her Throat Was Oddly Dry. 'Love—' She Stammered, 'Oh—Love's Cruel—Isn't It?'"

WHEN Jenny was twenty-one she was the prettiest girl in the Village. You thought of a pomegranate flower when you looked at her. She had that silken texture of skin, that same soft, ardent color on lip and cheek; slenderly rounded, too—and hair as dark as a blackbird's wing. One thing marred the loveliness of life's morning—she had a cast, the slightest, most bewitching cast in one of two, big, dark, melting eyes.

You might have called it a flaw—most people didn't. It lent her a sort of wistful appeal, a kind of shy, reluctant throwing of herself on your mercy because her eyes were not as other eyes. Either you loved her for it or you didn't. James Ladd did, and he had plenty of company, but that is neither here nor there.

James Ladd came to the Village on Jenny's twenty-first birthday, by way of the railroad ties, walking lightly; and altho he had started foot-free, hand-free, and heart-free upon his way around the world, James Ladd sat him down in the Village and stayed, bending his sword into a sickle, as it were, for the sake of the question and the appeal in Jenny's eyes.

On the face of things he went to work, rattling a typewriter in Judge Lander's office for twenty-five dollars a month, and presented to the probing of possible gossip merely the uninteresting spectacle of a youngster stopping off from the long trail to earn his bread as he went. Presently he would go on again, an engaging sort of gentleman tramp—but still, a tramp.

Meantime, there was Jenny. Not even gossip suspected that.

Jenny, in common with the rest of humanity, had a father, old Ben Green, who owned the largest shop in the Village, and three brothers, all insignificant of feature, all shiftless, all lackadaisical—Mark, Launcelot, and Arthur. When she was a little girl Jenny used to wonder why they should have been named so beautifully and she, the one girl—her own name displeased her. Once she asked her father. He looked at her stolidly, as he looked at every one else, and knocked the ashes out of his pipe.

"I named you," he told her, "for your aunt, Jane Green. It's a good name—easy to spell."

"Who named the boys?" persisted Jenny.

"Who do you s'pose?" returned her father.

And that, Jenny had come early to know, was the long lane that had no turning. Her father never spoke her mother's name to that mother's children.

When Jenny was seventeen she had demanded and received the whole, unlovely truth from Aunt Jane Green whose name was so easy to spell.

"If you've got any sense, you'll keep what I've told you to yourself," Aunt Jane had said. "People may not forget things like that, but it's sixteen years ago, now, and a lot of folks here in the Village have had troubles enough of their own since then, to take their minds off ours."

Jenny said that she would keep it to herself. Her soft eyes burned with unshed tears. Certainty now bit deep where before she had only guessed at some vague and terrible shame.

"What did she—what did my mother look like?"

"You're the spit'n image of her this minute," said Aunt Jane grimly, meaning with greater delicacy of phraseology than one might have inferred, the spirit and image

Jenny went straight to her room where she locked herself in and stared into her mirror. She was, even then, like a pomegranate flower—dark and rosy and sweet. But before that mirror she put her hands up to her face and cried. All that afternoon she lay on her bed and cried into her pillows, and she did not sleep much that night.

So she kept what Aunt Jane had told her to herself, going about the big, dull house; sitting at table with her dull, taciturn father, and Mark and Arthur and Launcelot; going to the Village parties; dressing the church for Christmas; cutting her lilies for Easter; walking down to the post-office once a day for the mail—that, in the long run, was where she met James Ladd, and we come to him with a clear conscience.

Nothing in Jenny's life had been so frank as James Ladd's smile, nothing in all her days so eager as his clean, gray eyes. He was youth on the wing, and *her* wings had been sadly clipped.

Accurately speaking, when the time of their meeting came, he stood at the post-office window, having walked some fourteen miles to get to the Village that evening, and asked for his mail. Mrs. Pickett, the postmistress, gave him two letters and handed one over his shoulder to Jenny, who had just come in. Jenny, honestly, dropped it. James Ladd picked it up.

He said, "Let me!"

She said, "Thank you!"

What does it matter what they said? He thought he had never seen a sweeter girl and she blushed to meet so comely a young man. They passed out of the post-office by different doors, but fifteen minutes later they met again in Green's Emporium, Dry Goods and Merchandise, Groceries and Sundries.

OVER the same counter, Launcelot served Jenny with a spool of blue silk—James with a ball of twine—each for a net? Who knows? Just outside the door they spoke.

"Could you direct me," asked James Ladd boldly, "to a decent sort of boarding-house? I don't mean to be cheeky—I've only just gotten here."

Jenny sent him to Aunt Jane Green.

In bed that night, moonlight on the wall, she reproached herself bitterly. What did she know about him? Who was he? Where did he come from? Suppose he stole Aunt Jane's big, silver teapot!

But James Ladd stole no teapot. Properly, in the course of a day or so, he met Jenny, talked to her, thrilled before her soft, uncertain glance—and it was directly after that he sought employment in the Village and went to work for Judge Lander.

Now, the Village is no inland dust-heap. It stands on the edge of the Sound, south-southeast of the sunset, and back of it, stark and tall, march miles upon miles of pine-trees. Seven miles, you can drive along the shell-road, from West End to East End, and all the way the white beach runs beside you. The moon rises over silken seas and salt air dries the roses at many a doorstep. Room for romance, you see!

James Ladd and Jenny walked among the pines, they sat on fallen logs and played with Jack-in-the-pulpits. At other times they stood on the beach and he wrote her name in the shiny wet sand with a stick. When the stars came out he talked to her about all the roads that go up and down the world—names to make dreams with.

"There's Bubbling Well Road -that's in China," said James Ladd, "and Helumoa Road—that's a bit of a lane in Honolulu—I had a letter from there, once—and the Yokohama Bund, and the Lincoln Highway and the road to Paris—I'll bet there are Lombardy poplars along that one."

All this was before the war, when one could still dream of Lombardy poplars, somewhere in France.

"You see," said James Ladd, "I've got it in my mind that I've *got* to go and try those roads, just once, before I die. Maybe I can write a little, I don't know. And maybe I can draw a little—who cares? All I know is, I've got to see this old world *now*, because I may be a mole, in my next incarnation, and then there'll be no chance."

Jenny laughed. She had a soft, doubtful little laugh, touched with wistfulness, like her eyes.

"And there's the shell-road," said Jenny.

Said James Ladd, suddenly, with his vagabond heart in his throat: "And there's *you!*"

He had been in the Village a month and a week when he told Jenny that he loved her.

Jenny cried, just as she had cried standing before the mirror that day in her room, with the key turned in the lock. They were sitting on the beach when he told her. It was a dark, warm night, not overfull of stars, and a lighted torch moving along the edge of the water showed where some darkies were floundering. Their mellow, lazy laughter came drifting down the wind.

"Jenny!" said James Ladd, "Jenny—tell me you do! Tell me—tell me!" His voice had a hoarse, little undernote that was the sweetest thing in the whole, mysterious, murmurous night——

"I meant to go alone—but I didn't know," he said. "Jenny! I want us to find all those roads together—will you? Jenny—say you love me!"

So Jenny stopped crying and told him about her mother. She had kept Aunt Jane Green's story to herself as long as seemed good. James Ladd listened—not very patiently at first—he was all on fire for Jenny's lips, the touch of her silken, soft cheek, but she put him away from her.

"I *want* to tell you," said Jenny, "I *must* tell you!"

So James Ladd listened.

"She—she wasn't very old," said Jenny The tale began pitifully enough. "But she was married at sixteen, and there were four of us—when when it happened, Mark and Arthur and Launcelot and me. Mark is the oldest—he was five—I—I wasn't quite a year—and my—mother was only twenty-two. Sometimes I think she must have been awfully tired—you know?—and sort of desperate. Nothing but taking care of us—and the house—and babies and housework—all the time—all the time! And my father was fifteen years older—I suppose sometimes she must have wanted awfully just somebody to laugh with—just to be silly and happy—only twenty-two—you know?"

"Was she pretty?" asked James Ladd gently. He took Jenny's little hand and kissed it, palm open. It was like laying his face against a flower.

"Aunt Jane Green says she was like me——" there in the dark, with the little waves lipping the sand at her feet, Jenny's soft voice grew sharp with pain. She snatched her hand away. "Have they told you about her? Has any one told you already—what she did?"

"NOT one word," said James Ladd quietly, "and you needn't, unless you like. It couldn't make any sort of difference——"

"She ran away, one night," said Jenny with a sob, "—she put us all to bed, and left a little, new cap she'd been making for me, on my pillow, and ran away—with the man who drove my father's wagon—the man who delivered bacon and calico and things from the store. He was young—Aunt Jane says his hair was yellow——"

James Ladd put out both hands; he meant to put his arms around Jenny; it seemed better than any words he could think of just then; but she stood up suddenly and moved away from him. When he followed her she stopped and stood staring out to sea in the darkness, small and soft and sweet and bitterly desolate.

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"Jenny—I love you," said James Ladd softly. "Don't you believe that?"

"Yes," she told him, standing stiller than ever.

"Did you think what you've just told me would make any difference?" James Ladd asked her.

But his passion chilled before her answer. Her voice was as pretty and hesitant as ever, only a sort of inflexibility had come into it, a kind of pitiful mulishness.

"Not to you, maybe, but it does to me. I'm afraid of love," said Jenny. "I've been afraid of it ever since I was seventeen years old, when Aunt Jane Green told me about my mother. That's why I told *you*—so you'd see. I'm afraid of love—that's all—I won't let myself—look what it did to my mother—I'm afraid of it!"

James Ladd made her sit down again upon the dry, warm sand and talked to her as to a frightened child. The torch came up the beach and passed them while they sat there, the breeze died down and the night was still and close and sweet as the cup of a magnolia flower. The eternal whisper of the sea went on, but very softly. Once the bell in the Catholic Church steeple rang faintly, nine o'clock. When she heard it, Jenny said that now she would have to go home, but James Ladd put his hand over hers and kept her. He talked like a man on trial for his life. First, he told her what a beautiful thing love was and how if you denied it you shut the stars out of the sky. He told her it was tender and happy and sweet—but Jenny only shook her head.

"My mother must have thought just that," she said. So James Ladd changed his course. He asked Jenny if she had ever thought of the women who didn't love, who hadn't love offered them—the poor, empty lives—one had to dare a little, he said, for any good thing in the world. If Jenny heard him she made no answer. It was like pleading with the wind or the dark or the sound of the sea.

"You were made for love!" said James Ladd huskily at last. "Just to look at you turns a man's heart in his breast."

Jenny said in that same, soft, tired, little voice:

"Aunt Jane says my mother was just like me."

When he forsook words and kissed her suddenly in a forlorn hope of conquering where he could not convince, she cried out like a little, hurt thing in his arms and he let her go.

"Please—please—I'm afraid!" said Jenny.

So James Ladd took her home. He did not even take her hand at the door.

"I think I'll be leaving pretty soon," he said slowly. "I don't want to stay now—you were all the reason—"

And even after that, Jenny let him go. She cried herself to sleep a good many hours later, thinking what the Village would be like without him.

She knew she had not for one instant been able to make him see the reality of the fear that obsessed her. As acid eats into flesh, the story of her mother's pathetically cheap betrayal had eaten into the girl's immature and lonely soul. Laid away in a rosewood box, to which Jenny kept the key, was the little, yellowed cap that Mrs. Green had left that long-ago night on her littlest baby's pillow—Aunt Jane had given it up more as a warning than a relic—and how many times Jenny's seventeen-year-old eyes had cried over the hemstitched strings, only the four walls of a locked room could tell.

Another one might openly have missed might not have left so deep a scar. Shame and cruelty and love were, in Jenny's sight, inextricably interwoven.

James Ladd did not leave the Village at once. Judge Lander, discovering an unsuspected press of work, asked him for two weeks more, and, sick at heart, the boy stayed. He did not, however, try to see Jenny again. That little cry of her's, when he had kissed her, echoed painfully in his ears. Moreover, he had spent his quiver of arguments and felt himself empty-handed before her oddly stubborn resistance. Bubbling Well Road and Helumon Road and the Lincoln Highway and the road to Paris began to call him again. Afraid of love? Afraid of life? What use in living?—said James Ladd to himself. But he bought roses from a garden somewhere on the Village outskirts and sent them, mutely, to Jenny by a little black boy in a checked gingham shirt.

Jenny kept the roses till the last petal fell. She suffered at that time more doggedly than ever.

THEN Jack Hyde's Queens of Burlesque came to the Village. Heaven knows why! Never before, in its short and simple annals, had the Town Hall entertained so gorgeous a company. Uncle Tom's Cabin, once a year, and Living Pictures, or something just as good, for the Benefit of the Episcopalian Organ Fund, had until then supplied the guiltless history of the Town Hall.

Jack Hyde's Morning Glories, his Queens of Burlesque, stopping over, unexpectedly, between a week in Mobile and a week in New Orleans, set up a red stone in Village memories. One night only, the Morning Glories opened, then flung their tendrils along the road again, but nods and becks and wreathed smiles graced many a purely masculine gathering for weeks after that one night—which is by the way, and nothing to us at all.

About six o'clock, then, of that evening, a little negro boy brought a note to Jenny and delivered it, by means of a certain amount of insistence, into the girl's own hands.

"Telled me to wait fer'n anser," he stated.

Jenny read the note. She was, as it happened, except for a servant, alone in the house, old Ben Green and his three sons having not yet come for dinner.

"Fer'n anser!" the boy insisted. Jenny had read the note twice over while he stood there. He was a stupid little darkey, but even he had his doubts of the propriety of the situation.

"I'll come," said Jenny, very white.

"Yer'll come? Das' all yer wan' me ter say?"

"That's all," said Jenny.

She took the note up-stairs to her room and read it once again before she locked it away in the rosewood box.

Jenny's mother had come back—of course. The half-soiled sheet of cheap, white note-paper said so. It asked Jenny to come to the Town Hall that night after the show to see her.

"*Don't tell your father.* There must be somebody you can trust to bring you," said the scrawl. Another line added, with a blot midway, as if the writer had finished in awkward haste, "Come to the stage-door—about ten-thirty—I'll be looking for you—don't go out in front—and *don't see the show.* I don't want you to see it."

It was signed "your loving mother," and having been put away in the rosewood box, lay, strangely enough, beside the hemstitching and lace edging of the little cap.

Shaken to her very heart, Jenny had, nevertheless, to go through with dinner. She sat like a creature under a spell, the odors of food stifling and sickening her, until the earliest moment of possible excuse had come, then she slipped from her chair and picked up a coat.

"I'm going over to Aunt Jane Green's," said Jenny.

She drew a little, fluttering sigh when the gate clicked to behind her. Her father had not protested. He had only grunted above his final mouthful of dinner.

James Ladd was not at home when Jenny came to her Aunt Jane's house, so Jenny stayed.

"He's gone down the street for his mail. Said he'd be back about half past nine. What do you want with him, anyhow? Pretty way of doing things!" observed Aunt Jane Green, grimly.

Jenny said she had to see him and refused either to explain or to be ashamed of her mission. She had grown a little pale, and her soft, uncertainly focused eyes had a new look of distress.

At twenty minutes before ten James Ladd came in. He stopped when he saw Jenny in the sitting-room, changing color beneath his healthy tan. His own eyes were grayer, his smile cleaner, and his look straighter than ever. There was, nevertheless, a suggestion of sleepless nights about him. He did not look like a man who had gotten what he wanted of life.

"I waited for you—I want you to walk home with me," said Jenny, simply.

They left Aunt Jane Green, open-mouthed, beside the lamp.

WHEN the white dust of the shell-road was once more beneath her feet, Jenny told James Ladd why she had come for him.

"Then you do trust me?" he asked her reproachfully.

But Jenny barely heard him.

"I've been nearly crazy," she said. "Is there plenty of time? Hadn't we better hurry?"

She let him take her hand as they went, if, indeed, she knew he did it.

"She told me not to tell my father—and not to see the play——"

"The whole thing's almost incredible," said James Ladd.

He walked like a man in a dream and Jenny walked beside him, breaking step occasionally in her nervous endeavor to go faster. The night was very dark, heavy with clouds.

Once Jenny said unsteadily:

"She couldn't have cared for me much—I wasn't quite a year—she left me——"

"You can't always tell," said James Ladd gently.

They came at last by a round-about way to the back of the Town Hall, and up to a narrow, back door. People were going down the street. The performance was obviously over.

"Jenny, darling—don't be frightened—don't be disappointed!" said James Ladd suddenly in a hurried and husky voice. He had not, until that moment, realized the Queens of Burlesque and the kind of woman whom Jenny might possibly be going to meet. Now he would have snatched her away if he could—he, who had brought her there. "Don't be frightened—twenty years—it's a long time—the Village isn't like the rest of the world—some of the world—my sweet!"

"What time is it?" asked Jenny, trembling.

As James Ladd took out his watch, leaning sidewise to see the dial by the light from a near-by window, the narrow, back door opened and a woman came out. She was not much taller than Jenny and her shoulders and arms, bare above pink-shining, tawdry finery, showed pale in the darkness. Her skirts were short. Light, coming faintly from another door back of her, aureoled her head with insincere and greenish gold.

"Is that Jenny Green?" she asked doubtfully. "Is—is that little Jenny?"

Jenny moved forward into the light.

"Come in!" said the woman abruptly.

"I'll wait for you, here," said James Ladd. He crushed Jenny's hand, which he still held, and let it go. The woman turned.

"All right," she accepted without further parley. "Just stick around, will you?"

Then she led Jenny in and shut the door.

There had been light enough for James Ladd to see in the woman's eyes, between beaded lashes, that same slight cast—that same strangely tender lack of focus. He waited, oppressed by the mystery of life, leaning against the door-way in the dark.

AS FOR Jenny, the woman took her down a dirty little corridor, into a dirty, little cubby-hole of a dressing-room, and shut the door. Out on the stage, scenery was being moved with harsh, clattering noises. There was a pine-topped table in the cubby-hole, two chairs, and a cloudy mirror on the wall. A kerosene-lamp burned on the table.

"Well," said the woman, "so—so it's little Jenny! It's more like seein' a ghost." She put her hand to her head and lifted off the yellow wig. Hair, dark as Jenny's own, clung damply to the small, well-shaped head. She loosened it and rolled it into a knot at the back of her neck, talking nervously all the time. The change brought out the lines about her eyes, threw the paint on her face into sharp relief.

"You didn't tell *him?* I told you not to."

"No—I didn't tell him," said Jenny. She added, on some unfathomed impulse, "I never tell him anything."

"Does he still—what am I talkin' about?—What's the use?—How's the boys?"

"Pretty well, thank you," said Jenny. Her cheeks were hot.

"Won't you sit down?" asked the woman. She took the other chair herself, sitting with crossed legs, and hands clasped about one pink-silk knee. "You've gotten mighty pretty," the overly-scarlet lips twitched a little. "You always were a pretty baby—I was makin' you a cap——"

"I've got it," said Jenny.

Then God knows how deep a silence fell between them, while Jenny twisted her fingers together and the woman stared at the wall.

"Seems funny—don't it?" she offered at last, but her chin was faintly tremulous, "—me bein'—your mother!"

"Why did you do it?" asked Jenny all at once, white-faced and frightened.

"Sure! Why did I do it?" Some unseen tension broken, the other began to laugh, a small, jangling sound. "I was only twenty-two—I had a baby every year—a man who didn't care whether I lived or died so long as he got enough to eat every day, and a woman to live with—what more did I want? What more could any young thing want—more floors to sweep—more babies to walk? I saw it all comin'—I sort of went crazy; I guess, at that, I never had any too much sense or I wouldn't have married him to begin with."

"You—you didn't love him?" asked Jenny.

Poor, little Jenny! Her hands were cold and damp.

"What did *you* know about lovin'—at sixteen?"

"Just To Look at You Turns a Man's Heart in His Breast."

"But you—loved—the man that drove the——"

"Gawd! I haven't thought about him in eighteen years," said the woman slowly. "He was two years younger than me, and he had yellow hair. His name was John."

"Eighteen years!" whispered Jenny.

And then the woman turned on her, tears streaming down over the painted cheeks.

"You better go! You better go home! I don't even know how to talk to you. I wanted to see you. I was a fool. I'm talkin' you with every word that I say to you. I might a' known. But all day long I been thinkin' of the little cap I left on your pillow—you had the softest hair! The boys were mean—they were just like *him*—but I cried when I left *you*—little Jenny!"

Jenny tried to speak. Her throat was oddly dry. "Love—" she stammered, "Oh—love's cruel—isn't it?"

The woman in the silly pink frock wiped her eyes on the back of her hand.

"Love?" she repeated tiredly. "I never had it. If I had I'd never have gone off like that, I'd a' stayed. Any-

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Don't Worry about Your Soldier Boy

The War Is Over, and while It May Be Months before Your Boy Comes Home, He Will Still Be Strictly Looked After, Body and Soul, and Kept Busy

By ANNA STEESE RICHARDSON

AUTHOR OF "DO YOU REALLY WANT TO GO TO FRANCE?"

SHE is the sort of woman our doughboys call "a little gob of gloom"—the type of knitting-bag patriot who sheds a dull gray light wherever she goes. So quite naturally she proceeded to inject a joy-killing serum into the first real tea-party given in our set in eighteen months: "These fine plans are very well, but I can not forget what may happen to my boy before he leaves France. Think of the spirit which will break loose in that country when peace is declared. The people will be drunk with victory and our sons will witness their orgies. Dear knows, to think of his fighting has been bad enough, but fighting kept him busy. With everybody laying down their arms, and not enough ships to bring our men home, there will be nothing but idleness and mischief and those immoral women."

To any one like myself who has been quartered with the American Expeditionary Force and the French people on that war-shattered Western Front, such statements would be laughable if a million American women—mothers, wives, sweethearts—were not being tortured cruelly by the same rumors. And because the editor of PICTORIAL REVIEW is deeply sympathetic with the American women waiting so eagerly for the return of the men they have loaned to their country and to the cause of freedom, he has asked me to tell how I feel about my son and the sons of my friends during these days of armistices and peace negotiations.

The cessation of actual fighting does not spell idleness for our sons. Neither does it mean immediate demobilization of the army and their return to civil life. Even tho the War and Navy Departments are in a position to bring the American Expeditionary Force back in from four to six months, as the Government states, there is still big work for some of our soldiers to do. Some must still carry on, that the terms of treaties may be fulfilled and democracy may be made sure indeed for all the world.

If your son is in the medical corps as officer or private, it may be two years before he can return with the last of the wounded. To each hospital that I saw in France were assigned 35 doctors, 90 nurses, 200 enlisted men. This is for medical service alone. And there must be infantrymen to guard these hospital bases and their supply stations.

If your son is in the air service, he will be needed over there to patrol and guard the aerial lines leading into enemy territory. Cavalry, infantry, machine gunners, all will have work to do on the Western Front, perhaps in Germany itself, until the peace terms are firmly established.

America has in France, Italy, and England, property and supplies valued at many millions. Your son may be needed to guard them. When I left France, America was building for the protection of its troops huge warehouses, docks, reservoirs, and sewerage systems. These must be completed by American engineers and mechanics for the use of the French. The war has literally stripped France of such workers. In short there will be plenty of work for the American Army to do for months after fighting stops.

Assuming, then, that while your son may remain many months overseas, let us survey his situation and decide whether the joy-killer of the tea-party was justified in her dolorous prophecy.

NO ONE who has watched France fight can picture her as deliriously drunk with victory, nor as celebrating her hard-earned triumph in orgies. We American women have barely touched finger-tips with war. France has buried more than two million husbands, fathers, brothers, and lovers. Half the population of a city like Chicago or New York she has laid to rest under her flag during the past four years. Their blood is still redder than the wine of victory. The maimed men, the blind men, the men without faces who walk the streets of her villages, towns, and cities far removed from the fighting area will remind the nation of the stern work ahead—the rehabilitation of northern France. I can picture throngs in French churches whose altars are ablaze with candles; roads and streets lined with children who cheer, women who smile on the troops through tears, men who salute with bandaged hands; Paris and the *Arc de Triomphe* shaken by joy which is beyond all expression.

And when that first wave of joy has passed, France will settle down to its tremendous task of reconstruction—of reclaiming that terrible front which fairly reeks of the dead, or replanting its orchards and retilling its fields, of rearing towns where now there is only a tangle of barbed wire. Women as well as men will do that work.

Don't worry about your son's morals. If you live in a prohibition community, and your son bought liquor secretly when at home, rest assured that he will take a chance on securing it illicitly in France, but with this difference

When he drank too much at home, some one saw him safely into bed, and his offense was overlooked. In France, he will be taken to the guard-house and repent at hard work!

The high officers of the American Expeditionary Force take their responsibilities more seriously than you did. They throw around your son every protection against evil. He has been *ordered* to hear the very best lectures on the social evil. And these have been followed by stern, practical measures such as you

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The American War Work Organizations Will Redouble Their Efforts for His Comfort until the Last Boy Is Home

and your town officials would not dare adopt in dealing with your boy.

One of the most vivid memories of my overseas trip is a night ride with the Provost Marshal of a great port, who was responsible for the safety of 60,000 American men encamped on the heights beyond the city.

AT THAT time, fresh troops were arriving at the rate of 45,000 a day. After a rest in camp for twenty-four hours or more, they were being moved by train to camps nearer the front. It was this man's job to safeguard them with military police from the moment they debarked, until they passed out of sight on their way to the front. It was no easy task, with those 45,000 men restless after the long voyage, eager to see French life. But for a week, while one of the largest convoys ever sent overseas was unloading its throbbing human cargo, not a single American soldier met his death nor came to any harm in the vile resorts of a harbor famous the world over for its wickedness.

This officer, once an employee of a New York Corporation, now one of the four American Provost Marshals in France, brought to bear on his task the rare executive ability which had made him invaluable to his business. And whenever a big convoy dropped anchor in that harbor, he worked practically day and night with his force of 250 military police drawn from the infantry and 175 cavalrymen to ride the outlying districts.

In the middle city, certain streets are "forbidden," and, at each intersection, an armed guard turns back inquisitive American boys. As we rode through these streets, the Provost Marshal advised me to keep my head down. His car has often been stoned by the denizens of the district, in their rage at the man who safeguards those whom they regard as their natural prey, soldiers.

Remember, war or peace, your son is under strict military orders, and he can not leave his camp in France without leave, without what is known as a movement order signed by proper officials. He is stopped by each and every military policeman he passes in his effort to "see life" in France.

There is no such thing as idleness for the soldiers in France. There are dull hours, but no real idleness. I drove to a small town in the Lorraine sector to see the son of an old friend whose regiment was supposed to be *en repos* or resting in that particular village. At the non-commissioned officers' quarters, I learned that he was out with a detail mending roads. Other men of his company had been detailed to help a peasant rebuild his barn which was needed for storing supplies.

When your boy is given leave, he is told where to spend it, and it is some one's job to see that these instructions are carried out. Your boy can not go to Paris and spend his leave in his own way, sweet or otherwise. He is sent to one of the A. E. F. recreation centers like Aix-les-Bains near the Swiss border. This makes him sulky and he carries to the center one large-sized grouch. But American men and women meet him there with plans for such a jolly, homelike vacation, so like his two weeks away from the office or shop in the Summer, that he has a good time in spite of his yearning for the Paris of his dreams.

Neither an armistice nor complete surrender will relax one jot the strict military rule under which your son serves. The same forces which have kept him clean as human restraint can keep him, will control him until he recrosses the Atlantic and is mustered out on American soil.

So much for the stern arm of military authority. Now for the influences which soften military discipline. Such organizations as the Y. M. C. A., the Salvation Army, the Knights of Columbus, the Jewish Welfare Association, and the American Library Association offer him many opportunities for improvement which he scorned at home in his youthful pursuit of pleasure. In the Army, he found that those men who were promoted, especially in technical branches of the service, had an education which he lacked. In active service, grim courage may earn promotion, but in training camps, officers' schools, and all special branches of the service, like aviation, "schooling" has proven essential. The boy who had not taken higher mathematics, physics, chemistry, regretted the fact.

SOME of you mothers are going to be greatly surprized at the changed viewpoint of your boy when he comes marching home. He may not write to you about it. He may even feel embarrassed by this new thirst for knowledge, but he is gratifying it. Take the story of "Teddy-who-was-a-clerk," who used poor grammar, and knew no ambition beyond wearing ties such as his most extravagant customers chose, with hosiery to match! "Teddy" had "influence," enlisted in the aviation service, fell down on his first examinations and landed in a supply squadron where his specialty was making camp streets while he cursed out his ignorance of higher mathematics. In France he was transferred to another squadron, got in with some boys of the right sort who helped him with algebra, geometry, and trigonometry and now he writes that when the war is over he is going into the aerial postal service.

Nor has one of the great welfare organizations lessened its efforts. The Y. M. C. A. is still sending over its educational secretaries, and wherever classes can be formed in academic or technical courses, your boys will have opportunities for self-improvement. Baseball and healthy sports of every kind will fill hours not needed for military duty and study.

The Red Cross, the Knights of Columbus, and the Salvation Army will camp right with your boys until the last man embarks on his homeward voyage.

Are you doing your part? For there is still work for you to do, work bigger and more worthy than worrying about the influence which France at peace may exert on your boy. By your letters you can render him contented, not restless, during the hours of waiting. You can urge him tactfully to improve such opportunities as come his way.

AND you can prepare yourself for the changes which you may find in your boy when he returns. Perhaps he will be restless, and the home town, the old job, will prove irksome after his adventures overseas. You must be patient with his moods. He may be absent-minded and introspective, as the result of living through the most brutalizing period in the world's history. You must help him to become normal. And above everything else, we American mothers must safeguard our sons from temptation in our own community, from the mawkish sentimentality of silly girls and women, from the mistaken generosity of men whose welcome is expressed in the offer of a drink.

France is a country of complex morality. The American Expeditionary Force in France is not composed of kindergarten pupils, nor is it sprouting wings, but it has shown itself to be composed of clean-cut fighting men. And it is about time that America, preparing to receive its army, plucks the mote from its own eye.

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The Luck of Geraldine Laird

IN FOUR INSTALMENTS—PART FOUR

The Long Lane of Doubt Turns Again into the Broad Highway of Love

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

AUTHOR OF "MOTHER," "THE STORY OF JULIA PAGE," "THE HEART OF RACHAEL," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

THE STORY OF THE STORY

AFTER Dean Laird had left his wife, Geraldine, to take up writing plays under the tutelage of Kennedy Bond, the play-broker, Geraldine saw life in a different light. Forced into work through necessity, she went to New York and became head saleswoman at "Emelie's." Then Mr. Goldmann, a big producer, who had seen Geraldine in amateur theatricals back home, offered to bring her out in a new musical comedy under the name of Mollie O'Brien. Geraldine made a big hit and immediately brought her mother and the two little girls to the city. In the meantime Dean Laird has not succeeded as brilliantly as he had hoped. Self-disgust, and the discovery that he has thrown his happiness away, have sickened him. Dragged to the theater one night by Kennedy Bond, whose friendship he has grown to distrust, he recognizes in the successful star of the play, Geraldine, his wife.

"'Mollie—!' He Said, Dismayed. 'Mollie—Little Girl—! Don't—Don't—!'"

ISN'T she adorable?—clap, Dean!" Kennedy laughed, clapping madly.

Dean added his applause to the noise that was rippling down from the top galleries and rising and falling in great waves all over the house, but he hardly knew what he did, or what he said. He saw nothing more, heard only a confusion of music and voices, and answered Kennedy absently when she insisted on a reply. Like a man stupefied, he sat through the rest of the show, took Kennedy out into a night lightly powdered with the first snow, and put her in a cab. Then he walked the city streets until the bitter Wintry dawn came with a flurry of rain and wind.

The next night he was in the second row, nearer than before, waiting with a sick hammering of his heart for the impossible to repeat itself. Again she hurried in, smiling timidly and briefly, catching her little shawl across her breast—the breast, he thought, where his children had lain! Again the tide of applause rocked the house. The sensations that shook him, physical as well as mental, made him feel that he was actually ill.

His Jerry—his pretty, merry, clever wife, his slender, dark-eyed girl! He had held her in his arms, that laughing, lovely woman—he had adored her for a while, as all the packed theater did to-night. He had seen her earnest, seen her joyous, seen her absurd. He had knelt beside her in her agony, and had watched her in the deep sleep that followed it. And she was lost to him!

After that he went every night to the theater, and watched her in utter misery. He would fold his arms over the hard aching of his heart, and study her gravely, with a steadfast and troubled look, night after night. Sometimes the tearing thought came that other men admired her; must admire her. One night a man was with her, when she flashed out to her car, a tall, broad man who was murmuring in her ear as he helped her in. That night Dean did not shut his eyes.

He took a picture of her, long-ignored, from his trunk, and placed it on his bureau. She had the children with her in the picture; Deanie a fat humpy baby in her lap, little Janey, with her fluffy dark hair tied with a great butterfly bow, leaning against her mother's knee. Jerry had explained to him that the picture among the proofs submitted was not the best of her, but that it was too good of the children to lose. She herself looked as if caught unawares, half-admonitory and half-laughing, and not at her prettiest in the plain silk gown.

"But, my God, she would have worn the frills and silk stockings fast enough, if I had had the money to buy them!" Dean said, the picture swimming suddenly before his eyes. "She never asked for them—she only wanted to get things for the girls and me! I remember that she always protested when I tried to make her buy clothes!"

He remembered other things: a night when she had sat up with him, pale and cheerful and always considerate for his comfort, through an ugly touch of illness. Honeymoon days, and Jerry like a radiant child in new ginghams that smelt of the loom, Winter nights when they talked of Janey's coming, Summer picnics when she nursed the sweet, drowsy child by some far brook, and laid her to sleep under a haycock—all these swarmed back upon him, and filled his eyes with salt tears, and made his throat constrict bitterly.

He would look up from his desk, in the wide loft, and the whole group of desks and tables, lockers and typewriters, cabinets and chairs, would grow dim before him.

"My wife! My little, old, brave Jerry!" his heart said, over and over and over.

One Winter afternoon they chanced to be near each other, at a studio tea; when Dean heard her unforgetable voice in a jumble of laughing voices, and caught a glimpse of her, furred and rosy, in the center of a group of men and women. It seemed to him unavoidable that she must see him, but it was quite evident that she did not. She was swept on, into the room beyond the studio where punch was being served, and Dean, with a fast-beating heart, slipped quietly away, and blindly walked and walked in the bright, snowy sunshine, trying to recover the self-control the sight of her had shattered.

"Laird was here a minute ago," said one of the men to Geraldine, on this occasion. "You know Dean Laird?"

Taken unawares, Geraldine could only smile mechanically, and wonder how much her fluttered breath and sudden color betrayed her.

"Have I—have I met him?" she asked, wrinkling her brows.

"I thought you must have! He's a reg'lar feller." The talk went on about her, she heard somebody say that Mr. Laird was trying to break into play-writing, somebody else added that he was "awfully nice." Somehow his nearness and the ready use of his name frightened Geraldine: she was conscious of something like terror at the idea of meeting him anywhere, any day or night, and in any place, but to herself she would say, "Nonsense! I may never meet him. There are six million persons in this city—it isn't a chance of one in a thousand!"

She was surprized at her own relief when she chanced to hear that he had gone with a friend to idle in Spain. It was better for them both to have thousands of miles between them!

The next night she met him.

It was a Sunday night, Geraldine's only time of freedom, and she was dining with a certain Roger Catherwood, a dignified, middle-aged widower, who was suddenly, and rather to her surprize, affording her no little cause of speculation. She had grown accustomed now, to a certain surface form of masculine admiration, a form that might always easily lead to supper-parties, drives, gifts, and flowers uncounted.

BUT Roger Catherwood's case was different. Geraldine had been introduced to the architect at a restaurant supper, after the performance one evening, and had told him something of her story. He was a gentleman, a tall, quiet man, with grizzled hair, and a charming manner. He had a pretty daughter sixteen years old, and lived in a brownstone mansion in the East Sixties. Harriot Catherwood rode with Daddy in the park, and attended a fashionable school, and had aunts who were members of the Colony Club. She adored Daddy's friend, Mrs. O'Brien, in a school-girlish way, and Geraldine looked at her well-groomed freshness and poise, and listened to her cultivated voice, with a little ache of envy for the girl whose path was to be made so lovely and so smooth.

She had dressed for the dinner with a quick-beating heart. It was to be quite a large party, but she knew herself to be the honored guest. She and Roger Catherwood had become great friends.

Entering the softly-lighted, softly-carpeted hall of the Catherwood mansion, smiling at the butler, allowing herself to be relieved of her wraps by a smiling maid, glancing at her lovely self in a great mirror, she knew that all the

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danger signals were flashing, every emotion in her heart was a semaphore to warn her that the road was not clear.

Geraldine was laughing, as she crossed the magnificent spaces, feeling the silence and rich beauty, and her own gown and mood, happily attuned. She found her host alone, by a splendid fire, and gave him a surprized glance with her greeting.

"Am I so early?"

He looked down at her spangled black gown, shining dark hair, lovely bare shoulders and plumy fan, and the look a trifle confused her.

"No; the others are late!" He had sent his own car for her, she reflected, sinking into a great chair, and, therefore, it was his own fault if she came too soon.

"Mr. Hardisty is coming to-night," he went on, "and Hardisty is always late. He just telephoned, he's bringing some friend along!"

"Oh, well, we don't mind waiting!" Geraldine laughed.

Presently two women fluttered in at the library door, two men behind them. There were laughter and introductions. Geraldine was instantly swept into the general conversation. Other men and women came in, there was greater confusion.

Two pretty maids appeared, with tiny *hors-d'œuvres* and clear topaz-colored cocktails on trays. The late Mr. Hardisty came joyfully hurrying through the door, bringing his friend.

GERALDINE was standing at the great mantel, with its carved acanthus flowers. She had been in deep talk with an elderly man, Mason Marshall, an actor, who was earnestly and sympathetically discussing with her the misfortunes of another actor. But as the late comers were introduced, a new voice made itself heard, and she felt a thrill almost like a vertigo shaking her whole body, her finger-tips turned cold, and her knees grew weak. She turned to glance toward Mr. Hardisty, and saw that the friend he had brought with him was indeed Dean Laird.

Groomed, smiling, quite at his ease, and handsomer than ever in his evening dress, Dean was undergoing introductions. Roger welcomed him with an enthusiasm that surprized Geraldine, even under the sick flutter and fright she was experiencing.

"We're old friends—we've met before?" Roger said.

Geraldine watched her husband; his keen look through the big, shell-rimmed glasses, the beautiful hand that steadied them, on their black ribbon, the well-remembered and sudden smile

"Rather!" Dean said eagerly, with a faint accent on the last syllable. "At Turner's studio?"

That was it. Roger interrupted the introductions for a little intimate talk of the Turners. They had lived in France since the beginning of the war, eh? And how was the delicate child—better, eh?

Then Dean and Geraldine were face to face, after the long years. The shock came upon him in its entirety, and for a dreadful minute she had to carry the conversation. Superb, in her beautiful gown, with diamonds glinting in her massed dark hair, and her white hand still resting against the carved marble of the mantelpiece, she glanced at him negligently, over a bare shoulder, and smiled her casual acknowledgment of his name, and turned immediately to speak to her host.

"Mr. Marshall and I were talking of poor Bernard Rice, Roger. You must have known him?"

"Very well!" Roger answered unsuspiciously, frowning sorrowfully and shaking his head, "Sad case—very!—— Well, we'll go out! Buffington, you take Mrs. Thompson—Meigs, Mrs. Marshall, please. Hardisty, I've given you Miss O'Brien—I hope you'll remember it to my advantage some day. Laird, you haven't a lady, so you'll have to take my aunt's other side. Aunt Fanny, will you come to dinner?"

With some laughter and stir, they moved in pairs through the stately halls to the dining-room. Geraldine felt too dizzy and frightened to speak, she could only hope that the smile she gave Mr. Hardisty was not too obviously forced. Somehow they reached the table, she sank into her chair, conscious that she was breathing very badly, and that her tongue was cleaving to the roof of her mouth in a fashion that made it quite impossible for her to speak. Dean was on her left, then the old white-headed lady known as "Aunt Fanny," then the host.

To get away—to get away—before everybody guessed—before there was a scene! This was her first mad impulse. But after a few moments she attempted to rally her scattered thoughts. If she and Dean could manage not to awaken their suspicions—that would be best. Perhaps not even Hardisty, who was chattering away happily on her right, suspected the situation.

As the laughter and rustle of the dinner began, and the maids moved about the table, she began to hope that this was so. Roger was talking naturally, Aunt Fanny was holding Dean with an involved narrative, every one seemed cheerful and unconstrained. An effort—and she might live through the next hour or two without catastrophe, and might escape. The alternative was to escape, on some pretext, now, and to the necessary pretense of a headache or faintness, Geraldine simply did not feel herself equal, altho the thought of finding herself safe and alone in the Catherwood motor-car was almost too desirable to resist.

IF DEAN would not speak to her! If he would but realize, as she did, the madness of their attempting a conversation——

Geraldine let her soup go untasted, she was unable to swallow, and hardly conscious of what was being said and served.

Suddenly she was conscious that Aunt Fanny and the host were talking, and that Dean had turned toward her. The blood forsook her heart. She looked down at her plate, and the spangles against her white breast twinkled with the quick uprush of her breath.

"I didn't know where you were, until a few weeks ago ——" Dean began. A quick protest, half-gasp and half-laugh, stopped him.

"Oh, not about—us—please!——"

"Certainly. I see," he assured her quickly. And quietly and naturally he went on. "Do you know this man I'm with, Hardisty? He's the fellow whose comedy is doing so well—'Miss Smith of Smith.' He was sent to Panama for weak lungs, and he wrote it there—it looks now as if he had struck his vein! His wife and little boy go back with him next week—they're up in Boston, now. He really likes the tropics, and of course he's tickled to death to find a way of making easy money — as he calls it. He'd never written a word before——"

"Really!" Geraldine said, naturally, raising her eyes and smiling. "He has a splendid face. And he doesn't look delicate, either!"

They discussed him thoroughly, discussed their host. Then suddenly they were talking of Louis, whose marriage in England to an English girl of eighteen had astonished Geraldine a few months before.

"Louis must be—fifty, Dean?"

"Oh, Lord, no! Forty-five. It seems he's working with the Belgian Relief, and this girl's father and brother were killed in the early part of the war——"

They fell eagerly upon the war. Would America go into it?—would America stay out of it?

"How well d'you know Catherwood?" Dean asked.

He saw the color rise under her transparent skin, but her eyes met his fearlessly.

"Not long but pretty well!" she answered, with a glance at her host, which he caught.

"He seems to be a fine fellow," Dean said, with agony at his heart.

"He is!" she answered confidently. Dean refused the salad and Geraldine helped herself and ate it composedly. Her heart had stopped throbbing so madly, and she felt almost at ease.

Furtively she studied him, the keen, intelligent face, the ribboned eye-glasses that were so frankly a becoming affectation, the questioning grave look that was followed by his sudden and charming smile.

"The children are well?" he asked her, suddenly, flushing.

"Darlings!" she answered, noncommittally. He was evidently wistful for more news of them, but she did not vouchsafe it, and the hand that she stretched for her water-glass trembled.

"It's been quite like a fairy-tale, hasn't it, Jerry—your success, I mean?" he asked presently.

"Would have been, at eighteen," she conceded lightly; even with a trace of distaste "But I had — I had too much to worry about, to take it at its value, at first. Yes,—I can't deny it!—it still seems like a fairy-tale, sometimes It isn't quite what I would like to do, but it is always amusing—and people are always very kind!"

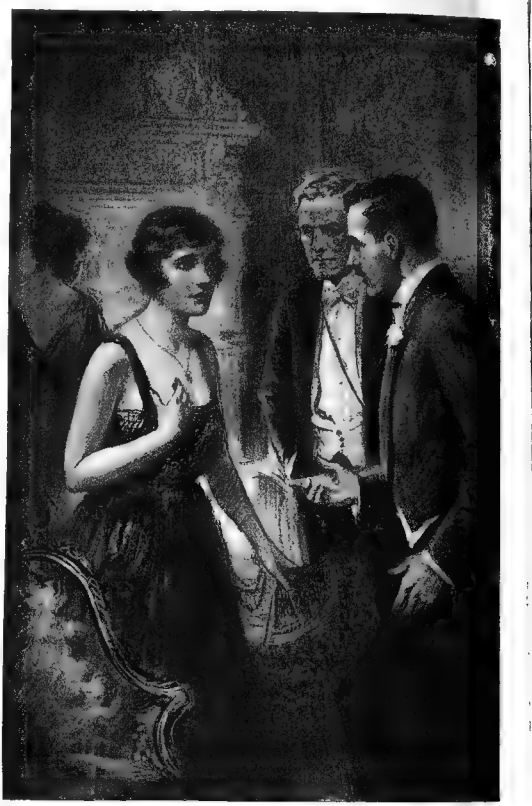
"It hasn't spoiled you, at all events!" he said. But instantly he saw that the personality was a false note. She acknowledged it only by a faint shrug, and a slight contraction of her eyebrows, and looked down in silence at her fan

"You succeed, Dean?" she asked.

"I—putter!" he answered bitterly, frowning in his turn. "But you—you love your work?" the woman persisted He gave her a straight, unsmiling glance, it was as if he decided to concede her the point of view she obviously wanted to hold.

"Yes, I love it," he assured her, wearily.

"Because otherwise——" Geraldine's sweet voice, with its childish note, continued, "Otherwise it would all be wasted —what you endured, and what I did, wouldn't it?"



"A New Voice Made Itself Heard. Her Finger-tips Turned Cold, and Her Knees

Dean, folding his arms, leaned back, and nodded, with a grim mouth.

"Exactly," he agreed.

"Not—not that I consider my life a mistake, exactly," Geraldine, mistress of herself at last, added thoughtfully. "Do—do you?"

She raised the blue Irish eyes he knew so well—her beauty and poise, here in this dignified setting, almost took his breath away.

"It would be hard to look at you and say so, Jerry!" he told her, with an effort at lightness of manner.

"One wonders," she returned slowly, "why a woman, drudging happily away in a small-town kitchen, and doing her duty year after year, is considered so little, while another woman—divorced, spending her life amusing idle people who come to this city just to waste money; finds herself admired and spoiled and invited to houses like this?"

"You are not divorced, Jerry," Dean reminded her quietly.

Her smile, with just a shadow of its old light-hearted mischief, broke over him.

"Well, isn't it the equivalent?" she asked, silencing him. "The point is, which was the real woman—which was the valuable citizen?"

"HOW did you happen to think of the stage, Jerry?" he asked presently.

"I was ill —I had a position as saleswoman—" She reviewed her little history for him, finished it with tears standing in her eyes. All the remembered trials and the bitter loneliness of that time came back to her.

When she finished, they both were silent, and, knowing him as she did, Geraldine knew that Dean was as stirred as she.

"Do you suppose," he asked, after a while, "that every one who—who has our experience, feels as we feel?"

"No, it can't be!" she answered, with quick comprehension. "I know it isn't, with some people. Divorce means a different thing to every one, just as marriage does. Some feel more, and some less. I—I think of you, often, Dean. Sometimes—"

"And I of you!" he answered quickly. But he saw that she was offended again.

"Sometimes, it is as if you were dead," she said, coldly. "But I never for an instant feel—free, in that way."

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Involuntarily her eyes wandered to her host, and Dean's look followed them.

"Would—would you like to be free?" he asked, with the cold, quick sensitiveness that she remembered so well.

"Nothing you could do would make me feel so, Dean," she told him. "A merely legal separation would have no particular weight, with me! I would as soon—" Again her eyes wandered. "I would as soon give myself, if I loved again, with no farce of a ceremony at all!" she said, in a low tone.

"You have come a long way from your old feeling in such matters, Jerry," Dean said steadily, "if you can feel that!"

She did not answer for a full minute, but played with the ice upon her plate. Then she looked up with an unsmiling glance.

"I told you I had!"

Dean was silent, pondering.

"Jerry, the end of that is only utter wreck!" he said presently, in a sort of burst, and quite obviously forced to speak against his will.

"Not always!" she said, lightly and perversely. "I had the—the authorized thing, my dear Dean. I could hardly have suffered more—more indignity, under any circumstances! I did not ask independence, or welcome it. I accepted your money, I faced our friends and their speculations, I suffered and endured! Now, permit me to say that I have made my own life, and will—will live it my own way."

"I did not presume to advise you, except as a—a friend!" he said, his face reddening.

She lifted her beautiful level brows, and gave him a direct look.

"Thank you!" she said, simply. "If ever you wanted a legal freedom, Dean," she added, moderately, "that would be a different thing. As far as I am concerned, it means nothing!"

"I don't want it!" he said shortly.

Then there was silence, until Geraldine turned to her right-hand neighbor, and began an indifferent conversation. She did not speak to Dean again, but once her host interrupted her.

"Mollie Bawn!"

"Sir, to you!"

"Tell these people what your little girl said in the park that day—"

"Oh, yes—that's too delicious!" She laughed, and the table laughed with her. "My small Jane—" she began. Dean watched her, with a sick heart.

When there was comparative silence again, the old lady on his left rose, and all the women followed her example. He had opportunity for only another hurried word.

"Jerry, I'm going now. Will you —I can't let you go out of my life again!—will you let me come and see you?"

She stood silent, her face downcast, her eyes fixed on the fan she slowly opened and shut.

"For what purpose, Dean?" she asked, in a troubled voice.

Dean made no answer, his anxious eyes expectantly on her face.

"There can never be the old feeling," Geraldine said slowly, "and to have you there would only distress and upset us all. I don't wish the girls to be troubled and puzzled by your coming. It is better as it is."

"You—you never can forgive me, Geraldine?"

"It isn't quite a question of that. I wish you everything good in the world, Dean—believe me, I do! But we can't go back—people can't, somehow, after a thing like this!"

Again he was silent. She looked at him almost appealingly.

"You see that, Dean?"

Dean straightened up suddenly, bowed submissively.

"Then there is nothing more to be said!" he said quietly.

She gave him her hand, for a minute the whole lovely and fragrant beauty of her was close to him, the dark head with its big diamond comb, the white shoulders from which her spangled black gown receded, the thoughtful face with its humorous Irish mouth and earnest blue eyes.

Then with a little rustle and stir, she was gone. Dean stood looking after her.

"Isn't she great?" Roger asked him, at his elbow. "We'll get her to sing 'The Light that Lies in Woman's Eyes,' after a while!"

"She's quite lovely—she's a little lady!" Hardisty said.

Dean felt an impulse of furious anger; smothered it.

"She is one of the finest women I have ever known," Roger agreed. "Simple and unspoiled—very quickwitted; my daughter adores her."

"Do you know much about her?" Hardisty asked. "Nobody seems to. She spoke of children—"

Dean, suffocating, dared listen no further. He drifted to the other side of the table, mechanically joining in some conversation there. Before the men rejoined the ladies, he made his excuses and disappeared. Geraldine was secretly watching for him, but she did not see him again. From their manner she knew that neither her host nor Hardisty suspected the truth, but later she quite voluntarily took Roger into her confidence.

IT WAS almost midnight, and they were driving home in his car. Geraldine had been in good form, and had been singing odds and ends of song, and amusing the entire company. She was flushed, laughing, radiant in her loose fur wraps, as Roger handed her into the limousine; she made no protest as he insisted upon accompanying her.

"Do—if you like!" she told him. "I—I rather dread being alone, to-night!"

For answer he gave her a sharp look, his smile of pleasure fading into something more like concern.

"Not blue, to-night, Mollie Bawn, after the way you've been making us all laugh?" he asked, seating himself beside her, as the car moved on its way.

The glittering eyes so near his own tried to smile through a sudden film of tears.

"Oh, horribly blue!" she confessed, childishly. "I'd half forgotten—but it all came back!"

"What, dear?" he said tenderly, very much puzzled.

"Roger," she answered gravely, "that man was my husband!"

"What man?" Roger Catherwood said, aghast. The car swept about a corner, and she swayed toward him in the dim light.

"Don't you realize that I am really Mrs. Laird, and that that man—" she began, and paused.

Roger Catherwood stared at her with a stricken face.

"My God—my dear Mollie—you don't tell me!— Hardisty's friend—Laird, his name is Laird—!"

She nodded at him, over her high furred collar. They looked at each other in silence.

"MY dear Mollie, how can I apologize—?" Roger began presently, his strong gloved hand laid over her own. "You sat there with your own husband—!"

"I'm an actress—" she conceded, smiling.

"You're more than an actress, my dear! You're a good sport. You—! But, by George, I wouldn't have had you go through that for anything in the world! To let you walk right into him—! You couldn't warn me—but of course you didn't know!" He was shaking his head, and murmuring incoherent regrets and protestations as they drew up before her apartment house, and the car stopped. "I'm coming up with you," he said, glancing out absently. "I want to speak to you!"

Thrilled by some new and dominant quality in his voice, she gave him a shy swift glance, as they crossed the foyer, and entered the elevator.

In silence she preceded him into the long drawing-room, and touched the switch that flooded it with subdued light.

"Just for a minute!" she said then, flinging down her wraps, and pointing toward the clock, which announced midnight.

"I—somehow—can't let this evening end," the man confessed, with a confused and embarrassed smile, and with a boy's self-conscious manner, "I feel as if I'd come a little closer to you—Mollie Bawn!"

He took her hands, making her very uncomfortable. She tried to smile up at him unconcernedly.

"It's—taken it out of me, rather, of course!" she said, deliberately bringing Dean back into the conversation. She freed her hands, and went to her favorite chair, dropping into it wearily.

"That man is your husband, eh? That quiet, decent chap?" Roger Catherwood mused, taking her lead obediently. "He is the last fellow I should identify with what you told me. It was another woman, was it?"

If he had intended to rouse in her the old resentment, he succeeded. Into her face he saw the color slowly creep.

"Not—not in the ordinary sense. I don't believe that!" she answered uneasily.

"So that now that you are—what you are, he might be glad enough to come back?" Roger pursued.

"That," she said, looking at him reproachfully, "isn't like you!"

He laughed shamefacedly, taking the chair opposite her, and running his hands restlessly through his hair.

"I'm sorry," he said, briefly. Geraldine gave him a quick forgiving smile, and fell into deep thought. For a while there was silence between them. "But of course you know what I feel, my dear," the man began, presently. "Shall I tell you, Mollie Bawn?"

Geraldine stopped him, almost with fright.

"Not—not to-night!" she stammered. And after a moment she looked at him appealingly, and saw the hurt in his eyes.

"All right!" he said patiently. "You—you still care for him?" he asked, as she said nothing more.

"Oh, no!" Geraldine answered decidedly, color staining her face. "But I did!" she added, with a world of sadness in her passionate voice. She got up from her chair, and took a few restless paces about the room.

THE man rose, too, and she came up to him, and laid her locked fingers lightly against his breast.

"I'm so tired to-night—" she said, childishly.

He looked down at her with infinite pity and affection, mastering the impulse to catch her in his arms.

"Mollie—" he began, and stopped short. Her smile rewarded him for his self-control, there was something grateful and trusting in her look. Suddenly he saw the smile wrinkle, change—saw the laughing eyes brim and the lips shake, and to his consternation she turned her back upon him, stumbled a few steps blindly, and flung herself down by the long library table.

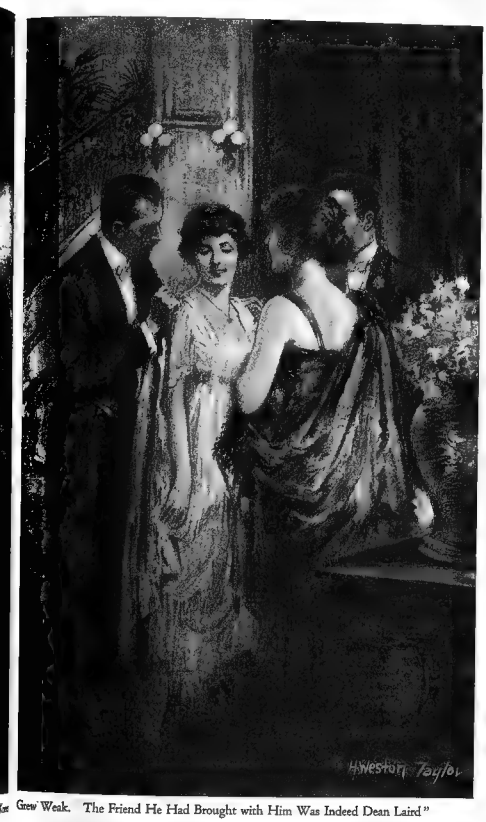
Her white arms rested against the dark wood, her shining head went down, he saw her shoulders torn with sobs, the whole slender figure, in its spangled gown, racked with them.

"Mollie—!" he said, dismayed. "Mollie—little girl—! Don't—don't—!"

Through the wild passion that was sweeping away all her self-control Geraldine heard him come a step nearer her, felt his hand on her head in a touch that was almost fatherly, caught some comforting murmur about courage—and to-morrow. For a moment then there was silence. Then she heard the door softly close, and knew that she was alone.

"*That*, Roger Catherwood," she said aloud, half an hour later, when she got to her feet, wiped her swollen eyes for the last time, and drew the last sobbing, exhausted breath, "that was the sweetest thing you ever did!" She looked at herself in a great oblong mirror, that, framed in old mahogany and primitive gay-colored country scenes, repeated the graceful length of the room. "You are a beauty, Mollie O'Brien!" she told herself, laughing shakily. "With your color gone, and your hair mussed, and your face all stained with crying. And rehearsal with the new conductor to-morrow at two—! Well, thank God," Geraldine summarized, creeping noiselessly toward the bedroom part of the house, "I am so tired that in spite of fifty Deans and fifty Rogers I should sleep to-night!"

Dean came to see her immediately, as she knew he would. He wrote her first, and she read the dignified, brief letter, but she did not answer it. Then his name was brought her, by the maid. She sent down the message that she was not at home to Mr. Laird.



Grew Weak. The Friend He Had Brought with Him Was Indeed Dean Laird"

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But his mere attempts fluttered her, and possessed an undue share of her thoughts. Sometimes mad impulses of yielding, mad dreams of finding herself in a man's arms again, haunted her.

His fourth call found her smartly and freshly dressed for the street; it was late in a March afternoon that smelled of Spring. The girls had gone out with Madame, their grandmother was visiting in Stockham, and Geraldine was alone.

Her car would call in ten minutes. Braced by a feeling of absolute self-confidence, mingled with indignation, she asked that Mr. Laird be told to come up. Two minutes later he entered the room, and they touched hands.

"I'm sorry that I have really only ten minutes," she said, firmly and quickly. "I want to ask you to stop coming to see me, Dean. Sit down. You've come now three—or is it four?—several times. It annoys me. I simply don't want to see you. You understand that."

"I've been very anxious to talk to you," he answered, with a brevity and decision quite equal to her own. "One conversation will—will suffice, I imagine. I know exactly what you think of me, because it is what I think of myself. I only want to say that I am sorry—extremely sorry. I wish—I wish—I wish you could forgive me. If that isn't possible now, perhaps you will want to forgive me some day—if you do, I want you to send for me. I was wrong, Jerry, I know that now; I think I always knew it. But there has never been another woman in my life except you, and I realized long before I found you, this Winter, that there never could be."

"You can say this now," she said, feeling strangely shaken, and reaching for words as for armor, while he paused. "You can say this now, of course. I have made myself a separate life, Dean—I am independent of you, now. There was a time—there was a time" her voice shook, but she controlled it—"when I would have given everything I had in life to have you come and say that! But—but that time has gone by."

"I know it!" he said, quickly. "I have nothing to say. But I have been very unhappy——"

"You!" She interrupted him with a quick, impatient breath. There was a silence.

Children's voices sounded in subdued laughter and chatter in the hall. Geraldine called.

"Janey! Come in here, sweethearts. Whom have you with you—Thomas? How do you do, Thomas? Let me feel your hands, Baby—you didn't get your feet wet?"

They came in with never a glance for the caller; rosy, exquisite little creatures in plain sailor hats and coats, with their rich tumbled hair falling about their rosy cheeks. They stood at their mother's knee, smiling at her, answering her questions with bashful laughter and shy undertones, and yielding her the little hands she caught so eagerly. When they went out of the room, she turned to look at Dean, but he had walked to the window, and had his back toward the room.

"I want to say this," Geraldine said, in a silence when the children had left the room. "I feel myself partly to blame for the old—trouble. I was too much married to the old life—to Mother and the boys. I see that now." She was silent, but as he did not speak, began again hesitatingly, feeling for words. "I always dreamed of a time when you and I should be alone together with the children, but I had no idea—as I have now—that it was for me to bring it about. I've learned, since. I've learned that sometimes it's best to deliberately go against the people you love—if you have an end in view. Men have always known that, and always done it, but I was inexperienced, and I was afraid. It was the way I had been brought up. Marriage, to women of the last generation, like Mother, was an end, and not a means to an end. When a girl got married, forty years ago, it was enough. She was supposed to have everything, and to know everything desirable in life—she was made. It—it isn't so now. Nothing is firmly established, any more. Life changes very fast—we have to change, too. Women are individuals now, not just a part of men's establishments. They have earned money, most of them, they have stood upon their own feet. They may be willing to cook and house-clean and bear children, but they have to have something in exchange for independence and liberty. I never knew that, before. I felt myself immovably fixed, in your house, as your wife. Our—our quarrels didn't worry me, for I thought all men had their 'cranky' times."

HE HAD turned from the window, and they stood facing each other across the library table.

"Now, I've begun to realize," Geraldine presently resumed, still with the uncertain manner of one formulating her own thought as she expressed it, "that work, and independence, and self-expression are the rights of life. I love them. Yes, I was fortunate, of course—you needn't remind me of that. But I might have done fifty other things that would have supported me and the girls, and had something of the same satisfaction. My work is hard, and lots of it is discouraging and unsatisfactory. As a general thing, the people I associate with are not worth while. But that's business—and we women must get used to it. The theory is that in her own home a woman doesn't come in touch with anything that isn't beautiful and restful. Perhaps that worked in the old days, but it doesn't, now. The domestic standard is too difficult. It isn't living, now, to keep house; it's maintaining a ritual that gets more and more complicated every year. It's a fine art. And consequently, the women of my generation must ask themselves whether they would rather do that, for a possibly unappreciative man, or do something else for which they will be paid market value."

Silence. The fire snapped lazily, the subtle scent of freesia lilies drifted through the air. Geraldine raised her eyes, and her glance met his: husband and wife looked steadily at each other.

"'Ah, Dean, You *Must* Come Home—!' She Whispered"

"There seems to be nothing more to say," Dean said, tonelessly.

Geraldine shrugged. She gathered up her gloves and furs, hooked the latter carelessly about her shoulders, and began to fit the gloves carefully to her fingers. The quiet room seemed filled with unutterable desolation.

"Do you think," she said suddenly, "that it would never have occurred to you to come and find me, and—and say this to me, if I had been dragging along at Linda's house?"

"I think so," he answered quickly. She looked at him in real surprise. Dean's New England rigidity in truth-telling had often surprized her Irish easiness. She had never known him to shade the truth by a hair's-breadth. "I was—wanting you," he added, simply. "I was—sorry. I knew what a fool my ambition and my discontent——"

"And Miss Bond," she reminded him.

"What Miss Bond stood for," he amended. "Yes, I was a fool. And I can see, as you say, that it is too late."

Geraldine realized that she had not said exactly this, but she did not deny it. She was silent, pushing on the second immaculate glove.

"Do you think," Dean asked, in his turn, "that, except for the hard position in which you found yourself, you would ever have consented to leave your mother and George, and try my way for a while? You acted after only a few weeks of it. I had been—" an old bitterness rang in his voice, "I had been submitting to it, for years!"

"No," she faltered honestly, after a moment, "I suppose not. I—perhaps I never would have seen it in just that way. But—but desertion is desertion," she added, more confidently. This was firm ground under her feet at last. She and Dean looked squarely at each other.

"Well—!" His tone ended the conversation. "Your time is up. I won't keep you. I am glad we had this little talk. And I know that if ever you feel differently—feel like forgiving and forgetting—you will send for me."

Geraldine did not answer, nor move from where she stood. Her eyes alone said goodby to him, as he took his hat, and smiled his perfunctory and courteous smile, in farewell. She heard him say "Thank you" to the maid who showed him out, and the room was so still that she could hear the stop of the elevator a few seconds later, and the clank of the closing door.

"I wonder if I love him?" Geraldine said, half-aloud. Rose-color flushed to her face, and she smiled.

The maid entered quietly, with an open box of roses, to find her mistress still standing, lost in some half-shamed and half-happy dream.

Geraldine suddenly recalled, frowned when she saw the roses, glanced at the card with sternly-narrowed lips. It was from Roger—she called him Roger, now—with only his engraved card. Knowing him, she knew that he had hesitated over that card, afraid to say too much, unwilling to say too little, confident, at last, that the flowers would speak for him.

Again the furs and gloves were abandoned, the car dismissed. She sat down at the desk in the alcove, and bravely and unhesitatingly wrote him.

"My dear Roger," ran the note, "The lovely roses have arrived to remind me of a duty I owe you and Harriet and my own girls and myself. At eighteen I might have hesitated over this, at twenty-eight I find myself able to write it. We are a man and a woman—it's the framework of all the tragedies, isn't it? Let's not have a tragedy—it never can be anything else unless we stop it now. I like you—more than any one else that the new life has brought me. But the ties of the old life hold fast. We've nothing to regret or undo, now. And this is the end. MOLLIE BAWN."

She cried over the note, re-wrote it, and cried again. It was lying under her idle hand, and her eyes full of wistful-ness and questioning, were fixed absently on the great jar of spraying ferns that filled the window, when her maid again interrupted, in a regretful undertone.

"The car, Madame."

"The car? But I thought you dismissed it an hour ago, Selma!"

"Yes, Madame. But this is for the theater—it is seven o'clock, Madame."

"For the theater!" Dazed, weary, Geraldine addressed an envelop, rose to her feet. The theater, of course. The audience was waiting to be amused to tears by Mollie O'Brien. "Bring me a cup of tea, Selma," she said, "bring it into the nursery, and run and mail that letter. Tell the boy to say that I'll be down in ten minutes!"

ONE hot June day, wandering through Easthampton with the little girls, a real sense of satisfaction came to her when she realized that she was unhappy. It was a fact to be faced: she was lonely, unloved, and unhappy, she told herself. No man had a share in her thoughts, her work, and her love, and she felt the essential lack.

The abruptly-terminated friendship with Roger had left a strange ache in her heart. It had reminded her poignantly of what she was losing, of what married companionship and the oneness of interest lends to both lives. Sometimes she deliberately reviewed all the steps that had led to her separation from Dean, to remind herself of her own innocence and helplessness in the matter.

It was the first knitting Summer: the country was slowly but fully awakening to the thought of war. When the little family went back to town it was to find the Avenue blowing with flags, that showed a ripple of pink from the Plaza far down toward the Fifth Avenue building. Men in olive-drab filled the foyers of the hotels, and saluted each other on the Avenue, the jaunty white caps of blue-jackets were everywhere.

Geraldine, absorbed, knitted and watched; sent the elevator boys flying for newspaper extras, and felt her soul growing so rapidly that the process hurt her. She stopped suffering for herself, her heart began to take in all Belgium, all France, all the wistful and bewildered bravery of astonished America. The blowing Stars and Stripes were no longer simply a flag to her; behind them she began to see the grave dignity of Washington and the sublime beauty of Lincoln's homely face, unknown men quietly dying on the slope of Bunker Hill, boys of sixteen at Gettysburg, other boys—she could just remember these, coming home in the last year of the old century, when the war was done. America had something to win, and every week saw her pledging herself more and more deeply to win it.

At Christmas-time she was in San Francisco, and when she came back to New York it was early in April, and the trees wore their first damp, crumpled finger-tips of green. Easter tulips bloomed in Madison Square, and the girls—taller by inches now—leaping into their mother's arms, were as sweet and gay as the flowers.

She had flung off her traveling things, loosened her hair, wrapped herself in a loose Oriental robe, and was enjoying a cup of tea and a mountain of accumulated mail, as they talked.

Suddenly the blood left her face and her heart thumped. Dean's handwriting again! Here was a square white envelop, from Dean. She raised it to her eyes to study the postmark—December. It had been waiting for her for more than three months.

UNTIL this instant Geraldine hardly realized how much she had been thinking of him, or how much a return to New York meant in her heart of hearts a return to the neighborhood that held Dean. She had not forgiven him, no, nor had she ceased to tell herself that she never could. But under all her bitterness there lurked a fierce and almost triumphant conviction that she was his wife, and set apart by the shame and suffering his treatment had caused her from the thought of any other man.

She had sometimes thought that he might write her, and now, in the very hour of her arrival, she received the note as a sort of answer to her long memories of him that had really partaken of the nature of prayers. On the envelop was heavily engraved the Washington Square address, and as she opened the letter Geraldine had a moment's vision of herself answering it—by telephone? In person? At all events, he was not an hour's journey away!

"My dear Jerry," said the letter, "all my plans are changed, and I will probably leave New York on the tenth of January, for Arizona. It may be Arizona, and it may be Colorado; it will be just where Tom Underhill, the fellow who has been sharing rooms with me for a year, is most apt to find his health again. I am giving up everything here, I may try to go on writing, altho I have been pretty well discouraged about it of late. But I would like to see you before I go, and see the little girls. I think even your anger would not endure if you could know how I have been hungering for my wife and children. Don't remind me that everything is changed, and by my own hand—I know it. But you were always generous, Jerry, be generous now. Let me come to see you, for the sake of the old days when we were first so happy. Send me——"

Geraldine pressed the letter over her heart as if there was a burning pain there, and rose blindly from her chair. In a great surge of feeling that almost sickened her with its violence, all the old feeling came back, the memory of the times when he had been to her all tenderness, all consideration.

The exquisite first thrill of definite weakening toward him came to her; she would do the impossible thing, she would humble herself, forget reason and logic, forgive him. Trembling, she went straight to the telephone.

Mr. Laird had given up his rooms, the new tenant in the Washington Square apartment told her, his address was—a delay—his address was Waldrab, Colorado. Or a letter might be forwarded from Stockham, New York.

A little daunted, Geraldine tried the first address. Delay was trying, but she must reconcile herself to it. Her public welcomed her eagerly, and the always-expected and al-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 32

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A Solid Foundation

Every time you eat good soup you lay a solid foundation-stone for sturdy, vigorous health.

No other food can properly take the place of good soup. It has a special body-building value of its own. It should be eaten by every family every day.

A plate of *Campbell's Tomato Soup* served *steaming hot* is not only a nourishing appetizer in itself, but it increases the nourishing effect of all the food you eat.

"My! This is snappy—
And nourishing, too.
Gee! I'm so happy
With *Campbell's* and you!"

Serve it as a Cream of Tomato
And watch the children grow

Give it to them regularly and often. Give it to the tired workers—not forgetting yourself.

Notice how refreshing and sustaining it is when you feel too "done up" to eat a heavy meal. This is nature's invigorating tonic stored in the juicy red-ripe tomatoes from which we make this tempting soup.

It aids digestion. It helps to regulate the body processes which create active strength and energy.

Each can gives you two cans of wholesome, satisfying soup. You have no cooking cost, no waste, no labor, no delay. It is all ready for your table in three minutes any time.

Order it from your grocer by the dozen or the case. This is the practical and economical way.

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Chicken
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Clam Bouillon
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Mutton
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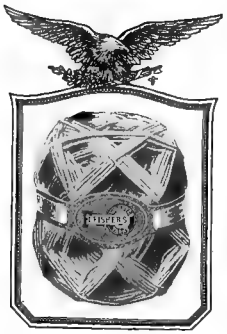

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We are sure that it will be a source of satisfaction to Americans to know that the Fleisher organization, with its great mills and superb equipment is now devoted to the needs of our fighting forces. Wool has been declared "essential." It is depended upon to keep our boys in health, to ease for them the bitter hardships of winter. In its sphere it is as important as food. And the supply may prove inadequate.

The government asked us, therefore, to devote our energies to war needs. We complied gladly. For awhile there will be no more FLEISHER YARNS made of wool for civilian uses.

This calls upon the women of America for an additional sacrifice, which they will make with the same willingness that has earned for them a noble reputation for unselfish service.

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WORSTED FLEISHER'S YARNS

The Pull of Personality

There Is More to a Man than Is Contained between His Hat and His Boots

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN

NO ONE can explain why one of two persons with apparently equal health, brain power, and education should be twice as forceful and convincing as the other, why he should have such a tremendous magnetic, pulling power, while the other leaves us cold and unmoved. We only know that one has personal magnetism and the other has none.

Personal magnetism is a force that can not be classed with ability, with any kind of purely mental equipment. It defies analysis. It is not seriously affected by mere intellectual education or the lack of it. No one can measure its power. Like love, it sways hearts, influences judges and juries, steps ahead of college education, social influence, the power of wealth, and takes the prize. All doors fly open to it. It is admitted to the most exclusive circles. When logic and argument fail, when genius says "impossible," when pluck and persistency give up, when influence has done its best and quits, when all the mental qualities have tried in vain, the subtle something which we call personal magnetism steps in and, without apparent effort, wins.

In all ages, men have worshiped beauty of face and form, but the woman who has this all compelling power is independent of mere physical beauty. In a man we call this peculiar power personal magnetism; in a woman it is often designated charm—altho charm is but a part or attribute, not all, of personal magnetism.

Girls are born with beauty and often lament their lack, and some of them, when they compare themselves with their more attractive sisters, are inclined to become sour and pessimistic. Those girls do not realize that they have, slumbering within them, that which, if awakened and developed, would more than compensate for any mere beauty of face or grace of form, and would make them more popular than the girls they envy for their beauty.

The Value of Personal Charm

WOMEN in general overestimate the power of mere physical beauty and underestimate that of personal charm. Even the famous Madame De Stael, who swayed the hearts of the best men of France with a personal charm which was absolutely irresistible, declared that she would gladly give all of her learning and brilliancy in exchange for physical beauty.

Walt Whitman used to say that a man is not all included between his hat and his boots. This is but another way of putting the fact, proved by science, that our personality extends beyond our bodies. It is not who we are, how we are dressed, or how we look, whether we are homely or handsome, educated or uneducated, so much as what we are that creates that subtle mysterious atmosphere of personality which either draws people to us or drives them from us.

Every human being is surrounded with this aura, or atmosphere, which every one feels, and to which blind people are peculiarly sensitive. It is composed of our thoughts, our convictions, our faiths, our doubts, our hopes, our fears, our likes and dislikes, our habitual mental attitude. This becomes a powerful magnet for attracting the things for which it has an affinity. It attracts more discord, more discontent, more unhappiness, or more love, more peace, more happiness, according to its nature. In other words, each one of us is surrounded by a subtle invisible force which we have fashioned from our thoughts and which influences our personality, our conduct, our whole present and future life.

Many people think that personality is something that is born with them, something which they can not improve or change very much. If a person is attractive and popular, he imagines it is simply because he was born that way, and that those who are unmagnetic, unpopular, can not help themselves. It is true that the elusive quality of charm is, as a rule, like genius, inborn, but an attractive, magnetic personality can be created by any one who will take the pains to do so. It depends to a very great extent on the aura you fashion for yourself.

If you analyze the character of the most fascinating, interesting person you know, you will always find that, however like or her defects or deficiencies, that person possesses many lovable, beautiful qualities, such as magnanimity, tolerance, kindliness, frankness, cheerfulness.

The qualities that attract are outflowing, buoyant; the qualities that repel are inflowing; that is, people who have no magnetism are self-centered, they think too much about themselves; they do not give out enough; they are always after something, absorbing, receiving some benefit, trying to get some advantage for themselves. They lack sympathy, cordiality, good fellowship; they are bad mixers.

A person who is selfish, always thinking of himself and looking out for his own advantage, who is cold, unsympathetic, greedy, can not radiate a warm, mellow atmosphere because one's atmosphere is a composite and takes on the flavor of all of one's qualities. If selfishness, indifference, avarice, and greed are dominant in one's nature, this is the kind of atmosphere he will radiate, and it will repel because these qualities we instinctively detest.

It is not what you say but what you think, what you believe, what you stand for, that you will radiate. People will get their impression of you not from what you say, or pretend to think or feel, but what you really believe, think, and are.

The personality that repels is always pinched, narrow, selfish, intolerant, envious, unsympathetic. How often we see written across the face of such a personality the expressions, "Don't touch me," "Don't come near me," "Don't bother me."

Cultivate an Unselfish Spirit

AS a ship-captain can detect, by the effect of the chilly atmosphere on the mercury of his barometer, his approach to an iceberg even in a fog in mid-ocean, so can we detect a selfish, greedy, gloomy, melancholy person the moment he comes into our presence. We feel a chilly sensation. He projects his pessimism, his gloom, his selfishness into our atmosphere, and shuts out as with a dark curtain the sun which was there before he entered. We can not breathe as freely. His atmosphere is heavy with the weight of his selfishness, of his enviousness, his unsympathetic, uncharitable thought.

When such a person goes out from our presence, and a bright, cheery, magnetic soul enters, the contrast is like that which the appearance of the morning sun after a dark, cold, stormy night at sea creates. The temperature seems to rise, no matter how cold the day. We feel a buoyancy, a lightness of heart, an uplift in our nature, a sense of power, an increase of energy which would have been impossible a few moments before.

Unmagnetic, cold-blooded people affect us just as a cold blast affects tropical plants. They chill and repel. They seem to dwarf us, to rob us of power, to reduce our energy to a minimum. In other words, the magnetic personality is a plus quantity, the unmagnetic personality is a minus quantity.

Knowing the qualities and characteristics that distinguish the magnetic and the unmagnetic personality, it is comparatively easy for any one to cultivate the one and to eliminate the other. That is, we can cultivate the generous, magnanimous, cheerful, optimistic, helpful mental qualities and crush their opposites; and in proportion as we do this we shall find ourselves becoming more interested in others, and they in turn becoming more interested in us. We shall find ourselves more welcome wherever we go, more sought after; we shall attract people to us more and more as we make ourselves personal magnets by fashioning our aura of the kindly thoughts and words and deeds that, day by day, go to the making of a rich, magnetic personality.

In other words, if you cultivate the qualities which you admire so much in others, the very qualities which attract you, you will become attractive to others. Just in proportion as you become imbued with these qualities, so that they shall characterize you, will you acquire what every one desires—a winning personality.

A good education is a great advantage to a man or a woman, but most of us put too great emphasis upon education, upon mental equipment and training. We seem to think that this is everything; but our personal atmosphere may be more to do with our success in life, more to do with determining our place in the world, than our mere mental equipment.

YOUR individual atmosphere will have as much to do with your advancement and with your position in life as will your brain power or your education. It is possible it may have even more.

A girl's personality, her dress, her manners, her conversation, the impression she makes on others, are of such importance to her, much greater than the same things are to a man, simply because she is feminine. It is more a part of a woman's nature to be fine, gracious, sympathetic, tactful, to be an adept in the arts that lend grace, charm, and refinement to life. It is the woman who makes the home attractive, who furnishes the sweet and also the decorative side of life. The world expects more of her in that direction than it does of the man. Everything which contributes to her finer culture, to her grace and charm, means more to her than that which contributes to the culture of man. More is expected of her in that line.

There are tremendous possibilities of influence and power in the cultivation of a magnetic, attractive personality. Whether a man or a woman, such a personality is in demand everywhere, in the home, in society, in every line of business.

Because the quality of magnetism is not born in them, many girls think they can not acquire it; so they never make the effort, and they go through life as sticks, unattractive, unmagnetic, instead of the magnificent girls they might be if they chose to cultivate the character qualities and social graces that distinguish the woman of charm.

Grape-Nuts

helps many a child along the road to sturdy health.

This food is made of whole grain, is appetizing and easily digested. It is rich in cereal sugar, and answers childhood's call for something sweet—at any time of day, and with perfect surety of satisfaction.

The Sugar in

Grape-Nuts

is not added, but is self-developed in the making by processing of the wheat and barley from which the food is made.

Grape-Nuts has been a favorite food with children, as well as adults, for many years. And its success as a builder of growth and strength is so apparent under trial, that once used it continues as a standby food of the family.

Naturally sweet, Grape-Nuts requires no sugar; it is fully cooked, and there is not a particle of waste—very important considerations these days.

Grocers everywhere sell Grape-Nuts

"There's a Reason"

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DAUGHTERS OF THE GOLDEN TREASURE

How to Help Yourself to Help Others

DOESN'T your heart thrill with pride over the achievements of our boys in France? Aren't you glad you're an American? Aren't you happy all the way through every time you think of our soldier boys and our sailor boys? Think of what they have done "Over There" for us, for you, for me, and for the land they love. Look at that picture of one of our sailor boys on sentry duty. Doesn't it make you feel safe to know that we have hundreds of thousands just like him always on guard, and doesn't your heart fairly cry out to do something for them —to send them some little comfort to show them you appreciate all that they are sacrificing? And even tho all hostilities have entirely ceased by the time you are reading this, our boys are likely to remain abroad for a long time. Wouldn't you just love to send your soldier or sailor boy anything and everything that might add a little to his happiness? And yet there may be a feeling that you can not afford to send the gifts your heart bids you to send. Perhaps you are in the same position as our young friend from Iowa who wrote the letter below. She was anxious to send something to her sailor boy but did not know exactly how to go about it. Read for yourself what she wrote.

"DEAR PEGGY:

"Can you help me? I have a dear friend in the Navy and I want to send him a sweater and a woolen helmet. I daren't ask my father for the money as I know he hasn't got it and I do so want to earn it myself. Do help me if you can.

"Sincerely yours,
"P. L. D——."

As soon as I received that letter I made up my mind that that little girl *could* and *would* earn enough money to send her friend the gifts he so richly deserved. I wrote to her showing her how to earn the money her very own self without having to ask a soul for one cent. Oh, dear! how many hundreds of letters do I get from girls telling me how hard it is to have to ask father, or husband, or son for money. What a joy it is to be able to write back and show these dear ones how to earn how to become independent, how to rely entirely on themselves. Isn't it glorious to be able to buy just what you want, just when you want it?

You Can Make Money

PERHAPS you have sometimes said to yourself, "Oh! if only I had the money to send my soldier or sailor all the little comforts I would so love to to send." Well, you can. Yes, I mean that. You can. There is nothing to stop you from sending "him" everything you wish to, if you really and truly want to. That's one reason why the Daughters of the Golden Treasure Club is in existence. You can do what thousands of other girls are already doing.

If you really want the money to send your soldier or sailor some little comforts, let me hear from you. If you really want to send gifts to him, I can let you know how to get the money without asking your father, husband, brother, or son. The Daughters of the Golden Treasure Club is in existence simply to help you to make money for yourself. There are 16,000 other members already doing it. Think of it—16,000 women and girls who know the joys of independence—16,000 who don't have to get spending-money from anybody; who earn it themselves. Would you like to join this happy band?

Sit right down now and write me a note. Let me know who you are and if you would like to make money for yourself. I will help you to experience the pleasure of earning your own money. There is no feeling in the world like the joy of buying something with your own money, earned by yourself. You can become independent to-day. I have already shown 16,000 others. Don't you think I can also show you?

The war has certainly changed things—especially for women. Thousands of women are now earning money for themselves for the first time in their lives. Many of them are replacing men. Yes, indeed, and earning a man's wages, too.

Read this letter—

"DEAR PEGGY:

"When I first wrote you about making money, I little dreamed that I, too, would be one of your happy Daughters in such a short time. Your check came yesterday and I was wild with excitement. I ran all the way to the drugstore and bought the loveliest Comfort Kit you ever saw and then had $1.75 left over. You certainly are a love, Peggy, and I am wild with happiness over my independence.

"S. G——."

And this from another happy Daughter—

"PEGGY DEAR:

"When I wrote you that hard-luck story last month I must confess I was not over-confident of your being able to help me in such a substantial way. What did I do with the check you sent? Just listen! I gave to my big brother, just before he left for 'Over There' (my check didn't come a minute too soon), a lovely, warm woolen sweater, which I knit myself with the yarn you helped me to purchase. Oh, Peggy, if you only knew how happy you have made me.

"Gratefully yours,

"C. T——."

Wouldn't you like to be able to write a letter like that? Wouldn't you like to be independent? Wouldn't you like to free yourself from having to ask your father, your husband, your son, or your brother for money every time you need some little thing for yourself? If only you knew the delights of those who become Daughters of the Golden Treasure, you would hurry to join the happy throng. See what another of our members was able to do down in Mississippi.

"MY DEAR MISS PEGGY:

"I will not wait a single minute to write you and express my delight and thanks for the beautiful pearl. Mere words fail to tell anything of my gratitude to you for making it possible and so easy to get the one thing I have always wanted. My friends are all wild about it. The gifts alone are an inspiration, to say nothing of the money you help us earn.

"Again thanking you, oh, so much, for my prize, and hoping to remain a successful Daughter.

"Your loving friend,
"I. M——."

It is astonishing how splendidly our American Girls are adapting themselves to war conditions. From Maine to California I hear of them taking up work that no one believed a woman could do.

Our girls are working in munition factories, cheerfully doing the heaviest kind of labor. They are playing their full part in chemical laboratories, working on farms, in aeroplane factories, in banks, running elevators, and doing a thousand and one things no one ever believed they could do. Their patriotism is unequaled. Their spirit of self-sacrifice backs up the spirit of our boys "Over There" in every way. Our women's contributions to the Liberty Loans, War Savings Stamps, the Red Cross and Y. M. C. A. Funds have surpassed all anticipations.

And the wonderful part of it all is that these patriotic efforts are not the monopoly of a small group of women. They are shared by all women in all classes.

War conditions in a large measure have done away with the old-style of girl who had to ask some man to give her the money to contribute to her war charity or Loan Fund. To-day American Girls are earning it themselves.

DON'T imagine for one moment that you are different from all my other Daughters. Rather, the fact most of them, had never made a cent of their own in all their lives until they joined our club.

Don't let anything stop you from writing me. Just think what it will mean to you to be independent—a real, truly-live individual earning money for yourself to spend as you please without having to account for it to a soul. I wish you could see the grateful letters I have in my private file from women—old, young, married, single, brides, grandmothers, and schoolgirls—who have been helped out of drudgery into economic freedom by our Treasure Chest. Don't be a sluggard in life's race. Be up and doing. You can succeed just as others have. It is up to you.

As soon as you have finished reading this, sit right down and drop me a line. Even a two-cent post-card will do. Give me your address. Tell me whether you are married or single, and if you wish to have some money of your own or not. Join the Daughters of the Golden Treasure and you'll get your share. But do it now before you forget.

Peggy Key Scott

President, Daughters of the Golden Treasure,
THE PICTORIAL REVIEW BUILDING,
NEW YORK, N. Y.

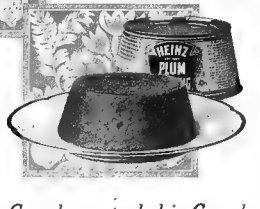
HEINZ
Fig Pudding

HEINZ Fig Pudding is a new dessert that will always be remembered with delight once it has been tasted. The fig itself is a delicious fruit, especially well adapted to the making of confections that are rich, yet light and wholesome, and "pudding" is a synonym for all that is toothsome in desserts.

The name "Heinz" insures right preparation and is your full guaranty that all the qualities suggested by the word "pudding" have been realized to the utmost in this supreme delicacy.

HEINZ
Mince Meat and Plum Pudding

Some people have Heinz Plum Pudding only at holiday time, but it should be served oftener, it is so wholesome and so delicious.



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Hotel Ritz Creations

Most Van Camp Soups are based on prize Parisian recipes. A famous chef from the Hotel Ritz in Paris brought them to our kitchens.

Each was selected because experts pronounced it the best soup of its kind in existence. Some had won prizes in French culinary contests. And the very chef who made them for Parisian connoisseurs, made them for Van Camp.

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A Van Camp Soup formula covers as high as six pages. A single soup contains 19 ingredients, each of a specified standard. It requires 24 hours to make it.

The Van Camp chefs follow these formulas step by step. The blend is always identical. The materials never vary. Every minute detail is exactly followed.

Our College Cooks

The Van Camp kitchens are directed by college-trained, scientific cooks. They took these recipes and tested different blends. On some soups hundreds of tests were made. Years were spent on some of them to reach the perfect flavor.

They fixed a standard for every material. They minutely detailed every process. Thus every batch of soup—forever—is exactly like the model.

Paris at Home

As a result, you can serve the most exquisite French soups in your home. And better soups than Paris ever served, for the blends have been perfected in our scientific ways.

There are 18 kinds, all ready to serve. And each costs but a trifle.

Compare them with the soups you know. They will change all your conceptions of good soups. Tell your grocer to send a few cans now.

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Soups—18 Kinds

Other Van Camp Products Include

Pork and Beans Evaporated Milk Spaghetti Peanut Butter
Chili Con Carne Catsup Chili Sauce, etc.

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A famous dish made five-fold better through this scientific cookery.

Van Camp's Spaghetti

A great Italian recipe perfected in the same painstaking way.

Van Camp's Peanut Butter

A new attainment in this delicacy, through these expert methods.

THE GALVANIZED GRINGO

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

kind of a jolt to him. Didn't hardly know her at first. Said she'd gotten sort of stout. She was ridin' herd of this senator near-husband of hers, steerin' him around through the crowd. Tim was outraged to notice that she seemed to be proud of this coyote.

"There is old Tim standin' in the crowd by the door, with his hand on that cedar handled forty-five and twenty years of bitterness chewin' at his heart. This Cummins stands up and makes a speech, struttin' up and down in professional dignity—the town's great man condescendin' to pose before the populace.

"AT THAT minute there's only one thing Tim wants, to get to him and finish the job right now. He's edgin' along the wall toward him, with his hand on that forty-five in his waistband, when all to once he feels a hand on his shoulder

"Darn if it wasn't that young officer chap that Tim liked so much in Mexico. This lieutenant is just tickled proud to find his old scout friend. Likes to shake tne hand off him.

"'You've got to meet the world's champion girl,' he says. 'Here she comes. Many's the time I've told her about you.'

"Tim tried to back out, but it was too late. Up comes the girl, his own Kathleen, that's a woman grown now. She gives Tim the glad hand and makes him welcome. As I've told you, the last time he seen her was when she was a baby in his arms. Now all that he can do is to take her hand and say, 'Mighty pleased to meet you.'

"There ain't nothin' in the world he wants as much as to take her in his arms again, and tell her he's her daddy, but he has a job to do first.

"'You must meet my father and mother,' she says, and off her and the lieutenant go to hunt up Mattie and the senator. You see that Cummins had never told that, too She called him "Father" and wore his name.

"Tim wanted to meet that Cummins bad enough, but he didn't want to meet him right then. So he slips back through the door and finds him a dark place where he can see in through the windows. He sees them lookin' for him, but he stays hid behind a automobile.

"Then they start to dance, and Tim stands there watchin' that little girl of his go by the windows in the arms of her lover. He sees her smilin' up at him, happy and satisfied, just like his Mattie looked twenty years before. Once in a while he makes out the senator promenadin' around, receivin' the applause of his constituents.

"At last the great man grows tired of bein' praised, and he strolls out on the porch to smoke a quiet cigar. He's trackin' up and down in that dignified way, still posin' even when he's alone by himself.

"That was Tim's chance. He slips out of his hidin' place, goes up on the porch and takes his stand in the senator's path. Cummins halts and, in that lord-almighty way, says,

"'Well, my good man, did you wish to see me?'

"'Yes,' says Tim. 'I come nearly two thousand miles to kill you.'

At that the senator recognizes him and nearly swallows his cigar. It's worse than seein' a ghost for him. He's yellow all through, and he begs and pleads for Tim not to kill him or show him up. Talks about the ruin of his dad-blamed career Don't seem to mind the career he sent Tim to down in the desert.

"There ain't no need to whine,' Tim tells him. 'I've got to kill you. It's only justice. But I ain't goin' to kill you tonight. Intended to, but I saw that little girl of mine. This is her night and if I was to kill you now it would spoil her whole evenin'. She's entitled to her happiness, the kind of happiness you cheated me out of with your lies.

"Now listen. Them young folks is goin' to get their start in a few days they'll be married and off on their honeymoon. That's goin' to be my weddin' present to the little girl. Give her her chance to be happy. Then I'm comin' back and kill you.

"There ain't no way you can escape me, Cummins. You are a leadin' citizen and can't hide. Some day when you're struttin' around before an audience, you'll see me sittin' there. Or some day you'll meet me on the street and know your time has come. I'm goin' now, but remember, I'm comin' back for you.'

"So Tim stumbles down the steps and hikes away in the dark. Cummins stands there starin' after him, whitefaced and shakin'. He sees himself turned up to the public for the lyin' dog that he is, and feels in his bones that Tim will make good on his promise.'

The Old Cattle Buyer paused for questions from the house, and with exasperating deliberation rolled a shuck cigaret.

"How long did this Coggins have to wait until he downed this skunk?" murmured one of the listeners.

"Well, naturally I asked him that same question," went on the Old Cattle Buyer, satisfied that he held his audience. "Tim lays low and spies out the ground around town. He watches the senator on the sly

CONTINUED ON PAGE 31

DOVE UNDER-MUSLINS

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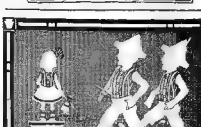

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THE GALVANIZED GRINGO

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

and gets posted on all of his movements. Then it was that he discovers that twenty years makes a difference in Fairview as well as in Mexico.

"'Hadn't been there a week before I was powerful glad I hadn't been too hasty,' Tim confides in me. 'Did I tell you that Mattie had growed kind of stout?' Well, that was givin' her all the best of it. She'd changed a lot other ways, too. It wasn't long before I found out that Cummins wasn't the town's leadin' citizen. She was. She sure was a natural born commandin' officer.

"'Never did see such a woman. Had that Cummins talkin' orders like a performin' animal. Led him around by the ear to all them hen-parties and church sociables, always puttin' him on public view. She'd made him be a senator when he wanted to be a farmer, forced him to be a Republican when he favored the Democrats, and made him join the Methodists when he always had a sneakin' leanin' toward the Baptists.

"'You wouldn't believe how positive that woman was. Why, she made him wear a hard-boiled shirt every day of his life. Now I ain't got nothin' against a hard-boiled shirt for them that wants to wear them. They are all right, once they get set to your shape, but she made him put on a new, one every couple of days.

"She had that old town buffaloed. The folks did a lot of protestin' behind her back at her high-handed ways, but there ain't none of them got the nerve to argue before her face.

"'THE last straw that busted the camel with me was when she gave what she called a Roman fête. It was some kind of a party where everybody had to come dressed up like a Roman. I was layin' out in the bushes skin' up this bunch of locoed mavericks. True as I'm talkin' to you, she had poor old Tom all togged out in a bed-sheet with nothin' on his legs. It was just awful. He went around showin' the misery in his face and tryin' to tuck in his toga with nowhere to tuck it.

"'It was right indecent. Then to make it worse she had got herself up as one of them ancient chorus-girls named Cleopatra. Didn't have on enough clothes to make a wrastlin' jacket for a sand-flea and she didn't even have the propriety to blush. Them clothes sure proved what I always contended, that a woman can't keep a secret.

"'Well, when I took a look at them goin's-on I wasn't so bent on bustin' back into that family circle. Can you imagine me, wrapped up in a bed-sheet, promenadin' around before a lot of women? An' it wasn't such a big bed-sheet at that. Kind of short on one end.

"'After what I saw, I just didn't have the heart to kill this Cummins. Didn't see how my buttin' in with a gun would improve the situation none to speak of. His future didn't look too cheerful just as it stood. When he'd leave the house he would always be scared stiff that I was wishin' to kill him, and when he went home he'd be sorry I didn't.

"So I started from that very spot and headed south for Mexico. Do you know I actually went out of that town on my tiptoes. 'Course no man don't like to see another man steal his wife, but even that may have its compensations.'

"So, that's why I say that they all come back," continued the Old Cattle Buyer. "Old Tim is back out in the desert now prospectin' for gold that he hopes he won't never find. They all come back, and his experience proves my theory both ways."

"What about this senator?" asked one of the audience, evidently disappointed at the lack of finished in the tale. "Is he still alive yet?"

"Yes," answered the Old Cattle Buyer. "Poor man, he is—yet."

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I'd start the habit

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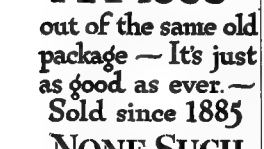

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of a skin so fine, so soft in texture that it seems the outward sign of an exquisite personal fineness—Read below how by proper treatment you can gain this most appealing of all charms

The Magic of a fine, soft skin

ONLY BY THE PROPER CARE CAN YOU GAIN THIS CHARM

IT DOES not "just happen" that some girls retain the loveliness of a fine, soft complexion. Only by really caring, by finding out and faithfully using the right treatment for the skin have the famous beauties kept this charm.

You, too, when you were a baby had a fresh, fair skin. Gradually, your skin has lost this magic beauty which rightly belongs to it.

It is exposure to cold winds and, most of all, to dust and dirt that makes the skin coarsen. By proper treatment you can offset these harmful influences; you can bring new life to your skin.

Your skin is changing every day. As old skin dies, new forms to take its place. You can make this new skin what you will.

Examine your skin closely. Its pores should be hardly noticeable. If they already begin to show conspicuously, it is a sign that you have not been giving your skin the proper care for its needs.

Begin tonight this treatment for reducing enlarged pores and making the skin fine in texture. Use it persistently. Remember, only by faithfully taking care of your skin can you correct a condition which is the result of years of neglect.

To make your skin fine in texture

Dip your wash cloth in very warm water and hold it to your face. Now take a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, dip it in water and rub the cake itself over your skin. Leave the slight coating of soap on for a few minutes until the skin feels drawn and dry. Then dampen the skin and rub the soap in gently with an upward and outward motion. Rinse the face thoroughly, first in tepid water, then in cold. Whenever possible, finish by rubbing the face with *a piece of ice*. Always dry carefully.

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Send for sample cake of soap with booklet

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You are benefited when you have one guide to the selection of your food products—one symbol upon which you can rest your judgment in confidence. You are protected not only in the *purchase* of the foods, but in their *use*.

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The Wilson label, wherever you see it, identifies a food product on which you can thoroughly rely. You may depend upon the cleanliness, wholesomeness and excellence of Wilson products. Their appearance alone will endorse all we say of them and all that the Wilson label means.

❖ ❖ ❖

We mean that the phrase "The Wilson Label Protects Your Table" shall *convince* you of its truth. The only way in which it can convince you satisfactorily is through your actual experience in using Wilson food products in your own home.

EVERYTHING bearing the Wilson label has been selected, handled and prepared with *respect*. By this respect we mean the same thoughtfulness and carefulness with which your own mother would prepare the favorite dish for the family.

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Our dealers—including *your* dealer, we hope—are endeavoring to interest you in Wilson food products.

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They are featuring our "Certified Brand" canned fruits, vegetables and table specialties —with our "money back" quality guarantee; Majestic Ham, Bacon and Lard, Clearbrook Eggs and Dairy Products.

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The familiar "W-shaped" Wilson label, with the "big red W" trade mark, stands for our good faith and our pledge to you that Wilson food products are exactly what we say they are. You can buy them with the fullest confidence in their quality.

A partial list of Wilson's Certified Food Products

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Blackberries	Corn Beef Hash	Loganberries	Ox Tongue	Pork and Beans	Sweet Corn
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THE WILSON LABEL PROTECTS YOUR TABLE

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Wrapped in Silk

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

It was a delightful, if bewildering, evening for Land. While, with one thought, he gave thanks for the presence of both girls, with the next thought he wished that one of them might be whisked away, made non-existent. He did not care which. At last he arose to take his leave, reluctantly.

"We have a beautiful city," he said. "May I not show it to you soon? I have a car somewhere about."

"It will be lovely," Rachel said.

Renée merely nodded.

"Good night," said Land, and shook the hand of each.

"To-morrow, perhaps?"

"In the afternoon," said Renée, looking to Rachel for confirmation.

This time it was Rachel who nodded.

"At two, if that will be a convenient hour. Good night."

He descended the stairs and went out into the street. He did not pause, but hastened away with long strides. He was troubled, pleasantly troubled. His thoughts revolved and tumbled about confusedly. "Which?" he was asking himself. "Which one?"

He did not see the shade in the window of the apartment he had just left lift stealthily. He did not see a quaint black figure step from between houses across the street. He did not see a dainty hand make certain mysterious motions, nor did he know that a chunky blind man with a bird-cage on his back led by a pert yellow dog were following him down the street, pausing when he paused and turning when he turned. He knew nothing save that he was in a predicament whose seriousness would impress nobody in the world but himself. He loved, but did not know which of two possessed his love.

WHEN Major Land called next afternoon he found Renée Saze ill and unable to accompany him on the drive about the city; she insisted, however, that Rachel leave her to sleep, so, for the first time, the Major found himself really alone with one of the young women, alone without the other to divert his mind and his thoughts.

Scarcely had the Major's car drawn away from the door when Renée was at the window, cautiously peering down the street, making sure of their departure. Then she ran to the rear of the apartment where she raised and lowered the shade of a little back bedroom three times. After that she stood with her hand on the kitchen door-knob waiting.

Presently there came footfalls on the stairs without and Renée opened the door. There stood a stumpy little man with vivid green trousers and a blatantly brown coat —the little blind street fakir. He had laid aside the bird-cage, but the pert little dog was still leashed to his wrist. He stepped quickly within and Renée shut the door after him.

He stood looking at her through his black glasses with eyes it was difficult to believe were sightless, and then he reached out his hand and touched her arm—barely touched it. That was all.

"You have come," he said.

"At last. It has been long, so long."

"The young are impatient—and you had not the solace of my little birds who showed me the future. Have you been discreet—discreet?"

"Yes."

"You are sure, sure that she, your companion does not suspect?"

"She does not suspect."

"Ah, one never knows. Bear always in mind the little things. Remember the little acts and the slightest words. Suspicion grows from a tiny seed—so my birds tell me."

"I am very watchful."

"She is very beautiful," he said, strangely.

"Yes."

"But not more beautiful than you. There were happenings aboard the vessel. That was a mistake. When big matters are afoot small matters should not be undertaken. That is what this young Major who is entrusted with important missions."

"There is little to tell."

"Ah, reserved! You have reserves even from me. Perhaps, then, this Major has touched your heart a trifle, is it so? My birds have hinted of an affair of love." He stepped closer and gripped her arm so that she shrank back and uttered a little sound. "Remember your duty," he said harshly. "Love is not for you—yet. You have a thing to do. In your life there must be nothing else. He may love you if he wishes, that does not matter. It is better so, but you—you must be a woman of wood. I shall watch. Remember, I shall remind you of your duty in ways to impress it upon you indelibly."

"I do not need to be reminded," she said. "Where is *her*"

"Not distant. He is not for you to see until the moment arrives. But he sends you this message, 'Remember and be steadfast.'"

"I shall be, oh, I shall be. But when this is over! Oh, I have had more than enough of this life. I want to be human again, to be free, to be myself. Years—years—it seems an eternity since I was something besides an intelligent machine manipulated with little strings."

He studied her in silence. "It is the Major, then. I have feared this thing. But love will come—and love will go. The wise woman subjects it to her will. Does this Major love you?"

"I do not love him. I—, oh, it is hard that he must be made to suffer, for he is kind, he is good."

"You do not love him," the man said ironically. "Never before have you hesitated. Never before have you wished to spare a man who could be of use to us. And now in this most vital moment——"

"You need not fear. I know what I have to do. I shall do it."

"Making him love you, if need be?"

"Making him love me, if need be. But remember that Rachel is beautiful, too."

"Ah, jealousy also. And he drives with Rachel to-day—alone. Does he prefer Rachel?"

"I do not know." Then she smiled a trifle. "I think he does not know. I have studied him, watched him. I think he is bewildered. I think he can not choose between us."

"It is better so—for a time. But you—walk carefully. I fear jealousy more than love."

"But hate—it is stronger than either," she said, eyes growing dark, hinting at cruelty.

"Hate," he said, his voice rising, "hatred is the grand emotion. It is man at his highest. A man who hates *is* at the summit of his power."

"When shall I see *him*?"

"I do not know. He has his work to do, and does it well. You may see him, but you may make no sign. Until I give the word, even if he should speak to you you must not recognize him."

"It will be hard."

"Has it been hard for him?"

She turned away her head and shuddered.

"And now——" she said.

"It will not be long. Your Major has delivered safely his little packet wrapped in silk. Wrapped in Silk!" He glanced at her graceful, silken robe. "And you, too, wrapped in silk. My little birds have spoken of silken silks. He has delivered his packet. We know its contents. They were facts, facts to be laid before the War College by the Versailles Council—and a question. Upon the answer to that question by this country hangs much for the Fatherland. The Fatherland must know the answer. Upon a knowledge of it depends victory or defeat. Your Major will carry back the answer—so my little birds tell me, and in a few days—a few days. We must work quickly."

"I am ready."

"You know what to do—how to act. If you are in doubt ask my little birds. They have information for all—they are tellers of truth."

She nodded abstractedly as one whose thoughts are on other matters.

"Good-by," he said, and again touched her arm. "It will not be long."

"Long! Good-by."

SHE turned from him and hurried out of the room, hurried to her own bedroom where she threw herself face downward upon her pillow and lay with closed eyes, tense, tearless—frightened. The future was terrible to her, for love had come at last, and duty and love between had love, love which Nature had worked exquisitely to make her capable of fulfilling. She had been fashioned to love and to be loved.

She lay without movement until sounds in the drawing-room informed her that Rachel had returned with Major Land. She listened, and presently heard Major Land take his leave. Then she closed her eyes again, lightly, as if to shut out her thoughts. Duty and love—duty and love.

She did not hear Rachel Laurens open the door softly and go out; she did not see Rachel enter a waiting taxicab, a taxi with closed windows, nor did she see her shake hands warmly with a little dumpy man who crouched back in a corner—a man with vivid green trousers and an atrociously brown coat.

"Well?" she said.

"I trust you had a pleasant drive. My little birds told me you were driving with the Major."

"Very pleasant," she said.

"This companion of yours—she is very beautiful," he said. "Yet the Major drives with you. Has it gone so far that he chooses you?"

"No. It was chance. Renée was ill."

"Indeed. And the Major—was he pleased?"

"How am I to know?"

"It is your business to know. It is your business to read his every thought—as my little birds will tell me *your* every thought. Remember, you have work to do."

"I am not likely to forget it."

"Somebody blundered aboard the boat."

"I was told."

"Tell me about this Renée Saze. Is she friendly to you? Does she like you? Does she suspect you?"

"Suspect? Why should she? I do not think she likes me. I do not like her."

"Does the Major have anything to do with that? Perhaps the Major has made a little jealousy, eh?"

She remained silent.

"It is your business to allow him to love

CONTINUED ON PAGE 36

Consider Your Breakfast Cost

Some Foods Cost 10 Times Quaker Oats for the Same Energy Units

Compare food cost by calories—the energy unit—and see what your money buys.

You will find that a dime buys as much in one food as a dollar in another.

You will find that the maximum food—which is Quaker Oats—stands minimum in cost.

This is how some foods at this writing compare in cost per thousand calories:

Cost Per 1000 Calories	5 cents
Quaker Oats	5 cents
Round Steak	41 "
Leg of Lamb	48 "
Veal Cutlets	57 "
Fresh Halibut	53 "
Salt Codfish	VII "

Meat foods will average, per energy unit, ten times the Quaker Oats cost. Other foods will cost you up to twenty times as much.

Yet Quaker Oats supplies you the almost perfect food. No costly food compares with oats in balanced nutriment. Few foods are so delightful.

Make Quaker Oats your breakfast. Use it in your baking.

Every ounce yields twice as many calories as an ounce of round steak. Every dollar's worth used to displace meats saves around $9.

Quaker Oats

Flaked from Queen Grains Only

The reason for getting Quaker Oats is a super-flavor. This brand is flaked from just the richest, plumpest grains. We get but ten pounds from a bushel. These big grains have a flavor which little grains must lack.

Get them, for they cost no extra price.

Two Sizes: 12c to 13c—30c to 32c

Except in the Far West and South

(2057)

Quaker Oats Bread

1½ cups Quaker Oats (uncooked)
2 teaspoons salt
2 cups boiling water
¼ cup lukewarm water
½ cup sugar
1 cake yeast
5 cups flour

Mix together Quaker Oats, salt and sugar. Pour over two cups of boiling water, let stand until lukewarm. Then add yeast which has been dissolved in ¼ cup lukewarm water, then add 5 cups of flour.

Knead slightly, set in a warm place, let rise until light (about 2 hours). Knead thoroughly, form into two loaves and put in pans. Let rise again and bake about 50 minutes. If dry yeast is used, a sponge should be made at night with the liquid, the yeast, and a part of the white flour.

This recipe makes two loaves.

Quaker Oats Pancakes

2 cups Quaker Oats (uncooked), 1¼ cup flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon soda dissolved in 2 tablespoons hot water, 1 teaspoon baking powder (mix in the flour), 2½ cups sour milk or buttermilk, 2 eggs beaten lightly, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 or 2 tablespoons melted butter (according to the richness of the milk).

Process: Soak Quaker Oats over night in milk. In the morning mix and sift flour, soda, sugar and salt—add this to Quaker Oats mixture —add melted butter; add eggs beaten lightly—beat thoroughly and cook as griddle cakes.

Quaker Oats Muffins

½ cup Quaker Oats (uncooked), 1½ cups flour, 1 cup scalded milk, 1 egg, 4 level teaspoons baking powder, 2 tablespoons melted butter, ½ teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoons sugar.

Turn scalded milk on Quaker Oats, let stand five minutes; add sugar, salt and melted butter; sift in flour and baking powder, mix thoroughly and add egg well beaten. Bake in buttered gem pans.

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For Colds and INFLUENZA

Vaseline

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off

Capsicum

Petroleum Jelly

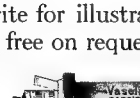
is a clean counter-irritant. "Vaseline" Jelly containing Capsicum breaks up congestion in the throat and chest, and serves in every case where our grandmothers prescribed mustard plasters. And it does not blister the skin.

"Vaseline" Capsicum on a poultice at the back of the neck will dull a raging headache. Its warmth bakes out a toothache.

Sold in sanitary tin tubes at drug and department stores everywhere.

Avoid substitutes.

Write for illustrated booklet, free on request.



CHESEBROUGH MANUFACTURING COMPANY
(Consolidated)
8 STATE STREET NEW YORK

Wrapped in Silk

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

you. It is not your business to love him. It ought to be easy, ought it not, to attract the love of a young man? With your beauty?"

"There is Renée Saxe."

"True. You must provide for that."

"One doesn't provide for love. It comes."

"Not to you."

"It might come even to me. And why not? I am young, I live. I long to live."

"When your work is done, perhaps, not before."

"When will my work be done?"

"Who can say? But it must be done. Nothing must intervene. The Major has delivered his silken packet. In a few days he starts back again bearing the answer. He will be guarded. Because of that fool bungling, he will be on his guard. It will be difficult, but we shall not fail. My little birds, my wise little birds, tell me we shall not fail."

She shrugged her shoulders.

"We must have that packet before he leaves Washington—and you must get it."

"Yes."

He peered into her face. "You are not enthusiastic. This Major—is it because of him? Because it will ruin his career? What have you to do with that? The Fatherland needs that packet—and the Fatherland must have it."

"And then?"

"You shall have your pay?"

"In what coin?"

"Of your own choosing. But if you fail, if you bungle—above all, if you allow yourself to love this young man, and soften—then, too, you shall have your pay."

"Without doubt," she said, her voice almost a whisper. "Let us turn back."

"YOU don't like my company—as well as the Major's." He laughed. "It is sad, but I have my little birds and my little dog. They are company—such company. But you—remember your work. Nothing must interfere, not even love or death."

The taxi stopped before the door. As she arose to alight he detained her. "You may need assistance," he said. "I and my little birds have provided it. The janitor of your building is trustworthy—and very strong. Good evening."

She ascended to the apartment slowly, entered and sank into a chair, leaning back and clutching her cheeks with fingers white at the knuckles. "I love him!" she said, fiercely, "I love him!"

To be continued in Pictorial Review for February; will end in the March issue. If you don't like to read a story in instalments, save your back numbers and read it all at once.

Putting Her House in Order

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

loom for the weaving of soul-stuff. (A home can be created in a hotel or a boarding-house when a violin obligato can be played on a toothpick.)

If there are three or four children, a mother must be content to allow fifteen or twenty years out of her life to the profession of Mothering. During those years she may be able, under especially favorable circumstances, to hold some contact with some other form of industry; but she has no right to take to her real profession—the profession of her choice—the scattered energies and strained nerves of an office or factory or studio.

DOES she take them because she must? Then society has no right to allow that "must" to stand.

A mother gives twenty years of her life, as it may be, to rearing children—and if they are properly reared, society "collects" from those children for forty years the results of their parents' efforts. "Collects" in military service, sometimes; "collects" in labor; "collects" in good citizenship. As a mere matter of business, then, society should guard its future assets by affording every efficient mother the privilege of continuing efficient—whether by assuring a sufficient wage to the family or the necessary subsidy to the mother.

However the mother may lighten the work of the home by new appliances, with the house warmed from a central heating plant and meals from a community kitchen and ready-made clothing, she still will find a multitude of home-making duties to fill her days—in that family of three or four children.

Many industries have gone out of the home, it must be granted. But for every task that has gone out two new responsibilities have entered. Our grandmothers made candles. True. But their granddaughters have to study and count food calories.

There is work for the mother's hands and the mother's feet, the mother's brain and heart and soul. She must have leisure for contact with the larger world outside her home—for her own sake and her children's sake—to keep the routine of her life from becoming too family centered, too personal. She should have periods of sunny rest for garnering strength to give her children in that home which, for all the years of those children's lives, must be the hinterland of consciousness and will and energy and enthusiasm and power.

NOT long ago I was at an army camp where about a hundred and fifty young men newly drafted from two or three of the "beet counties" of the State were gathered. About half the boys were the sons of Russian-German mothers, the others had American mothers.

Two distinctive forms of woman "culture," mother "culture," were represented in that group. The Russian-German women are dumb, driven creatures, chained to the beet-fields, weeding, and "topping," and "pulling," as the successive seasons pass. Racked and worn with desperately hard toil, their children can have no "mothering." The babies spend the long days of the long season in "pup tents" tended by babies just a little older.

Efforts to "Americanize" these women have thus far been vain. The husbands will not have it. For, as one of the men declared, "If my woman get to be like 'Merican women, she want to fool with kids and not work in beet-fields and lose me money."

That tells the story of those drafted boys from the beet counties. Half of them, I have said, were sons of American families, humble folk but from homes where the mother is a home-maker. They are hard working women—but they have time for church socials and maybe their woman's club and time—always plenty of time—for mothering.

And the American boys, the Russian-German boys, had their mothers' lives written on their faces—on the wooden faces, the flat, filmy eyes of the unmothered Russian-Germans, on the eager faces, the clear, alert eyes of the American lads.

So, studying those faces, I understood that the world can never be made safe for an unmothered democracy.

The first duty of women in this new, constructive stage of the Woman Movement is to make the distinctive work of women in the home more stable and dignified.

To accomplish this is to stop our habit of steering the American home in sentimentalities and put home-making on an economic basis.

The claim of "higher" and "lower" exists very naturally in men's minds—his work being the "higher" and his wife's the "lower"—because his has a definite standard of economic value and hers has no such value.

Men are like that—and so are women.

THE married woman who devotes her energies to making a comely home for her family should be legally entitled to a just proportion of that family income. I believe the proportion of "Fifty-fifty" is the just one in most cases—the wife paying half the cost of the joint housekeeping and maintenance of the children.

By getting rid of the economic inequality between the husband and wife we shall also rid ourselves of that other phase of inequality that names the man as "the head of the family"—a position especially dwelt upon by men who are lumpheads. A head apiece for both father and mother is more too many.

The legal appreciation of the economic value of home-making would, undoubtedly, strengthen the present urge for women to prepare themselves for making homes more hygienic and more convenient and more beautiful and more dignified and more successful.

With that word "prepare" we come upon a nagging difficulty.

Shall the young woman prepare herself for home-making and motherhood, when under present circumstances that vocation may pass her by? Shall she train herself for one of the new forms of labor now open to her?

Or must she fit herself for both and thus be handicapped, since a man has only to fit himself for one vocation?

As I write these questions—questions I have no space now to attempt to answer—I realize that the battle tide will never surge again as it has surged these past four years, along the heights of the "Chemin des Dames"—the Road of the Ladies, the Highway of Women.

However, that path built for princesses to travel in the old days of France is churned with cannon, blackened and wasted with torturing winds of fiery steel from the two opposing civilizations which came to grapple there. But still it faces the stars.

So with that other road, the Highway of Life for women. It has lost the quiet of old sheltered days; in the minds of some people it has lost its beauty there where old conventions and judgments and new questions come to grapple.

But still it faces the stars.

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Columbia Grafonola

Songs Across the Sea

Singing, they march and fight for freedom over there—thousands on thousands of America's best and dearest. And to war-worn Europe the tread of their marching feet and the sturdy lilt of their brave young voices sound the music of liberty.

Day and night the self-same music is echoing over here. In thousands on thousands of loyal American homes, these inspiring, patriotic melodies on the Columbia Grafonola cheer and sustain the patriotic men and women who work and wait and save and serve. This is Columbia's war-time task.

Columbia Grafonolas—Standard Models up to $300.
Period Designs up to $2100.

COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE COMPANY, NEW YORK

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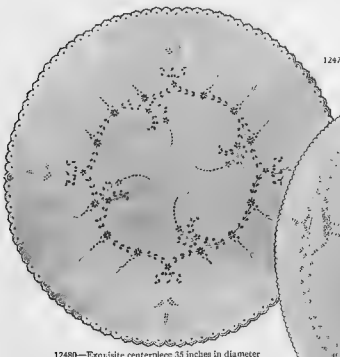
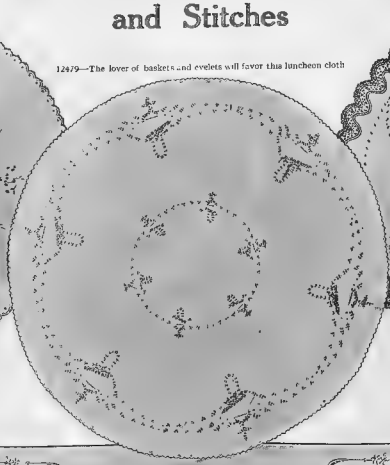
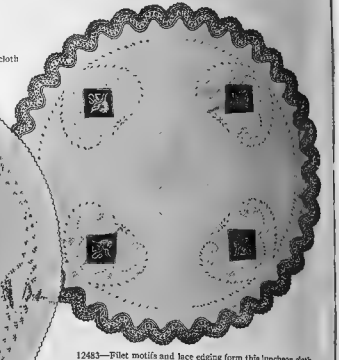
Dainty Household Linens that Show Many Novel Designs and Stitches



12480—Exquisite centerpiece 35 inches in diameter

12479—The lover of baskets and eyelets will favor this luncheon cloth

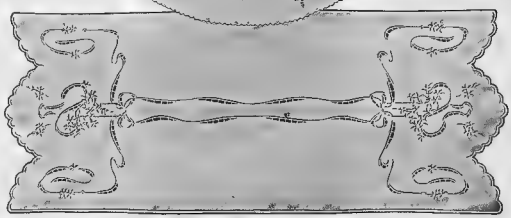




12483—Filet motifs and lace edging form this luncheon cloth

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12480, blue, supplying a 35 inch centerpiece. Very unusual in style is the embroidery design of this centerpiece which may be embroidered in eyelet, raised satin, and buttonhole stitches, the buttonhole stitches used for the very attractive scallop that edges the centerpiece. This is particularly good for the dining-room table in white linen embroidered in white cotton.

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12479, blue (illustrated above at the right), supplying one luncheon cloth 52 inches in diameter. This is a charming gift not alone for the prospective bride, but it would also be appreciated by the experienced housekeeper as the design is charming. The luncheon cloth may be of white linen and the basket design is worked in raised satin stitch combined with the always effective eyelet. The scalloped edge is worked in buttonhooed scallops. This would be effective in colors.



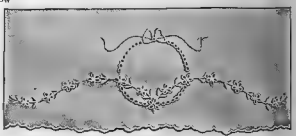
12481—Serving table scarf in cut-work design matching buffet scarf 12478 below

Whether we are old-fashioned or new-fashioned women, whether we are for or against suffrage, on the matter of household linens we are allke—we love to handle them, to possess them, to display them to our friends.

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No 12483, blue, supplyng one luncheon cloth 48 inches in diameter. This may be of white linen worked entirely in eyelets or raised satin stitch with the stems in outline stitch. The center design may be omitted if it is not desired, but if used it may be worked in stem stitch. The inserted medallions may be of filet, while the edge is finished with Cluny lace. No directions for making the medallions or the edge are furnished in the pattern. In the lace or drapery section of any shop medallions of this type may be purchased. Great care should be exercised in sewing the lace on, so as not to get it too full, neither must it be put on so tight that it will draw.

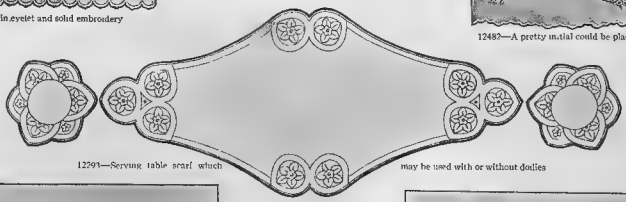
12482—Dainty guest towel in eyelet and solid embroidery

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12481, blue Above is illustrated a serving table scarf 16 by 40 inches matching in design buffet scarf No. 12478. The design is very attractive combining basket, ribbon, and bow-knots. The ribbon, bow-knot, and basket design are carried out in cut-work, the flowers in eyelets, the leaves in raised satin stitch, while the scallops are buttonholed.



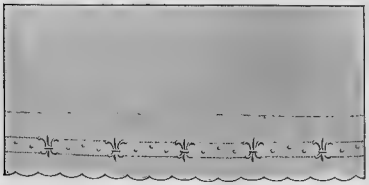
12487—A pretty initial could be placed in wreath of this towel design

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12482, blue. This pattern supplies a design for two 15-inch towels, the embroidery design itself measuring 14½ inches. Both designs are illustrated at the center of the page. The embroidery may be worked in eyelet, raised satin, and outline stitches with the scallops buttonholed.



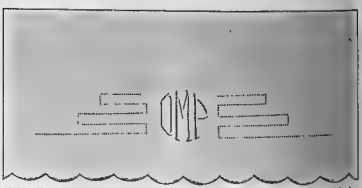
12293—Serving table scarf which may be used with or without doilies

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12482, blue. Above is illustrated the second towel of this set. The design is carried out in eyelets, raised satin, and outline stitches, and the scallops are buttonholed. At the left of the page, the other towel composing the set is illustrated and is equally as pretty.



12438—Turkish towel with Fleur-de-lis and dot design embroidered on the plain border

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12293, blue. This serving table scarf shows decided novelty in shaping. When used it is flanked at each side by a small round dolly worked in the same design. The scarf measures 12½ inches by 28½ inches, and the doilies are 6 inches in diameter. Except for the dots which are embroidered in satin stitch, heavy outline or couching is employed throughout worked in Delft blue cotton.



12438—Hemstitched, scalloped, and monogrammed huck towel. D M P.—686—3 inches

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No 12438, blue. This pattern supplies two towel designs both illustrated, one at the right, and the other at the left of the page. The illustration above shows a Turkish bath towel, and the design should be worked with blue embroidery cotton in raised satin and outline stitches on a deep plain border. The second towel is of plain huckaback. The monogram 686, 3 inches high, greatly enhances it and if worked in solid satin stitch it stands out in bold relief.

12478—Handsome buffet scarf 17¼ by 60 inches matching serving table scarf 12481

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No 12438, blue. This pattern provides design for two towels, the other one illustrated at the opposite side of the page. This towel design is hemstitched and at the center a 3-inch monogram is placed

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12478, blue, supplying one buffet scarf 17¼ by 60 inches. Round-thread white linen was selected for this scarf which is worked in eyelet, raised satin, stem, and cut-work stitches.

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Announcement

A FLAKED soap that cannot be surpassed for fine laundry work is now on sale at your grocer's.

Naturally, it is *Ivory* Soap Flakes.

Ivory Soap Flakes is the mildest, purest, safest soap that can be made—simply because it is Ivory Soap; cannot weaken, shrink, fade, or discolor any fabric that water alone will not harm.

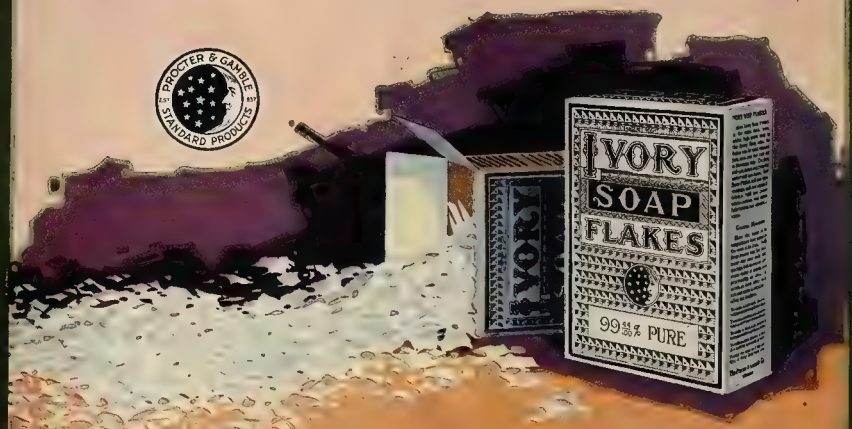
The delicacy of its flakes is in keeping with its quality—it is almost as fine as snow; bubbles into lather as soon as it touches lukewarm water, saves your time, saves your hands.

It is in the most concentrated form possible—all soap—a spoonful or two makes such rich, thick suds that no rubbing is needed; a package goes surprisingly far.

Get a package and try it for laces, linens, silks, chiffons, woolens, colored clothes or any garment that you do not care to wash with ordinary soap or that you have been washing with any other flaked soap. You will realize at once that Ivory Soap Flakes is the last word in flaked soap from every standpoint—safety, efficiency, convenience, economy.

10c A PACKAGE

IVORY SOAP FLAKES



The Ideal Soap for Fine Laundering in the Ideal Form for Fine Laundering

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For Coughs and Colds

It does the work of an old-fashioned mustard plaster--without the blister. Try Musterole for coughs, colds, croup, or other pains and congestions. For sale by all druggists, in 30c and 60c jars. Hospital Size, $2.50

RUB IT ON

Better than a Mustard Plaster

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WHO'S WHO IN RELIEF WORK

Prominent Women of the Allied Nations Doing War Relief Work in America

© Harris & Ewing

MADAME SLAVKO GROUITCH

MADAME GROUITCH is the wife of the Serbian Minister to Switzerland and Director of the Serbian Aid Fund. She is a pioneer in relief work for Serbia, and is well known in America for what she has accomplished. She is a most eloquent public speaker. In 1914 she took a party of nurses with hospital equipment to Serbia. Later she established a baby hospital with funds collected in America

© Harris & Ewing

LADY READING

LADY READING is the wife of England's representative in America, and devotes her entire time to relief work. Prominent American women who are interesting themselves in this work abroad include Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, the Duchess of Marlborough, and Mrs. Robert Peet Skinner, wife of the American Consul-general and head of the American Red Cross work in England. There are branches of the committee in twenty cities.

Photo by Pach, N. Y.

COUNTESS MADELEINE DE BRYAS

COUNTESS DE BRYAS, who is touring the country under the auspices of the Committee on Public Information in behalf of the American Committee for Devastated France, is the daughter of two republics. Her father is French, but her mother is a Philadelphian who went to Europe when a small child. The Countess's two great-grandfathers and her grand-uncle were signers of the Declaration of Independence.

Photo by White Studio

MISS HELEN LOSANITCH

MISS LOSANITCH is a daughter of the former Minister of Education in the Serbian Government, and began war work in 1912, when the Balkan states declared war on Turkey. By July, 1914, when Europe was plunged into war, this young girl had already become familiar with the whole bitter tragedy of war. She is active in the work of the Serbian Relief Committee.

© Harris & Ewing

COMMANDER W. S. BOTCHKAREVA

COMMANDER BOTCHKAREVA was the leader of the famous Russian Battalion of Death. On her visit to America the celebrated Russian woman was accompanied by her young sister, who is learning English and other things at Camp Columbia, Washington.

© Harris & Ewing

MADAME SOLLA VANDERVELDE

MADAME VANDERVELDE, daughter of the Belgian Minister, is a distinguished Belgian woman who has consecrated her life to relief work for her stricken country. She has worked actively for the Queen of Belgium Fund both here and abroad.

© Underwood & Underwood

MADAME HELENA PADEREWSKA

MADAME PADEREWSKA is the wife of the distinguished pianist and is the organizer of the Polish White Cross. She has been active in all forms of relief work for her beloved people since the beginning of the war, and has raised more than $25,000 from the sale of dolls made by Polish artists, sculptors, and writers. Her headquarters are at the Hotel Gotham, New York City.

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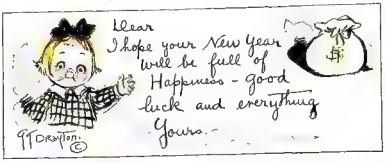
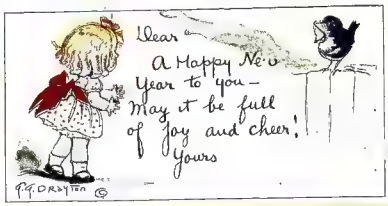
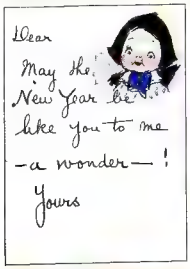
DOLLY DINGLE'S NEW-YEAR CARDS

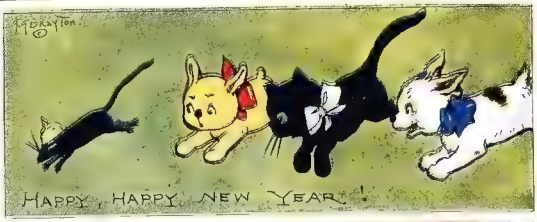
By GRACE G. DRAYTON

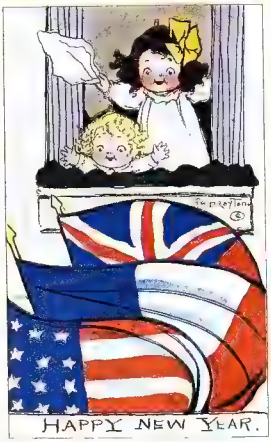
See Instructions on Page 48

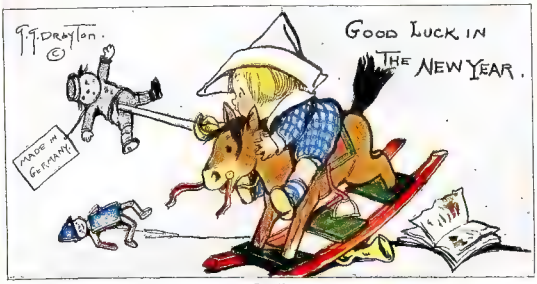












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DOLLY DINGLE'S WAR SAVINGS STAMP PARTY

Drawn by Grace G. Drayton

See Instructions on Page 48

Dear
Please come to my
WAR SAVINGS STAMP PARTY
Save up your pennies and bring 'em along – and help Uncle Sam WIN THE WAR.
Yours
The Party is on at
Dear
Please come to my
WAR SAVINGS STAMP PARTY
Save up your pennies and bring 'em along – and help Uncle Sam WIN THE WAR.
W.S.S.
Yours
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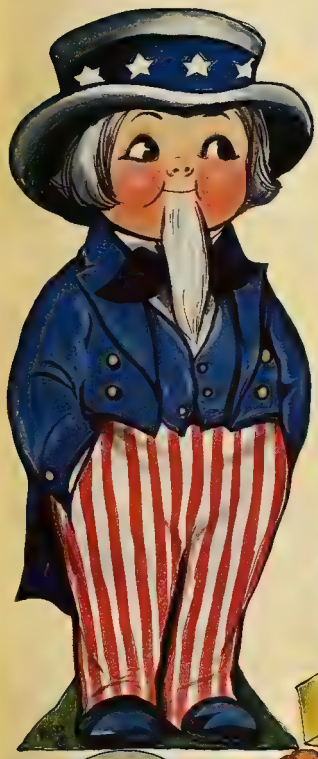

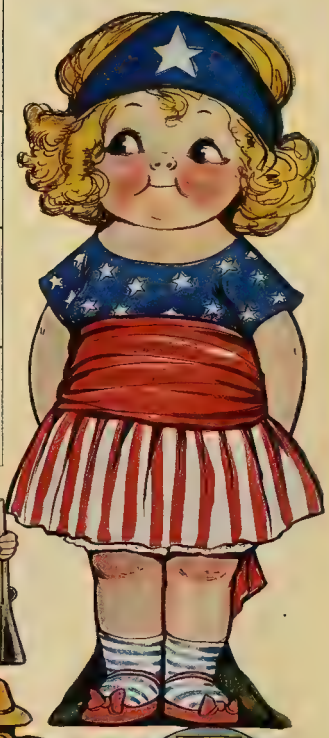

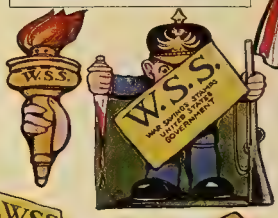

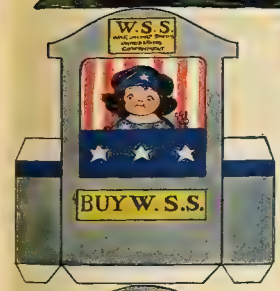

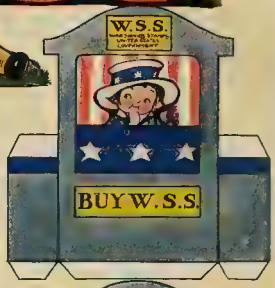

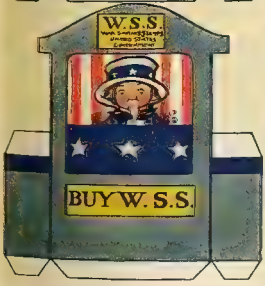

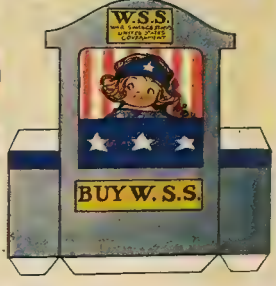

G.G. Drayton. ©

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For This Is the Children's Year

Looking After Your Little Ones Should Always Be Your Main Business in Life

By HELEN CHRISTINE BENNETT

FOR some months we have been living in what the United States Department of Labor has called the Children's Year, because in twelve selected months a united effort was to be made to make real progress in all matters pertaining to children. Why? Because in the urge and hurry of war work and war necessity the coming generation was likely to be slighted and neglected. And what have we been fighting for but for our children, so that life for them may be safer, better, fuller of opportunity than it has been for us? So in the midst of war we have had Children's Year, which means not only an effort toward taking care of the children whose parents are too ignorant or too careless or too poverty-stricken to care for them properly, but a stiffening all along the lines, a raising of standards, a keeping up to the highest possible mark your children and mine.

I have been wanting to write such an article as this for some months, because among the letters which have come to me have been so many from the tired conscientious mothers of little children who appeal to me to tell them how to manage their affairs so that they will have time for relief work. Two statements which these letters contain are almost uniform throughout them all.

"I am all worn out."

"I never get done. How can I find time to do anything else?"

Now what can a mother of small children do so that she will not be worn out, so that she will have time for something else and still manage so that she will be keeping her children up to the highest possible standard, a little higher than they attempted before?

First, she can sit down by herself and quietly decide just what are her children's needs. All small children need cleanliness, lots of fresh air, and well-cooked, simple food, regularity in habits and training in habits. They do not need entertainment except of the simplest kind; they do not need elaborate frilly clothing. In almost every home where the mother is all worn out the first problem to tackle is the simplifying of the laundry. Only last week I replied to a letter from a PICTORIAL REVIEW reader who said,

"Can you recommend a patent ironer? My family consists of four, two small children. I am all done up every ironing-day and feel that I must have relief. There are so many starched pieces, suits and little dresses, and these are what wear me out. I am willing to pay a hundred dollars to get something to do this work."

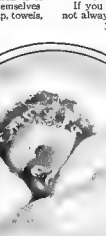
Use Clothes that Don't Need Ironing

I COULD not recommend an ironer for such work, but I could and did advise not having work of that kind. If mothers would only consider that the daintiness which is so appealing to the children is after all a very secondary matter; in fact it is only worth while at all as a pleasure to the eye or a living up to the criticism of the neighbors as it is an actual hampering to the activities of the child. A little girl can be dressed well and have not a starched piece upon her body. Shirts and pant-bodies are made of woven material. Bloomer drawers of white cheese cloth wear well, wear well, and require no ironing whatever. My own little girl has never worn anything else for any occasion but rompers without skirts, made of seersucker, crêpe, or gingham require little or no ironing and no starch, keep the underwear clean and are far more suitable for a child than any other form of dress. Rompers, indeed, can even be worn in dressed-up times if they are made of white or of figured crêpe or of combinations of these two or of the dainty plain Japanese crêpe that is becoming deservedly popular. Japanese crêpe wears like iron, keeps its color indefinitely and is an ideal material. Clothes made of that material are suitable for afternoon wear. Petticoats need not be worn with thick clothes of this kind except when it is cold weather, and this means a great saving in laundry.

For Winter, wool bloomers without skirts, made full, and worn with cotton blouses, are sensible and good-looking. I made some for my small daughter from a PICTORIAL REVIEW pattern last year, of garnet all-wool serge with a red-and-white striped blouse of kindergarten cloth. The original cost was high, but the bloomers and the waist, worn an entire season almost daily, have been washed and ironed times without counting and are still fresh, unfaded, and very good to look at. There was no starch, and the serge did not often have to be washed. Boys can easily be well dressed without much ironing of clothing. Use seersucker and crêpe when they are little and get into cloth when they are older. Avoid white suits, and if you must have them make them of heavy cretonne or of the Japanese crêpe. Both of these are suitable for small boys' suits and require no ironing.

Children dressed in this manner need not look shoddy or sloppy. If the clothes are very simple and well kept they will have a certain distinction, and, if you are not afraid to dress your children in them and have the courage of your convictions so that you preach your method of dressing as a gospel and do not apologize for it as a crime, your children can not lose caste by this system of dressing.

THE easiest way I know of to secure personal cleanliness in children is to make it easy for them to clean themselves In most houses faucets, basins, soap, towels, etc., are beyond the reach of small children and whenever a pair of hands is soiled the mother has to drop her work and attend to them. A practical plan is to put into the kitchen a small old-fashioned wash-stand with towel-racks attached to the side—the cost of these, second hand, is a bout a dollar and a half for wash-stand and racks. Painted to match the kitchen furniture the stand will not look out of the way. The stand will need soap-dishes and a basin and each child should have a section of rack for a wash-cloth and towel. Above the basin a small mirror should be hung, as in most houses a small child hardly ever sees himself because the mirrors are hung so high. Given this equipment the children *can* keep themselves clean without calling on the mother.



Drawing by Benito Pozo Guinazon

A child of four should be able to dress himself entirely. As pant-bodies are made buttoned in the back, we have overcome this difficulty by having the children turn them around and buttoning them in front, and this makes the child independent of help. Rompers made at home can also be made to button in front. Putting stockings over long drawers and buttoning shoes are the last problems to be mastered, but most children are able to do these things between five and six years. A great help to us in the long drawer problem is to attach a small piece of elastic about a half inch wide or less to each side of the drawer-leg much in the manner of a strap on a gaiter. The children say that the elastic does not bother their feet at all as it comes under the raised arch and with its help the drawer-leg stays down and remains smooth.

A boy of four can brush his own hair, and if little girls have their hair cut short in sensible fashion they can also give it a brushing. Any child of four or even younger can wash himself from head to foot if he is given wash-cloth, soap, towels, and water of the right temperature. All that the mother needs to do is to make a final inspection of ears, back, and the rinsing-off of the soap and give some help in drying.

Put the children and yourself on a program. You may not be able to keep yours very well, but do not worry about it, keep it as best you can and you will find in the end you keep it better and better. As for the children, they need regularity for their own sakes and yours. Do not let them sleep until they want to get up. Put an alarm-clock in their room. This will waken them (if you use an intermittent alarm which keeps on ringing indefinitely) and they will grow to like it. Give them plenty of time to dress, as they need it, and then have breakfast at a regular hour. To keep this schedule, they must go to bed at a set time. They will fight this—unless they are very different from any other children I have met—but they will learn to go nevertheless, if they are sent day in and day out without fail until the habit is established.

If you want the house to keep tidy and not always to be upset as is the case when young children are allowed to play about at will, make one room a playroom and insist that the children keep their toys in that room. It is a good plan to make this room your mending-room and then you can sit often with the children as they play. It is of course not always possible to spare a room for a play-room, but it is possible far oftener than parents realize. Most houses have a "spare bedroom" shut off and seldom used, which can be converted into a playroom. A couch can be kept in the room for occasional guests, and if the guests do not like this arrangement let them stay away. If there is no other spot, the children's bedroom may be so arranged as to hold the toys and give some space for play. But a playroom given utterly to the children is an ideal arrangement.

Once a week is usually enough to clean up and at night the tired mother can shut her door on the room and forget that it is there. In this once-a week cleaning the children should be required to help. Be certain that you have no room suitable for a play-room before you give up the idea, but if you are crowded for space, try at least to give up a closet solely to the children's toys. If children have no place in which to keep toys they can not be blamed for the disorder of the house. A friend of mine up the road who has four young children has given over one closet to them which she calls the "rough house." The "rough house" is frankly a rough house. It is not supposed to be in order; it hardly can be with four children rushing away their treasures in it. The "rough house" gets a cleaning when there is time to clean it and at other times it exists behind a shut door in chaos and confusion troubling no one, but every child in the house knows just where to put anything that is in the way.

Fresh air the children must have. In the country and in towns where there are yards in which the children may play this problem is easy of solution, but in cities the alarm-clock in their room. This will waken them (if you use an intermittent alarm which keeps on ringing indefinitely) and they will grow to like it. Give them plenty of time to dress, as they need it, and then have breakfast at a regular hour. To keep this schedule, they must go to bed at a set time. They will fight this—unless they are very different from any other children I have met—but they will learn to go nevertheless, if they are sent day in and day out without fail until the habit is established.

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Fresh air the children must have. In the country and in towns where there are yards in which the children may play this problem is easy of solution, but in cities the mother will have to reconcile herself to spending at least two hours a day in the open air doing nothing but attending to the children. If this seems a dreadful waste of time, she must remember that she needs fresh air herself, and if she will not worry about the time lost, but placidly accept the two hours as a part of the day's work as necessary as cooking dinner, she will find both her nerves and her appetite better as a result.

One of the strange things to me in the managing of young children is the tendency to thrust them aside whenever there is work to be done. Now work is just as interesting to a child as it is to you. Children want to hang around while you work. Let them, but keep them working as they hang. You are not likely to overwork them; they never keep at a job long, but their assistance, however brief, can soon be made profitable. If you will have the children work with you whenever it is possible, you will find that you will not have to leave your work so often to attend to them.

When they are tired of doing what you are doing, they will quietly say so and withdraw to their toys and play. But they resent being left out of things, and the time lost letting them help is as nothing when compared with the time and temper lost in trying to keep them out of the way. Besides this they are learning, and in the years to come you are going to reap a rich reward in a house full of children able to perform any household task.

Entertainment is the children's due. A mother should play with her children and should teach them how to play. The easiest form of entertainment for the tired mother is to form the habit of reading aloud. This takes little energy, but is one sit down, and if the books are well selected adds much to the children's education. A two-year-old will listen to reading, and from that age on, reading can be made a part of the child's life. Making scrap-books is another refuge of time for tired times. We always have scrap-books in process of making. When we have enough for ourselves we make them for the Friends and Belgian children or the children's hospitals at home. We have been making scrap-books since I was a child and I think that even if the books are sometimes crude and pasted a bit messily the recipients enjoy them none the less.

But—Don't Forget to Rest Yourself

HAVING decided to give yourself to your children then, during the major part of the day, give yourself whole-heartedly to your job. A mother of young children must regard them as her main business in life. The country expects little of her except their care, *but* in those years to come when they are more nearly grown *it is going to expect things*, and this is an important reason for getting done, for not getting worn out, and for the *preservation of some time each day, however brief, for the mother's own.*

Usually the mother's hour can be arranged best just before it is time to get dinner. There is no child over the age of two who can not be made to understand the sacredness of a time set aside for mother's own. Tell the children you are not to be disturbed and that they must play by themselves until the clock rings and set your alarm-clock again for the end of your precious hour. Then open up everything you want that is not work—it is your hour. If you play the piano, it may be your hour for practising, but a part of it at least you will want to give to reading, reading that will keep you alive and alert and up with the world. It may sound impossible that the children will keep quiet, but they will if you refuse to listen to them or to have anything to do with them until the hour has passed. They will soon learn to wait for the alarm-clock. It is no cruelty thus to shut children out of your day for an hour, as you will soon find out

After a week or two of persistent training, it means a great relief to you, a rest to your tired nerves, a time when you can get outside of your own life and through your reading become better able to do that life. For the children, it means the beginning of self-discipline and of a respect for mother as an individual, a person with rights of her own, not merely their mother, subject to their beck and call.

AS FOR getting out and doing relief work, your country does not expect you the mother of small children to do that unless you have some one with whom the children can safely be left. Your business, your patriotic business, is the children. The work to be done in these times, even in France, is just as petty and prosaic as the work at home, and it is more essential than ever before that each worker should do her level best.

How can I best help this Children's Year? By looking over your own children and being certain that they are kept up to the mark in health, intelligence, and awakeness of spirit, and that you yourself are also up to the mark in these things. If you have time and energy left you can extend your knowledge as a mother by writing to the Children's Bureau at Washington and offering to co-operate with the work it is undertaking this year. Even if your practise extends no farther than your own children, you will benefit by the information this Bureau will send to you.

WHAT DOES YOUR CHILD WEIGH?
WHAT DOES HE MEASURE?
DOES HE DRINK ENOUGH MILK?
DOES HE PLAY AND DO YOU PLAY WITH HIM?

These are urgent questions which your government is interested in. Send to the Children's Bureau at Washington, D. C., for information that will help your children.

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A RICH DECORATIVE DESSERT

Your family will assuredly call you blessed if you give them this sortcake. It is so festive-looking and "peaches and cream" were made to go together! Between the layers and on top of a plain cake spread Libby's Peaches, covering them with whipped cream. Garnish the top with some of the peaches, sliced

AN EARLY MORNING FAVORITE

Chop Libby's Corned Beef fine. Melt 2 tablespoonfuls of butter or bacon fat; add 3 chopped onions and fry without browning; season with salt and pepper, stir in a half cup of tomato catchup, bring to a boil, then add a cup of diced boiled potatoes and the corned beef. Heat thoroughly, garnish with parsley

A SUGARLESS COMPOTE OF CHERRIES

Sugar will be classified as a non-essential by those lucky families to whom this dainty dessert is served! Drain the syrup from Libby's Cherries into a saucepan. Add ½ cup of strained honey and the grated rind of ½ an orange and bring to a boil. Place the cherries in a glass compote or bowl. When the syrup is cool, pour over the cherries and serve

ZEST FOR TIRED APPETITES

To banish the monotony of winter dinners serve this highly seasoned Mexican dish. Mealy beans and choice bits of beef make it nourishing, too. Heat Libby's Chili Con Carne in the package. Season a border of mashed potatoes with salt, pepper and butter. Place on a platter and put in moderately heated oven to brown. Then fill the center with the Chili Con Carne and serve hot

Flavory desserts and meats for January menus

Peaches with that rare "just-picked" flavor.

Out in the sunny valleys of the Pacific Coast grow the finest peaches in the world. There stretch miles of fragrant orchards, and there the rich fruit grows so thickly that the heavily-laden boughs bend almost to the ground.

In this favored country Libby established their fruit kitchens—at Sunnyvale, Sacramento, Selma, The Dalles, and North Yakima. These kitchens are models of cleanliness and scientific arrangement; they are pointed out with pride to travelers from the East.

In the orchards that grow in some places to the very door of the kitchen, the peaches are allowed to ripen to a perfect golden color and mellowness. Then they are picked and carried to the kitchens—quickly but very carefully so no bruises shall mar their smooth roundness.

And then before any of their fragrance has been lost, the deftly-moving, white-clad workers have sealed them tight in packages! Libby's Peaches come to your table with so fresh a flavor you can scarcely believe they have not been picked that very minute!

Ask your grocer for Libby's Peaches, and Libby's Cherries, too. One taste—and you will want to serve them often, in different desserts and in their own rich syrup. You will be glad the Food Administration asks us to eat fruit!

The same scrupulous care and skill that produces these delicious fruits gives Libby's Mince Meat its rare flavor, and has made Libby's Corned Beef and Chili Con Carne favorite dishes in thousands of families.

Libby, McNeill & Libby, 301 Welfare Bldg., Chicago

Libby, McNeill & Libby of Canada, Ltd.
45 East Front St., Toronto, Ont., Can.

Libby's

MINCE PIE SUPREME

Fill a pie crust with Libby's Mince Meat—bake and serve hot or cold. Rich fruits, fragrant spices, snowy suet and choice beef—everything that is especially fine and flavorous goes into this filling

SAVE W.S.S. WAR SAVINGS STAMPS SAVE

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At millions of American breakfasts Aunt Jemima Pancakes are now served in place of meat or eggs

and these delicious cakes cost only one-third as much as eggs or meat!

THE breakfast your family likes best the one that's quickest and easiest to get—the one that was served 120 million times last year—is *also* the most economical!

For Aunt Jemima Pancakes—filling and nourishing as they are—cost only *one-third* as much as eggs or meat! It does not seem possible that such rich-flavored, hunger-satisfying cakes can be so inexpensive—but they are.

You need no milk! It's in the flour!

They are so inexpensive, so easy to make because everything is already in the flour. Sweet milk is powdered and mixed in. Specially ground flours give flavor, richness. How they taste! And exactly the same every time! For you just add water—and in two minutes the steaming, fragrant cakes are on the table.

Order Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour today. It makes delightful muffins, waffles and breadsticks, too. And, for variety, get Aunt Jemima Buckwheat Flour. Aunt Jemima Mills Company, St. Joseph, Missouri.

Send for the jolly Rag Dolls

Send one Aunt Jemima box top (either Pancake or Buckwheat Flour) with only six cents in stamps and get one of the famous Aunt Jemima Rag Dolls. Or send four tops and only twenty-four cents for Aunt Jemima and Uncle Mose, and two cunning pickaninnies, all in bright colors, ready to cut and stuff. Send to Aunt Jemima Mills Company, St. Joseph, Missouri.

SAVE W.S.S. WHEAT SAVES SERVE

Copyright 1918, Aunt Jemima Mills Company, St. Joseph, Missouri

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Get Thrift Stamps from Your Oven

Every Unit of Heat You Can Save Is as Good as Money in Your Purse

By IDA C. BAILEY ALLEN

Author of "Mrs. Allen's Cook Book," Indorsed Lecturer United States Food Administration

HAS it ever occurred to you that you may be burning up thrift stamps in your oven? And that in doing this you are indirectly burning up food, fuel, and clothing for the boys still over there?

A thrift stamp may look pretty big some times, even tho it costs only a quarter, but the quarter is made up of twenty-five little units that often do not enter into our scheme of living at all. Pennies for the slot-machine, pennies for picture cards and candy, pennies for too many newspapers, none of which are too thoroughly read, the half-cent, lost in unthrifty buying! What a procession! In comparison with other countries, we are as yet only in the primary class of the thrift school.

We must not look upon thrift as a necessity, but as a privilege. We must think thrift. We must act thrift, until it becomes a habit; until it hurts—not to be thrifty. And by all the laws of compensation we will have helped the country and ourselves. And all the while the pennies will be growing into thrift stamps, in turn into war savings certificates, which in the end will redound to our credit at the bank.

MANY a housewife becomes discouraged in trying to save, because she apparently never gets anywhere. Somehow, money never seems real unless it can actually be seen, so the best solution is a little bank for the kitchen, into which can be put the accumulating pennies. This bank will make close-buying a real incentive; it will make fuel-saving tangible; concrete, instead of abstract.

But how is one to reckon the saving of fuel before the end of the month when the bills come in? There are two or three ways in which this can be accomplished. Every housewife knows how many hods of coal she uses in her kitchen stove each day. Obviously, if she can save a shovelful here and one there, she can save a hodful every day or two, and if she knows how many pounds of coal her hod contains, she can quickly estimate the number of pennies to go into the thrift bank.

Every housekeeper knows, too, whether or not she is in the habit of using her gas-oven merely for one dish which will take an hour or more to cook, while the top burners of the stove are filled up with foods which likewise take an hour, and which if she had thought, might have been cooked in the oven. It costs approximately a cent and a half per hour for each gas-burner. If all the food, then, had been prepared in the oven, the saving would have been six cents if four burners had been used. This gas saving, if practised daily, would in itself amount to a dollar and sixty-eight cents a month, or more than twenty-one dollars a year. The same principle may be applied to kerosene-ranges.

There is probably more waste of fuel in oven cookery than in any other kind. First, of course, because of the old-fashioned idea that when a cake, or similar food, is being baked, nothing else should be put in. This has been entirely overcome by the newer-day knowledge of oven heat. Any foods demanding for baking a like temperature can be baked in the same oven. Any oven that is heated up to 225 degrees Farhenheit, or a little under, can also be used for boiling. Herein the purchase of an oven thermometer will not only prove a safe guide but will quickly pay for itself, and thereafter earn a goodly bit for the thrift bank. Besides, fuel is often wasted by too hot an oven, which the use of the thermometer will obviate. Generally speaking a slow oven is from 225 to 300 degrees Fahrenheit, a moderate oven from 300 to 350 degrees Fahrenheit, a quick oven from 350 to 375 degrees Fahrenheit, and a hot oven from 375 to 400 degrees Fahrenheit. No matter what kind of range is being used the thermometer is indispensable.

Fuel is wasted when the oven is allowed to become too hot and must be cooled off; when foods that may be cooked at a low temperature are placed in a hot oven; when the gas is lighted more than seven minutes before the article is placed in the oven; when foods that may be put in the cold oven when the gas is first lighted, are kept waiting; when the oven door of any range is opened unnecessarily—this means a loss of heat, just as the opening of the ice-box door means a loss of cold; when the oven door of any range is allowed to stand open without reason during the cookery process.

BEFORE beginning any systematic, well-thought-out oven cookery, the first thing to do is to select utensils that will fit into the oven, for various cooking processes, without wasting space. This does not mean that it will be necessary to discard old equipment; simply take a few minutes to see what pans, casseroles, and baking-dishes will fit in to best advantage, just as you would put together a picture puzzle. Do this for both oven shelves; you will soon find out exactly what you can get into the oven along with your double roaster, your three-quart casserole, and so on, and will soon learn to group your cookery accordingly. If you are to purchase any new utensils, you will find that earthenware and glass are well adapted to oven cookery, because they hold the heat particularly well.

The popularity of the meats cooked at the rôtisseries, which are springing up all over the country, is due to the delicious flavor similar to that produced by the turnspit method of our foremothers. And yet the same flavor may be obtained at home by means of the gas-oven and broiler with a considerable gas saving over the ordinary method of roasting. To do this, fill the gas-oven proper with foods needing a temperature of 375 degrees Fahrenheit, that is, a quick oven, and when the oven has been lighted seven minutes, place the meat, prepared for roasting as usual in a dripping-pan, on the broiling-rack, keeping the meat about two inches from the flame. When slightly brown, turn the meat over, and when seared on the second side turn it to brown the remaining surfaces. Then place the rack three notches from the bottom of the oven, turn the gas-burners down each half, and complete the roasting process, basting the meat every ten minutes with hot water containing a tablespoonful of margarin, drippings, or vegetable oil to the cup. The time of cooking depends upon the meat.

Time-Table for Roasting in the Gas-Broiler

Beef, fifteen minutes to the pound.
Lamb or mutton, twenty minutes to the pound.
Veal, twenty-three minutes to the pound.
Chicken or duck, twenty minutes to the pound.
Fish (whole), eighteen minutes to the pound.

Obviously the foods which are cooked in the main oven while the meat is roasting should constitute the remainder of the meal, with possibly some custards, a meat or vegetarian loaf, or baked apples for the coming day.

In a gas-oven of ordinary size it would be possible to prepare the following foods while a chicken, or roast of beef was cooking under the gas flame.

Fruit Batter Pudding

INTO a two-quart baking-dish measure two and a half cupfuls of any kind of sweetened fruit sauce, made from fresh, canned, or stewed dried fruit. Then beat an egg, add to it a cupful of molasses, two and a half tablespoonfuls of melted vegetable shortening, a teaspoonful each of cinnamon and ginger, and a half teaspoonful of ground cloves. Then sift together a cupful of barley flour, a half cupful of wheat flour, a half teaspoonful of salt and a teaspoonful of soda. Add a half cupful of hot water to the first mixture, stir in the dry ingredients and pour the mixture over the fruit sauce. Bake about forty-five minutes and serve with lemon sauce or cream.

Escalloped Savory Tomatoes

TO A quart of canned tomatoes, add an onion and a medium-sized canned or fresh green pepper, which have been put through the food-chopper. Add a half tablespoonful of molasses and salt and pepper to taste. Then oil a three-pint baking-dish, and in the bottom put in a layer of dried, crumbled war bread. Corn bread is especially good for this purpose. Put on a layer of the tomato, then a few crums and continue until the dish is full. Sprinkle the top with corn cereal and bake an hour, removing the cover the last twenty minutes. A pint of crums may be used.

If the "chinks" of the oven are filled up with well-scrubbed potatoes of medium size, which, by the way, have been rubbed with a little vegetable fat to make the skins soft, eatable, and more digestible, the menu for the dinner would be as follows:

ROAST BEEF OR CHICKEN GRAVY
BAKED POTATOES
ESCALLOPED SAVORY TOMATOES
BREAD AND BUTTER OR A SUBSTITUTE
FRUIT BATTER PUDDING
LEMON SAUCE

To this could be added celery, and coffee or tea.

The introduction of these entirely oven-cooked meals at least two or three times a week in every household would increase the amount of coal in Uncle Sam's bins by millions of pounds.

And in the meanwhile the thrift bank will be growing more and more heavy all the time. At the end of the month a still greater saving, however, will be apparent than that which can be computed from day to day—a considerable conservation of materials. For foods, when oven-cooked at a moderate temperature, and especially in covered utensils, shrink from ten to twenty-five per cent. less than when cooked at a high heat, or on top of the stove. At the same time all the dried foods not only shrink less, but expand more by the oven methods. But when you find that your meat bill is actually a dollar under that allowed in the household budget BE SURE TO PUT THAT DOLLAR IN THE THRIFT BANK, or you will feel that economy is the same old household grind, instead of a new game.

It is an economy of time, money, and fuel to cook enough at once for two meals. This is not theory, it actually works out; I have done it for years. But do not put it all on the table at one meal. An average helping for each person is all that should be allowed. If any is left over, it should be returned to the kitchen. It need not be eaten merely because it's there. The splendid "gospel of the clean plate" does not mean that you have to "clean up" the serving dish.

LEFT-OVERS, properly used, will make possible the saving of many a dime or nickel for the thrift bank. This does not mean that they should be served in "dabs" to the family, but that they should be supplemented by other materials into complete dishes. But how may the housewife conquer the problem of making left-overs into real meals? First of all, by imagination; second, by a knowledge of the proper combination of flavors, which may be gained by a little real study of standard cook-books. It is almost an empty ice-box and pantry that will not furnish the wherewithal for at least an adequate main or dessert course. I chanced in the house of a neighbor just as she was about to send out her little girl for something for lunch.

"But here's your lunch in the ice-box," I said, "and there is your fruit for dessert and breakfast." "But how can some scraps of finnan haddie, half a green pepper and an ear of corn, a little rice, and some green apples make a lunch?" my neighbor inquired.

We oiled her three-pint casserole, filled it with the green apples pared and sliced, and poured in a cupful of water. To this we added some odds and ends of jam and a generous half-cupful of maple-sirup, covered it, put it in the oven and lighted the gas. Then we picked the fish into bits, mixed it with the green pepper minced and the corn cut from the cob, and put this in layers in a second casserole with the rice. We then poured in milk to barely cover and put the casserole in the oven with the apples. In forty-five minutes from the time we put in the fish her lunch was ready and it was good enough for any one.

"How much were you planning to give Mary to spend at the store?" I asked. "Only fifty cents," she said, laughing. "Then you had better let her have at least half of it for a thrift stamp," I said, "for you have certainly saved that much in using up your left-overs." This was the beginning of a collection of thrift stamps that has now developed into five War Savings Certificates.

HERE in this country we are rather inclined to live too much unto ourselves. We have not yet realized the possibilities of co-operative housekeeping as they have across the water. And yet there is a very simple method of saving both fuel and time that neighboring households can adopt here, as they have in other lands. It is very easy, for example, for neighbors who are also friends to plan to have baked beans, or a casserole of meat, or Indian pudding on the same day, taking turns in baking them, thus utilizing one oven instead of two.

There are innumerable foods that can be prepared in this way, and if the housewives of this country could arrange to think and act together along this line the average National household fuel bill could be reduced at least a third.

An Exclusive Statement From the Food Administration to the Readers of Pictorial Review

THE food problem has changed from being as big as the war to being as big as the world.

Last Summer when the Interallied Food Council planned for victory in 1919 we pledged, toward the making of that victory, 17,500,000 tons of food.

Now that the armistice has changed the situation, we have not only that pledge to fulfil but we have other responsibilities. Neutral countries which suffered the pinch of hunger, famished countries under the Central Empire's yoke, inaccessible to us no longer, are looking to us for food.

We must keep from starvation all newly liberated nations; we must feed the world in order that mob-madness and bitter rebellion may not destroy them and us.

The increased demands upon us call for no less than twenty million tons of food. This stupendous total can be supplied only by the most careful co-operation on the part of every individual. It is no longer a question of substituting one food for another. It is a question of limiting consumption to actual health requirements and eliminating every atom of waste.

UNITED STATES FOOD ADMINISTRATION

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Tender, Bleeding, Soft or Receding Gums

Danger Signals that must be heeded

They warn you that pyorrhea is attacking the tissues surrounding the roots of your teeth.

As pyorrhea progresses to an advanced stage, it affects the bony sockets which hold the teeth in place. The teeth loosen and eventually fall out or must be extracted. Often the entire health is undermined by bacteria from unhealthy gums.

The prevention of pyorrhea requires that the gums be kept firm and healthy—the teeth free from mucoid deposits. A dentifrice to be effective must do more than clean and polish the teeth; it must increase the vitality of the gums and establish greater resistance to the destructive germs ever present in the mouth.

Pyorrhocide Powder is specially compounded to meet these requirements. For years it has been sold exclusively upon the recommendation of the dental profession. It has been scientifically developed and tested, since 1908, at clinics devoted to pyorrhea research and oral prophylaxis.

Thousands of leading dentists prescribe and employ Pyorrhocide Powder because these tests have demonstrated that it is the most effective means for removing the mucoid deposits which harden and form tartar (tartar is the principal, initial cause of pyorrhea). Its use helps to make soft, spongy gums hard and firm, and to heal bleeding gums. It is of the highest efficiency as a cleanser and polisher of the teeth.

If pyorrhea symptoms exist in your mouth, buy a box of Pyorrhocide Powder. Its soothing and healing action will show you why it has received the endorsement and confidence of the dental profession and of thousands of users.

All good drug stores and dental supply houses sell Pyorrhocide Powder. It is economical because a dollar package contains six months' supply.

Write for Free Sample and Booklet

Upon request we will send you a free sample of Pyorrhocide Powder together with our educational booklet on the causes, effects, treatment and prevention of pyorrhea.

The Dentinol & Pyorrhocide Company, Inc.
Dept. M. 1480 Broadway, New York City

Dolly Dingle's New-Year Cards

How to Make up the Cards. *See page 42*

HERE are some happy thoughts for New-Year cards that can be made from the cut-outs on page 42 of this number. Colored cardboard, some ribbon, glue, and a little ingenuity are all that are necessary for some of the most creditable little favors of the season, whether plain cards, calendars, or even more pretentious remembrances are preferred. At the top of the page is a card with a match-box attached and with a soft satin ribbon loop to attach it to the wall. The telephone list at the lower right hand corner makes an unusual card, and there are several styles of folders or calendars, as for instance the long calendar at the left lower corner or the pretty square calendar in the middle, or the larger folders which, slipped in a long, narrow envelop, give almost the thrill of a gift. Those who prefer the little stiff cards can make them of stiff white cardboard, and can gild-edge them carefully with a little prepared gilt, or water-color a thin dainty line about the edge for a finish.

The page of cut-out cards in the Christmas number of PICTORIAL REVIEW proved so popular that these New-Year cards are sure to find favor in every one's eyes. They are so easy and fascinating to make, and there are so many nice color combinations to try both with ribbon and cardboard, the red, white, and blue are the favorites.

Dolly Dingle's War Savings Stamp Party

Directions for Setting the Table. *See page 43*

A SPLENDID idea for a holiday feast would be a War Savings Stamp Party, and for any one who would like to give a party of this kind, here is the table all set for the festive occasion with decorations cut from page 43 of this number. Uncle Sam and Miss Columbia preside, and little War Savings booths arranged around a miniature Statue of Liberty form the centerpiece. The place-cards are committee badges pasted on white cards. The finest idea of all, however, is the party invitation which is pasted up at the top of a nice stiff piece of white cardboard. A bow of red-white-and-blue ribbon sets it off. Such a patriotic invitation could not fail to bring out plenty of guests and certainly the cause itself is excellent.

$1409.00 BUYS THE MATERIAL TO BUILD THIS FINE HARRIS HOME NO. 1517

When You Build "THE HARRIS WAY" you build to easy Why? Simply because you profit directly—immediately—by our 24 years experience. "THE HARRIS WAY" has exclusive merits—special advantages for the careful Home Builder. It's the best actual and most possible way to build your ideal home right, without the waste of a single penny.

LOW PRICE STILL IN FORCE
Special Service for Industrial Housing, low prices and quick shipment.

SEND TODAY FOR
$10,000 FREE Plan Book

Write for latest edition of famous $10,000 HARRIS HOME PLAN BOOK now ready. 100 Designs, with descriptions, prices, etc.; explains how we save $28.00 to $100.00 on plans and material. Write today for this book. It's free.

Our Plan Book has a wonderful FREE plan offer for you.

Back of every sale is our iron-clad guarantee and $10,000,000 capital.

HARRIS BROTHERS CO. Dept. HH18 CHICAGO

SAVE the trouble and expense of two creams, by using Crème de Meridor—it's a "day cream" and a "night cream" in one! Regular massage with Crème de Meridor, the original greaseless cream, means a skin of charming freshness, free from blackheads and blemish.

Write for a free sample or send 50c for a complete Lanell Beauty Box, containing soap, toilet water, talcum powder, face powder and a miniature jar of Crème de Meridor.

Lanell PERFUMER Dept. 7-K, Newburgh-on-the-Hudson New York

FREE BOOK How To Learn Piano

Learn Piano!

This Interesting Free Book shows how you can become a skilled player of piano or organ in your own home, at one-quarter usual cost. Dr. Quinn's famous "Written Method" is endorsed by physicians and heads of State Conservatories. Successful 25 years. Play chords at once and complete piece at every lesson. Scientific yet easy to understand. Fully illustrated. For beginners or teachers, old or young. All music free. Write today for 64-page free book.

M. L. QUINN CONSERVATORY, Studio 791, Social Union Bldg., Boston, Mass.

DEAFNESS IS MISERY

I know because I was Deaf and had Head Noises for over 30 years. My invisible Anti-septic Ear Drums restored my hearing and stopped Head Noises, and will do it for you. They are Tiny Megaphones. Cannot be seen when worn. Easy to put in, easy to take out. Are "Unseen Comforts." Inexpensive. Write for Booklet and my sworn statement of how I recovered my hearing.

A. O. LEONARD
Suite 203, 70 5th Ave., N. Y. City

Book on Destroying Hair

New Book by Prof. Hayes, A. M., M. D., late of St. Louis Medical College, University of Pittsburg, Penn., Medical College, Chicago, and formerly Demonstrator of disease and cure of superfluous hair and moles by electrolysis. Non-technical. Read it always in front of a mirror.

Dept. 04, RIVERSIDE PUBLISHING CO., Riverside, N. J.

SANITOL FOR TOOTH POWDER OR PASTE

The possession of beautiful teeth is of no greater import than that which helps to keep them beautiful.

Free from coloring matter
Sanitol is white and pure

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff. For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair. 50c. and $1.00 at druggists.

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Many Kinds—One Quality

NO MATTER what shortening or cooking fat you prefer, your dealer can supply it under the quality guarantee of the Oval Label: Fats are an essential element in the dietary. They constitute the heat and energy-producing factors of life. In cold weather, especially, health depends upon them.

If the kind of shortening or cooking fat you are accustomed to use is not available, or is being conserved, there is an alternative of Armour quality under the Armour name that assures most satisfactory results.

If you favor lard, use Armour's *Veribest* "Simon Pure". It goes farther. If vegetable fats are preferred, use Vegetole, Nut-Ola, *Veribest* Oil or *Veribest* Peanut Butter.

Save the drippings from Star Ham and Star Bacon—that is real conservation.

All these foods are guaranteed in their quality, uniformity and purity by the Oval Label, the mark by which Armour identifies the top grade product in each line. All insure perfect results. Make the Oval Label your buying guide and be sure of quality and value in all kinds of food products.

Our free book, "The Business of Being a Housewife," contains valuable information on the use of all Armour's Cooking Fats, Shortenings and other products. Send for it. Mention your dealer's name and state whether or not he sells Armour's Oval Label Products. Address Armour and Company, Domestic Science Division 24P, Chicago.

ARMOUR AND COMPANY

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Every woman who fights waste is in the forefront of a crusade that is making the world a better place in which to live. 2624

Armour's QUALITY PRODUCTS

Google

Make the Tooth Brush More Effective

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

Old methods of tooth-brushing have proved disappointing. Tooth troubles have constantly increased.

Millions of people find that brushed teeth still discolor and decay. Tartar forms on them, and pyorrhea often starts.

The reason lies in a film — that slimy, clinging film. It gets into crevices and stays there, resisting the tooth brush. The ordinary dentifrice has little effect on it.

That film is the cause of most tooth troubles. It absorbs stains, so the teeth discolor. It hardens into tartar. It holds portions of the food which ferment and form acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth — the cause of decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Cleaning teeth can't save them if you leave that film. Every dentist knows that. But only lately has a way been found to effectively combat the film.

Now You Can End It

Now science has evolved a dentifrice which does what must be done. It is called Pepsodent, because it is based on pepsin.

The film is albuminous matter. Pepsin is the digestant of albumin. The object is to dissolve the film, then to daily prevent its accumulation.

Pepsin must be activated. The usual activator is an acid, harmful to the teeth. That fact, until lately, made pepsin seem impossible.

But science has now found an activating method which cannot harm the teeth. Five governments already have granted patents. That method is employed in Pepsodent.

Pepsodent has now been submitted to many clinical tests. Able authorities have proved its effects time and again. Now we urge that every person prove it at our expense.

Send the coupon for a One-Week Tube. Use it like any tooth paste. Note how clean your teeth feel after using. Note the absence of the film. Note how the teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears. That means such tooth care and protection as you never had before.

Do that and judge for yourself what it means to you.

Cut out the coupon now.

Return your empty tooth paste tubes to the nearest Red Cross Station

PAT. OFF.
Pepsodent
REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A Scientific Product—Sold by Druggists Everywhere

(150 A)

One-Week Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT CO.,
Dept. 344, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Mail One-Week Tube of Pepsodent to

Name .....

Address .....

"Took 13 Orders This Forenoon"

Extract from letter written by Mr. N. H. Rich

Mr. Rich wasn't bragging. He was just conveying the idea that orders for Pictorial Review come easily. And why not? When Pictorial Review is recognized as "America's Greatest Woman's Magazine."

For spare time work as a Pictorial Review Representative, you can earn $5, $10, or $25 a month quite easily. And those men and women who give their whole time to Pictorial Review, average from $100.00 to $200.00 a month.

No previous experience is necessary and we can show you how to go about the work as we have shown hundreds of others.

It costs you only a postal-card or letter to learn about our proposition and you assume no obligation by inquiring. Write today to Department A.

THE PICTORIAL REVIEW COMPANY
214-226 West 39th Street New York

SO-E-Z *Snaps with the Turtle Back*

The DRESS FASTENER GUARANTEED NOT TO INJURE THE GARMENT. For sale at all Notion Counters, 10 cents, card of 12. —made in six sizes, black and silvered. Send 10 cents for card.

Made by THE AUTOTYPE COMPANY

A. L. CLARK & CO., Inc. Sole Distributors 632 Broadway, New York City

JENNY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

thing's all right, if you've got love. Gawd! It's what I was looking for." She put her hand on the door-knob. "Come on, you've got to go."

"I—won't I see you any more?" asked Jenny timidly.

"You bet you won't. We're leavin' on the four-fifteen. I had no business seein' you to-night."

Jenny put cold fingers over the hand on the door-knob.

"Aren't you—aren't you going to kiss me?"

The woman looked at her, smiled, and shook her head.

"I'd like you to remember," she said in a hoarse little voice, "that I had the decency, anyhow, not to do *that*."

JENNIE lifted the hand she held to her warm, young lips and kissed it passionately.

"Good-by," she whispered, her soft eyes blind with tears. "Good-by—*mother!*"

"Don't do that!" cried the woman fiercely. She caught Jenny close to her, held her for one long, sobbing breath, then pushed the girl away and snatched open the door.

"Gawd! Don't you know I can't come back! What's the good of all this?"

Just inside the narrow entry she spoke again. "Who's that with you? I've got a lot of right to ask!" Jenny told her.

"He looked at you like he could worship your little shoes—I hope I haven't queered you with him," said the woman.

She would not say good night or good-by, only opened the door, looked out to see if James Ladd waited, and, smiling once at Jenny, Jenny's own wistful smile, grown old and fixed with years of unlovely usage, went back along the corridor and out of sight.

They heard a door close behind her.

James Ladd took Jenny home, through the dark. She did not speak along the way—he held her hand close, waiting.

Inside the shadow of the threshold she turned, and hid her face against his suddenly leaping heart. James Ladd put his two arms round her. His lips touched her cheek and found it wet.

"Jenny!" said James Ladd, "you know I love you——"

He had to stoop to Jenny's lips to hear her—poor, pretty, storm-bewildered Jenny!

"If I didn't—" she told him brokenly, "if I didn't—I should be so frightened of *life*, I couldn't live!"

Twelve Dollars' Worth of House Plans for One Dollar

THESE booklets were published in connection with our TWELVE PICTORIAL REVIEW HOUSES, and contain complete working drawings, specifications, and quantity survey (or exact estimate of building materials). They comprise a mass of valuable material for home-builders that could not be duplicated for thousands of dollars.

All of these houses are the original work of twelve prominent American architects, especially planned for PICTORIAL REVIEW.

At their original price, $1.00 apiece, the booklets were a bargain for the home-builder, for with the information contained in them he could have any of these houses erected without the supervision of an architect.

We are now offering the few remaining booklets to PICTORIAL REVIEW Readers *at $1.00 for the set of twelve, or less than ten cents apiece.* They will be sold only in sets.

Send $1.00 in cash, check, or money-order, and we will mail you the entire twelve booklets, post-paid. Address, HOUSE PLAN EDITOR, PICTORIAL REVIEW, 214-226 WEST 39th STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

The supply is limited, so send your order in without delay.

Pictorial Review's Correspondence Course In Sex-Education

By LOUIS HENRY LEVY, M.S., M.D.

Not only for mothers, but for teachers, nurses, brides, and brides-to-be who wish to secure information on the important subject of Sex-hygiene.

ORDER YOUR COPY NOW

Price, twenty-five cents, cash or stamps. Address, Public Health Editor, Pictorial Review, 214-226 W. 39th Street, New York.

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No 12459, blue or yellow, 20 cents, supplies shape and beading design of bag. Of black satin and colored glass and chalk beads, in pretty shades of red, light and dark green, yellow, pink, blue, and violet, forming a beautiful color combination.

The illustration above is only one of the 687 Embroidery designs contained in

The Embroidery Catalog
Number Twenty
Just Out

There are 4 pages of embroidered and beaded bags—
73 pages devoted to children's needs—
12 pages of beading, braiding, and embroidery designs—
5 pages of designs in underwear, aprons, and neckwear—
4 pages of handkerchiefs, cases, and pincushions—
10 pages of monograms, initials, and wreath designs—
4 pages of scallops in actual size—
4 pages of cushions—
5 pages of towels—
30 pages illustrating household linens and
5 pages of stitch lessons.

Any woman who can sew can get successful results with the aid of this helpful Embroidery book. Ask any Pictorial Review pattern agent for it. 25 cents a copy, by mail, 30 cents.

The Pictorial Review Company
214-226 West 39th St., New York

PHOEBE FOSTER one of our most beautiful actresses says: ***"Wonderful for CHAPPED HANDS and ROUGH SKIN is delightful CHAPONOL. I would not think of being without it."***

Critical women — renowned stage celebrities — beauties of the footlights—women who must be careful to always look their best are strong in their praise of CHAPONOL.

If you truly value a fresh, clear youthful skin and complexion, free from Roughness and Chapping, you too, should use CHAPONOL.

One of the best known ways of clearing, softening, healing and invigorating the skin, and gaining a natural, beautiful velvety complexion is to rub freely into the face, neck and hands night and morning a liberal quantity of CHAPONOL. It stimulates, invigorates and brings out a glowing rosy freshness that is delightful. Will not cause hair growth.

For sale at Drug or Dep't. Stores. If you have difficulty in obtaining it, we'll mail Full Size Bottle, postpaid for 50 cents.

Knowing that once you have tried it, we can almost certainly count you among its regular users.

Queen Pharmacal Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Start in Business at Home
Dozen dresses and gowns for your friends in spare time. Earn $100 month. Write at once for free sample lesson.
Franklin Institute, Dept. 7 851, Rochester, N. Y.

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1878

Salt pork for breakfast, salt pork for dinner, salt pork for supper

Do you remember? You do if you lived in a village or on a farm thirty or forty years ago.

Fresh meat was in those days hard to get. The refrigerator car had not then been developed, and therefore it was practically impossible to ship perishable meats from the city packing houses into rural communities.

In the larger towns the local meat shops did their own meat dressing, but on the farms each family did its own butchering in the winter and used salted and pickled meats in the summer. The small villages depended on the farms in the winter for what meat they could get.

* * *

Today there is no village so small, and few farms so isolated, that fresh, sweet meat is not regularly available at all times.

This change came with the establishment, by the large packers, of a nation-wide system of meat distribution into the small towns and rural communities.

This system is known as the "Car Route" system. It means that practically every village and small town in America is visited at regular intervals —in many cases as often as three times a week—by refrigerator cars loaded with fresh, sweet meats.

* * *

Following closely on the heels of the development of the refrigerator car, an achievement in which Swift & Company played a big and vital part, came the development of the car route system.

Here again Swift & Company played a leading role, as it was they who put into operation in 1890 the first car route.

This first route has grown and expanded until today there are hundreds of such routes operated out of the various Swift packing houses.

* * *

Today millions of people who live on farms and in villages rely on car route distribution, to a great extent, for fresh meats.

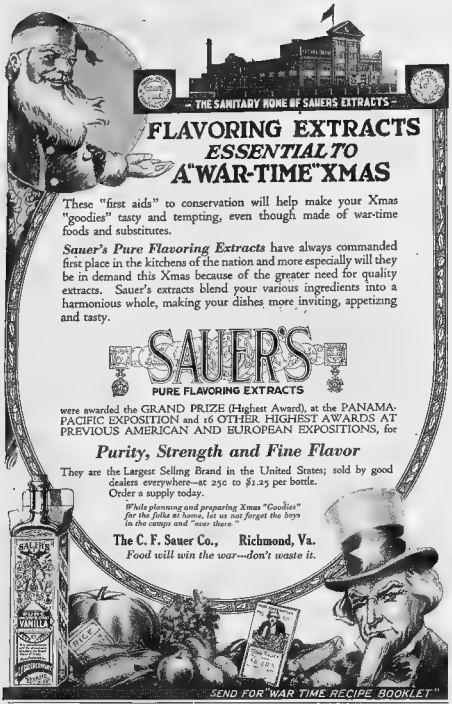
Thanks to the initiative and progressiveness of America's packing industry, they are no longer confined to an unchanging diet of salted and pickled meats.

Fresh beef and meats of all kinds of a quality that is recognized as the standard of the world—are today staple foods on American farm and village tables.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

A nation-wide organization owned by more than 23,000 stockholders

Go gle


THE SANITARY HOME OF SAUER'S EXTRACTS
FLAVORING EXTRACTS
ESSENTIAL TO
A "WAR-TIME" XMAS
These "first aids" to conservation will help make your Xmas "goodies" tasty and tempting, even though made of war-time foods and substitutes.
Sauer's Pure Flavoring Extracts have always commanded first place in the kitchens of the nation and more especially will they be in demand this Xmas because of the greater need for quality extracts. Sauer's extracts blend your various ingredients into a harmonious whole, making your dishes more inviting, appetizing and tasty.
SAUER'S
PURE FLAVORING EXTRACTS
were awarded the GRAND PRIZE (Highest Award), at the PANAMA-PACIFIC EXPOSITION and 16 OTHER HIGHEST AWARDS AT PREVIOUS AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN EXPOSITIONS, for
Purity, Strength and Fine Flavor
They are the Largest Selling Brand in the United States; sold by good dealers everywhere—at 25c to $1.25 per bottle.
Order a supply today.
While planning and preparing Xmas "Goodies" for the folks at home, let us not forget the boys in the camps and "over there."
The C. F. Sauer Co., Richmond, Va.
Food will win the war—don't waste it.
SEND FOR "WAR TIME RECIPE BOOKLET"

Waiting—
for the New Life

She can insure baby's health in advance—by proper care of herself, and by intelligent knowledge of how to forestall each disturbance of the system.

She will find that knowledge in "The Days That Go Before"—a readable booklet based on sound medical authority, which we will send free to any address.

Nujol Laboratories
STANDARD OIL CO. (NEW JERSEY)
50 Broadway, New York

Nujol *For Constipation*
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Please send me without cost the booklet marked.

- ☐ "The Days That Go Before" —constipation in pregnancy and nursing period.
- ☐ "As The Twig is Bent" —constipation in infancy and childhood.
- ☐ "Thirty Feet of Danger" —constipation—auto-intoxication in adults.
- ☐ "As Shadows Lengthen" —constipation in old age.
- ☐ "Wages of Neglect" —constipation as a cause of piles.

Name ____
Address ____

Baskets—Useful and Charming

By ELIZABETH MACKENZIE ROTH

EVERY woman loves a basket either for a practical purpose or purely from a decorative point of view and these are as easy to make as they are useful and attractive.

No. 2—A round flat basket that is always conveniently open serves as a most practical work-basket. This one is of green reed and is lined with a lighter shade of green silk. A strip of silk long enough to go round the basket and wide enough to reach from the center to the edge covers the bottom. Gather to the center and finish with a covered button mold. Around the top of the basket is a row of French roses, and sewn securely to one side a black velvet pincushion adds a smart note of contrasting color. The tiny roses may be bought by the yard

No. 1—This Knitting-bag will hold such a lot and yet it is not large enough to make it awkward to carry even in a crowd

No. 2—Always open, this Basket is very handy and besides is very attractive

No. 1 — An oblong basket forms the foundation of a very unusual knitting-bag. First make a bag with a stiff bottom which will fit into the basket, then join basket and bag. The top of the bag is gathered on two oval rings. Sew a narrow band of old gold gimp around the top of the basket and on this, at either side, place a bunch of attractive small fruits that will harmonize with the general color scheme.

No. 3—To Hold a Plant

No. 4—A Novel Work-basket

No. 3—An upright basket of fancy weave is simply decorated with a band of gold gimp and a cluster of brightly colored fruits and leaves

No. 5 A small round basket or the crown of an old leghorn hat in combination with a silk lining makes a most satisfactory sewing-bag, which will be found particularly useful when traveling.

No. 5—Useful when Traveling

No. 4 — Japanese basket with handle, lined with turquoise blue silk made in the form of a bag to fit the basket, and finished with a draw-string. The tiny thimble pocket half way up the bag has a flower embroidered on it.

No 6—Small oblong basket, large enough to hold a pound of sweets, is neatly lined with a soft silk. The basket shown here was woven from straw of two colors.

No. 6—This makes a fine Work-basket when the Candy is gone

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These Attractive Models Are for Many and Varied Uses

8012—Ladies' Combination. Sizes small, medium, and large, corresponding with 36, 40, and 44 bust. Small size requires 2¼ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine—1⅝ yard wide, ⅛ yard narrow filet lace banding.

6837—Uncle Sam Suit for Men and Youths, consisting of coat, vest, and trousers. Sizes 28, 32, 36, and 40 chest. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch blue satin for coat—2⅝ yards red and white striped satin for trousers—¾ yard blue-starred white satin for front of vest—⅛ yard 27-inch lining for back of vest.

This makes an excellent masquerade costume for St. Valentine parties.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 69

Safe from Rust and Tarnish

These unsightly destructive agents can't form on the black iron and nickeled surfaces of your range if regularly wiped with 3-in-One.

It penetrates the pores of the metal and forms a protective film that wards off moisture. After applying 3-in-One polish the nickel parts with soft dry cloth. Keeps them bright. On the black iron, many prefer 3-in-One to stove polish which soils the hands and is liable to clog the burners.

3-in-One Oil

lubricates the action parts of the gas burners—makes them easy to turn.

Prevents rust or tarnish forming on bathroom faucets and fixtures, chandeliers, tools, kitchen knives—everything of metal. Contains no grit or acid.

Sold at all good stores. East of the Rocky Mountain States, 15c, 25c and 50c in bottles, also in 25c Handy Oil Cans.

FREE SAMPLE

and Dictionary of Uses sent for the asking. Write for them.

THREE-IN-ONE OIL CO.
165 AQR. Broadway : : New York

Makes the Best Dishes Better

Faust Chile Powder is a "different" seasoning.

You use it instead of pepper, spices, etc. It's a combination of all of them, except salt. For salad dressings, meats, entrées, stews, soups, there's nothing quite so good. Hold your nose over it in the kitchen. Then taste your dishes. Send 15c. for 2 oz. can and Recipe Pamphlet prepared by Miss Parloa, famous chef of the historic Faust Cafe and Bevo Mill.

DEALERS—Ask Your Jobber. JOBBERS—Write to
C. F. Blanke Tea & Coffee Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Manufacturers of the world-famous Faust Instant Coffee & Tea. Faust Instant Coffee is now in the service of the Army, Navy and Marine Corps. It therefore be unobtainable until its vigorous aroma, delightful flavor, invigorating qualities, are known to every American citizen. Ask your grocer for it.

BUIST'S SEEDS

PRODUCE QUICK & POSITIVE RESULTS

Buist's 1919 Garden Guide now ready for mailing—Tells how to make a kitchen garden supply your table with quality vegetables of the finest flavor. Follow our instructions and reduce the high cost of living.

Send for Your Copy Today—It's Free

Buist's Record—Growing and Supplying Seeds of the Highest Grade since 1828.

If you have a garden you should have this book. It tells you what to plant and how to cultivate, and is free on request. Write for it today. Free flower seeds with orders of 50 cents and over.

ROBERT BUIST CO., Dept. M, Philadelphia, Pa.

Make Your Garden Produce

more vegetables for immediate and future use, more fruits for table and preserving, more flowers for brightness and joy. To get the maximum returns for the minimum labor and expense this year, plant

Storrs & Harrison Seeds

Sixty-five years of continuous service to American gardeners. 1200 acres of nursery stock: Unsurpassed upon, Unexcelled of pleased customers.

Our 1919 Catalogue of Vegetable and Flower Seeds, Fruits, Shrubs, Shade Trees, is ready. Write today. Free.

The STORRS & HARRISON CO.
Box 243, Painesville, Ohio

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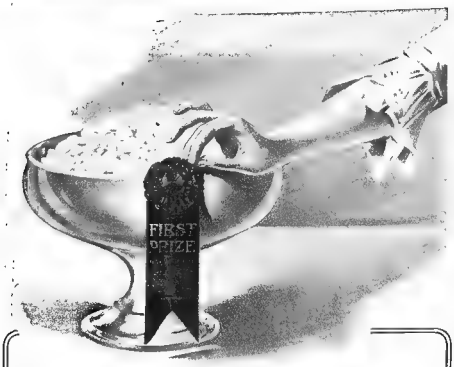


The Greatest Food of All

Think what Puffed Wheat is.

The world's supreme grain, robbed of nothing at all.

Every kernel is complete, and shaped just as it grew. Yet it is puffed to a bubble eight times normal size, and made four times as porous as bread.

125,000,000 Explosions

Sealed in huge guns, the grains are rolled for an hour in 550 degrees of heat. Never was grain food so cooked and so toasted.

Each kernel contains some 125 million food cells. Inside each cell a trifle of moisture is changed to steam. When the guns are shot that steam explodes. Then 125 million steam explosions blast every food cell to atoms.

On those broken food cells digestion instantly acts. Thus every granule of the whole wheat feeds.

Yet a Food Confection

Yet this ideal food comes in the form of flimsy, flaky bubbles. The grain taste is changed to a nut taste.

The grains seem like tidbits, yet this is our chief grain in its greatest form. It is scientific wheat food, fitted for digestion as wheat never was before.

Consider these facts. Then you will know why children and all folks should have their wheat served largely in this form. And so with rice and corn.

Puffed Wheat being a whole-wheat product, no substitute need be bought with it.

Puffed Wheat Puffed Rice
and Corn Puffs
Each 15c Except in Far West

Serve All Day Long

Serve like other cereals in the morning. But also try serving with melted butter.

Float these crisp and airy grains in your bowls of milk. Also in your soups.

Crisp and lightly butter for hungry children to eat like nut meats after school.

See what they add to candy when stirred in corn syrup fudge.

Use them like nut meats as garnish on ice cream.

The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers

(2049)

COOKING

Desserts from Dried Fruits

By MARION HARRIS NEIL

MAKE A STEAMED PUDDING OF DATES

1½ Cupful Dates
½ Cupful Nut-meats
1 Cupful Suet
1 Cupful Milk
2 Teaspoonfuls Baking-powder
½ Cupful Corn-flour
2¼ Cupfuls Bread-crums
½ Teaspoonful Salt
1 Cupful Grated Maple-sugar
2 Eggs
Hot Milk
Meringue

CHOP the dates and nut-meats, also the suet, making the latter very fine. Mix together and add the milk, baking-powder, bread-crums, flour, salt, sugar, and eggs, well beaten. Pour the mixture into a well-greased mold, cover with a greased paper, and steam steadily for five hours. Turn out and serve with hot milk. This pudding may be ornamented with meringue and whole stoned dates.

A BAKED PUDDING OF DRIED APPLES

1 Lb Dried Apples
Cold Water
1 Cupful Corn-sirup
¼ Cupful Melted Butter-substitute
1 Teaspoonful Lemon Extract
2 Eggs, Well Beaten
½ Cupful Milk
Coconut

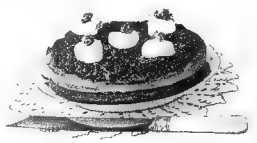
SOAK the apples overnight in enough cold water to cover. Lay them in a greased pudding-dish, and add corn-sirup, butter substitute, and flavoring. Bake in a moderate oven until the apples are tender, about three-quarters of an hour. Add the eggs to the milk and pour over the apples; return to the oven, brown, and serve hot. This pudding may be sprinkled with coconut before serving.

DRIED APRICOTS WITH DUMPLINGS

1 Lb Dried Apricots
Cold Water
1 Cupful Honey
1 Teaspoonful Lemon-juice
1 Cupful Flour
1 Cupful Barley Flour
1 Teaspoonful Baking-powder
¼ Teaspoonful Salt
4 Tablespoonfuls Butter-substitute
1 Cupful Milk

LET the apricots stand overnight in cold water to cover. Add the honey and lemon-juice, bring to a boil and cook until nearly tender. Make a dough of the sifted flours, baking-powder, salt, butter-substitute, and milk; roll out one inch thick and cut in small rounds. Place these on top of the apricots, cover, and simmer slowly until cooked.

FIG FILLING FOR LAYER-CAKE



1 Lb Figs
½ Pt. Water
2 Tablespoonfuls Brown Sugar
1 Lemon
Marshmallows

MAKE a layer-cake according to your favorite recipe and spread this filling between the layers and on the top. Wash the figs, chop them and put them into a saucepan with the water, brown sugar, and the grated rind of the lemon. Cook slowly until thick, mix well, and chill. Decorate the top of the cake with marshmallows.

PRUNES MAKE TEMPTING TARTS

2 Tablespoonfuls Butter-substitute
2 TablespoonfulsHoney
2 Eggs Well Beaten
¼ Cupful Bread-crums
½ Cupful Milk
1 Teaspoonful Vanilla Extract
1 Teaspoonful Baking-powder
¼ Cupful Prunes
Meringue
Plain Pastry

LINE tartlet-tins with plain pastry. Cream the butter-substitute with the honey, add the eggs, bread-crums, milk, flavoring, baking-powder, and prunes, which have been cooked and chopped. Mix and divide into the pastry shells. Bake these tarts in a moderate oven for 15 minutes; top with meringue.

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TRANSLATION

Enjoyed in the first line trenches at Ramscapelle, July 10th 1915

Captain

1st Lieutenant

2nd Lieutenant

Please send us a full case

Capt. Comdt

And now— Our Boys are enjoying them, too

From the very beginning of the war—since the German horde first over-ran Belgium—DEL MONTE Products have been on the scene of battle—lending their cheery flavor and goodness to temper its bitter fare.

And how those plucky defenders of democracy have enjoyed them!

Neither the hard stress of battle nor the constant menace of death itself has prevented them from telling us about their keen enjoyment of DEL MONTE.

For four long years and over they have been sending back to us by word of mouth—on scraps of paper—on the backs of DEL MONTE labels, such sincere messages of appreciation as the one reproduced above.

And so, regarding it as our great privilege to serve, we have kept on sending more—and still more DEL MONTE, until now, with our own boys over there—as much as sixty per cent of our entire pack of certain varieties is being set aside for military uses.

This means that for the duration of the war we at home shall have to get along with less of those particular DEL MONTE Products that are needed at the front.

But the DEL MONTE line is very large. It covers almost every conceivable menu requirement. And there will be an ample supply of most varieties for home consumption if the patriotic housewife will lend her co-operation.

Use DEL MONTE Products as you have been doing. They are ideal conservation foods—saving wheat, meat, sugar, fats and fuel—adding delicious flavor and healthful variety to the war-time table. Only adapt your menu to such DEL MONTE varieties as your dealer has in stock. Then the boys in the trenches will be sure to get their share.

Send for our new book, "DEL MONTE CONSERVATION RECIPES OF FLAVOR." It contains many simple and economical suggestions for making the war-time menu more appetizing and healthful through the use of canned fruits and vegetables. It is free. Address Dept. H.

CALIFORNIA PACKING CORPORATION
San Francisco, California

Del Monte CALIFORNIA CANNED FRUITS & VEGETABLES
"The Conservation Foods of Flavor"

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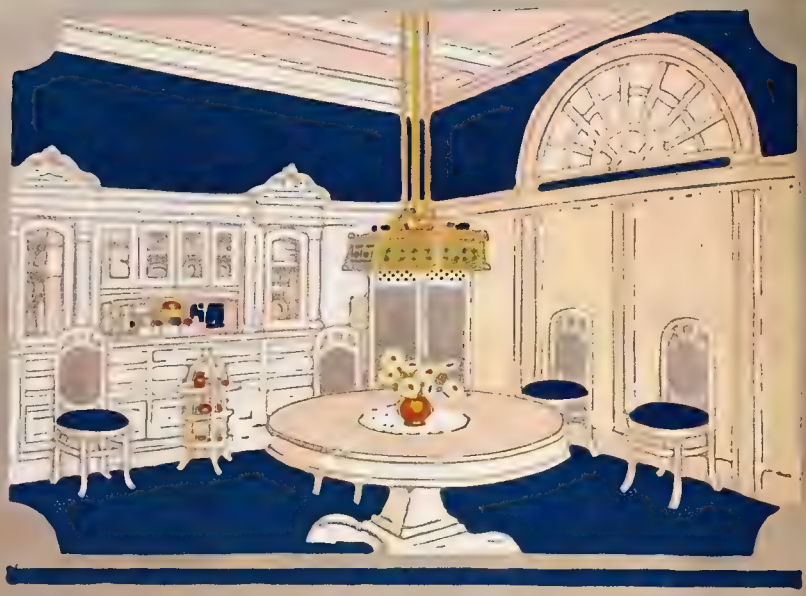
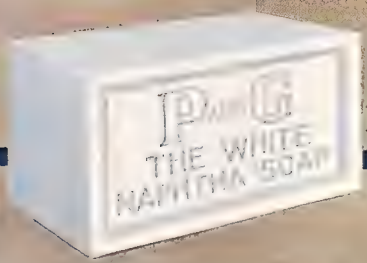


TO keep your dining room and its contents scrupulously clean with least effort use the *white* laundry soap with *naphtha* in it.

P. AND G.—The White Naphtha Soap is intended for all the work you now do with laundry soap, white or yellow. It cleans better because it is made of better materials. It cleans faster because it makes thicker suds and contains naphtha.

Comes in big, solid, long-lasting cakes costing little, if any, more than the same amount of ordinary laundry soap. But considering the way it cleans and the time it saves, its cost really is very much less.

Get a cake and try it anywhere—in the laundry, in the kitchen, on the windows, on the porch—wherever there is cleaning to do, and you will realize at once what an improvement it is.



P. AND G. The White Naphtha Soap

PROCTER & GAMBLE STANDARD PRODUCTS

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Pictorial Review Mothers "Carry On"

Send in the Registration Blank and Become a Member of "Pictorial Review Mother Club"

Conducted By ANNA STEESE RICHARDSON
AUTHOR OF "KEEPING BABY WELL," "THE PROSPECTIVE MOTHER'S OWN BOOK," ETC.

THIS magazine will be read in the last hours of 1918. Therefore, it is most appropriate that the final meeting of PICTORIAL REVIEW MOTHER CLUB for a momentous year should be devoted to a summing-up of what the club has done in the past twelve months and what is planned for the year ahead.

Never in the history of this country has the profession of motherhood been so important as it is to-day. Across the Atlantic statesmen have been fighting that liberty may be assured to the babies in American homes, and that the children of our club members may be spared the alarms and atrocities which have befallen the children of Belgium and France at the hands of the Huns.

And on this side of the Atlantic, American women have taken more seriously than ever their precious task of raising strong, healthy children to replace the brave lads who died for liberty overseas and to carry on the high standards of courage and thinking which have made the American army what it is.

Nor have our club members stopped with doing their duty by their children in their own homes. Through our contest department, they have presented suggestions of great value to their fellow members, and they have stimulated interest and faith in scientific infant care and feeding. Each meeting has called forth letters of appreciation from mothers who have been helped by your suggestions, your experience. Every earnest mother is thus serving her country.

FROM this office, club members, mothers, prospective mothers, social workers, and teachers have received helpful pamphlets by the hundred thousand. These practical leaflets on prenatal care on formulas for bottle-fed babies, on those two foes of peace in the nursery, colic and constipation, have reached homes where regular medical attendance was prohibited by location, circumstances, or means. They have saved many tiny lives and lightened a million burdens. Hundreds of women have written: "Our family doctor has gone to France. Please help us with our baby."

The editors of PICTORIAL REVIEW feel that the Mother Club through its co-operating members, its director, and its literature has been rendering real service in American homes.

As proof of this, we will open the meeting with a remarkable collection of contributions from members of the PICTORIAL REVIEW MOTHER CLUB.

First—a mother from New Mexico.

"My husband and I wish to thank you for the great help we have had from you in bringing our baby so beautifully through the Summer.

"Before Baby came, my husband's people laughed at the PICTORIAL REVIEW chart I had made for baby and at our new ideas and methods. When Baby came, we had an old nurse who had served in my husband's family for years. She promised to follow my methods, but Baby was hungry and cross, and cried very much. Being strong and healthy she made a lot of noise. My husband's mother said we would have to give up our new ideas and let the nurse use her own, also I must nurse her at once. My husband agreed with this as he had decided we had a very cross, old-fashioned baby and new methods were not for her. So the nurse began by putting the baby to the breast once or twice every hour and rocking her when she cried.

"At five days old she slept nearly all day and cried and nursed all night. At eight days she was fretful and my milk was failing, the I was drinking quantities of tea and milk. The nurse was called away on the eleventh day, leaving me with a cross baby and little to feed her on, and my husband, knowing I could not stay up all night and walk the floor, decline charge of baby at night, walking the floor, rocking her and bringing her to nurse every hour. One night he let if I was willing to try a new system, he would see that I was not interfered with.

"That night I went into the new day, first tacking my chart on the wall in my kitchen. Two hours after bathing my baby and nursing her, she was sleeping soundly, I woke her and made her nurse. This I did every two hours during the day. That night she slept four hours, the longest she had ever slept at night. It was hard work to keep her awake during the day long enough for her to nurse and 'they said' I was cruel, but I kept it up. After two weeks she was sleeping soundly all night except for one nursing at two o'clock She was very happy during the day, too, and having her naps regularly. As soon as her feeding habit was established—Presto! she was a good baby!

"I had more milk than she could take and I had given up tea and was eating good meals and drinking lots of water. From a cross, high strung baby, she became a good, quiet baby. Everything else adjusted itself when she ate regularly. She played for hours in her buggy and crib. Her frown changed to an adorable smile. She has never been rocked to sleep since she was a month old. She is now ten months old, has four teeth, and has never had a dose of medicine since two months old. I took her on a long trip in the Spring and everybody on the train the three days coming and going asked me what wonderful system I had to raise such a good, sweet baby. It is a joy to both my husband and me to tell that we followed PICTORIAL REVIEW methods entirely and we are very glad to attribute her perfect health and good nature to its regular Feeding System. It was the basis of our success.

"Please accept my thanks for the wonderful good you did me through a personal letter during my pregnancy. As this was my fifth child, and I had always had such hard labor, I almost feared something tragic, until I began following your advice. I would love to meet you face to face and give you a great big handshake and tell you how well I really did get along. I was in bed just one half-hour before baby was born, am doing nicely now, really am stronger than I have been for some time. But, most important of all, I want to tell you about my dear baby boy and how much I have learned by reading in PICTORIAL REVIEW. My boy weighed nine pounds at birth, he is now seven weeks old and weighs fourteen pounds. His efficient and systematic care I have learned by reading how 'Junior' was raised. I planned to have a happy, healthy baby, and he certainly is that at present.

"I have regular hours for nursing, bathing, and sleeping, and your article on the care of breast-fed babies helped me. I know, because my baby nurses. The paragraph in which you tell the mother to nurse her baby in a quiet room where she is comfortable and relaxed is excellent advice, as nothing means more to mother and child than quiet, restful nursing-time. He has advanced both physically and mentally which, as you say, is a matter of great interest to a mother who watches the development of her baby. How she loves to see him happy, laughing, and cooing.

"I never nurse him to sleep. He will lie on his bed a long time awake, noticing objects or the other children, but I do not allow them to stay with him long or they would spoil him and make him nervous by talking to him.

"I really think the mothers of to-day are doing a divine task for a nation of to-morrow and all who read PICTORIAL REVIEW and heed it need have no fear, if the child is born normal and healthy.

"Success to all mothers and especially to our club members.
"M. P. E. T. —"

Now a word from a member living in San Diego, California:

"Altho I have never joined the PICTORIAL REVIEW MOTHER CLUB, I am a constant reader of your helpful page, and as I truly believe I owe the health and happiness of both my babies to Mrs. Richardson, I want to thank the magazine from my heart.

"When my first baby came I had never even touched a live baby, and my ignorance was appalling. The only literature I had on the subject was a booklet by Mrs Richardson and the articles in PICTORIAL REVIEW. Hugh was a healthy child, but had a very large head and a tiny, weak neck which made him late in sitting alone and slow in walking, too. I was living in a little country place where there was no doctor and where all women scoffed at modern infant care.

"When Hugh was three months old, my milk failed and I had to use a bottle. The only cows' milk I could get was from a neighbor who solemnly assured me that she scalded her milk jars every time they were used, apparently defying me to find fault with such cleanliness! Two large carloads of manure were deported daily on a siding in front of our house. There millions of flies bred, and as the little shack in which we lived had no screen doors and no closed cupboards, and the drainpipe from the sink emptied into a nice, stagnant pool of water just under the front door, you can imagine my dilemma.

"I didn't have to write to Mrs Richardson, because in every article she answered the questions that I would have asked. From all she said I feared over-feeding above all other things, for I knew Hugh's temperament was always just around the corner. When baby didn't gain very fast, every woman in the neighborhood dashed in and advised me what to do, being under the impression that I was 'starving' my baby. But I followed Mrs Richardson's rules of regular feeding, regular sleeping, cleanliness about bottles and food. The result has been that every one of those adverse conditions my baby has never been ill. He had no colic, no Summer complaint, no high temperature, and I have PICTORIAL REVIEW to thank.

"We have another baby now, and, thank Providence, a lovely clean home to raise him in, but I never miss an article in PICTORIAL REVIEW, and am using the same rules for him as for the first one. There must be hundreds of mothers like me all over the land who will bless the good work you do always, but have never written you about it. MRS. V. E D——

THE last contribution for the day comes from Illinois.

"You will remember that I wrote you two months ago about my baby, who was crying after feedings and had so much gas. Your letter advising me to eat more cereals with cream, milk soups, cocoa and chocolate, milk shakes, in preference to drinking two quarts of milk daily, came in the nick of time, for I was thinking of taking him off the breast altogether. He seemed in such pain after nursing and how I did hate to drink milk!

"Now I am eating the substitutes for plain milk, as you advised, with plenty of vegetables, fruit, and meat, and enjoying it all and relieving my constipation, which in turn relieves my baby. I have more milk and the quality is much better.

"Of course lots of babies gain more, but he is well, has pink cheeks, laughs at anybody that tries to get at him, can already hold his bottle by himself and has one tooth (isn't that a fine baby for three and one-half months? He was three months old when that tooth for he had never shown any signs of discomfort. He now has a bowel movement every morning, and has little trouble. I hold him in an upright position, supporting his back firmly. He sleeps from seven P. M. to seven A. M., only waking once at about two o'clock, when he nurses the breast

"Of course I enjoy every bit of PICTORIAL REVIEW, but I always turn to our 'Mothers and Baby' page as soon as my magazine comes, and read it eagerly. What a help it is and how often, too, I think of that little line, 'Raising a healthy, happy baby is a big, fine job' It makes the task seem easier and the steps shorter. So thank you once more for the letter which helped me so much!

"MRS. C. F——"

These five letters are eloquent proof of the service rendered by members by the PICTORIAL REVIEW MOTHER CLUB. If you have children or if you are a mother-in-waiting, bring your problems to the club and we will do our best to solve them, either through our library of free leaflets or in a personal letter. In sending for pamphlets or information, please always send a self addressed and stamped envelop. And, by the way, send a *large* envelop. It is impossible to crowd three or four leaflets into an envelop for note-size stationery

Now for our 1919 plans.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 70

"I now do all my work except washing and ironing. I belong to a club, and go regularly to the Red Cross workroom and to church, but am rarely if ever tired out, as so many mothers are during their baby's first Summer. Was it worth the study and the two critical weeks in time and worry and hard work? It was!

"MRS. J. C——"

I am particularly proud of the next letter, written by a Michigan member on the day her baby was born. It makes a year's work in this club worth while!

"I am now the mother of three children, and all fine and healthy. I have always followed the advice in your pages with best results.

"My eldest is a boy of seven, he is never ill.

"The next, a boy of twenty-three months, also is in perfect health, brought up on PICTORIAL REVIEW Schedule—we have never lost one night's rest with him. I must add that I have been able to nurse each for full nine months. After that they were fed by spoon and cup—never a bottle have they seen, nor a pacifier.

"Now I have a baby girl, nine pounds, nine ounces, born to-day. I have been so cheerful and kind such an easy time, that it is a pleasure to be able to thank your columns for suggestion and so I am starting out with baby as a regular member.

"MRS. McM——"

As the health of the child is founded on prenatal care for the mother, this next contribution is vitally important:

Drawing by Grace G. Drayton

MOTHER AND BABY PROBLEMS SOLVED

Prevention, plus a little common sense, often solves problems in baby-raising.

PICTORIAL REVIEW offers *you* this invaluable help free, in the following pamphlets, compiled by the editor of our Mother and Baby Department, Anna Steese Richardson.

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Feeding Chart for Bottle-fed Babies.
Colic and Its Cure.
Diet Suggestions—Ten Months to Four Years.
Diet for Luzitez Babies.
Hot Weather Dishes for Young Children.
Treatment for Constipation in Breast-fed Babies under Six Months.
Treatment for Constipation in Babies from Nine Months to One Year.
Treatment for Constipation in Children of Two Years and Over.

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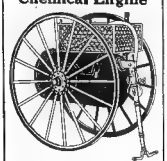

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SAVES LIFE

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Soda and Acid Extinguisher

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THE FASHION DEPARTMENT

In the New Fashions Here Are Some that Appeal Strongly to Such Screen Stars as Geraldine Farrar, Mabel Normand, Madge Kennedy, and Hazel Dawn

Mabel Normand
Photo by Mishkin

MABEL NORMAND'S youthful beauty is enhanced by such simple, graceful styles as this frock of soft Georgette crêpe and fine lace. There is nothing sensational about it, yet there is no denying the girlish charm of the frock as a whole

Hazel Dawn—Photo by Ira L. Hill's Studio

ON SUCH good lines as this frock worn by Hazel Dawn, and of such soft, lush duvetyn is it fashioned that no trimming at all is required save the cravat of braid that starts just under the collar and fastens onto the girdle.

Geraldine Farrar—Photo by White Studio

WE CAN'T all adopt Miss Farrar's penchant for pearls, but it would be a comparatively easy matter to duplicate this beautiful dinner gown of brocade. Just a jeweled strap over one shoulder is responsible for holding in position the swathed bodice, and the skirt is draped just as great-grandmother was wont to drape her cherished Paisley shawl.

Geraldine Farrar—Photo by White Studio

Madge Kennedy
Photo by Mishkin

TO WALK in this chiffon velvet gown Miss Farrar would have to achieve the mincing steps of the Geisha girl, were it not for the slash at the lower edge in front. It differs from the once-popular Directoire frock in having the lap folded over so that there is not the slightest glimpse of Miss Farrar's exquisitely embroidered stocking visible in walking. The graceful side drapery, the narrow train, the tiny straps that offer themselves as apologies for sleeves—these are all the newest of the new

Hazel Dawn—Photo by Ira L. Hill's Studio

A SUIT of this type, absolutely simple, is preferred by Madge Kennedy to the more elaborate furtrimmed models, as it makes such a good background for her own beautiful furs. Many women are adopting this style of suit and wearing handsome fur collars or the fashionable animal scarfs with them.

IS ANYTHING ever quite so lovely for the young girl's evening frock as satin, ivory-white in tone, soft and drapy in quality? The elaborate, formal evening gown is conspicuous by its absence this season, and Hazel Dawn strikes just the right note in this frock, with its tiny sleeves, softened by flowers and lace in front.

Google

Simple Lines and Little Trimming Mark the Latest Styles

Coat 8042

Jacket 8040
Skirt 7928

8040—Ladies' Jacket. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3 yards 54-inch serge—4¾ yards 36-inch satin for lining. No. 7928—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Seven sizes, 22 to 34 waist. Size 26 requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch serge. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. The combination of this jacket and skirt makes a very good-looking tailored suit which may be fashioned of serge, gabardine, or tricotine. The severely simple lines are unbroken by any suggestion of trimming, and the note of severity is further emphasized by the high choker collar of self-material which crosses in surplice style. The jacket shows the new modish length, and the short peplum sections at the sides may be omitted. The skirt is a two-piece gathered model with two-inch raised waist-line closing at left side seam.

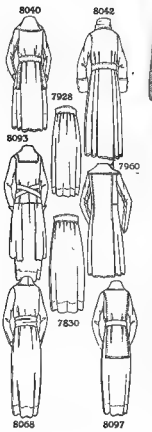
8042—Ladies' Coat. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 54-inch plush—¾ yard fur fabric for collar—4½ yards 36-inch satin for lining. Length at center-back 47½ inches. The straight simple lines of this coat which may be fashioned of Bolivia cloth, plush, Silvertone, or velvet, are typical of the newest models of the season, and a very convenient feature is the convertible collar which may be worn high to the throat, or rolled with the fronts forming revers. The fulness at the waist-line is held in by a straight belt which fastens with two buttons in front. There are button-trimmed patch pockets applied each side of the center-front, and deep turn-back cuffs, also trimmed with buttons, finish the plain one-piece sleeves.

7960—Ladies' Jacket. Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 54-inch check material—4½ yards 36-inch satin for lining. Length at center-back 43 inches. No. 7830—Ladies' Skirt. Seven sizes, 24 to 36 waist. Size 26 requires 2½ yards 54-inch check material. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. This practical suit displays one of the new long jackets so much in vogue. The neck finish illustrated is a square collar, but a shawl collar is provided in the pattern should this be preferred. There are separate underarm sections with applied pieces having belt extensions. The sleeves are in plain two-piece style with deep turn-back cuffs open at the back, and the fronts of the jacket are slashed each side of the center for inserted pockets. The skirt is a plain two-piece gathered model.

Jacket 7960
Skirt 7830

Dress 8068

Dress 8097



Dress 8093

8093—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 54-inch gabardine—2¾ yards braid to trim. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Paris approves of all sorts of braid, and wide black silk braid forms a very effective and distinctive trimming for this smart frock of gabardine which closes on the left shoulder and underarm. The neck-line may be V-shaped or square finished with a large square collar. The side panels are perforated for shorter length or they may be omitted altogether. The two-piece skirt is attached to the lower edge of the waist, and the long one-piece sleeves may be made with or without the pointed turn-back cuffs.

8068—Ladies' Dress. Eight sizes, 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch velours—⅝ yard white satin for vest—6⅜ yards braid. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Simplicity is a prominent feature of the newest models, and it is attractively exploited in this smart street dress suitable for velours, serge, gabardine, or tricotine. There is an inset vest of white satin cut square at the top, extensions of the collar, on the turn-back cuffs, as a hem finish on the skirt, and also on the belt. The modish long revers which extend below the belt are perforated to be cut off to form a small pointed collar. The skirt is a two-piece gathered model with one-inch raised waist-line closing at the left side seam. Without the long revers using the small collar as a neck finish this frock is just the thing for a simple house-dress, and for this development the short sleeves with turn-back cuffs are ideal, as they permit the housewife perfect freedom of movement. For house wear it may be fashioned of gingham, chambray, or percale.

8097—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 54-inch Poiret twill—34 yards braid. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Nothing could be smarter for the indispensable tailored dress than this charming model of Poiret twill. The very simple in line, it has decided style, and displays the fashionable apron panel front and back. These panels may be full-length if desired, or perforated for the shorter length illustrated, or they may be slashed in front below the waist-line forming two panels. Like most of the new season's models, this frock makes use of the exceedingly chic braid trimming, innumerable rows of which give a smart tailored finish and form the only decorative note. The neck shows the fashionable collarless outline, but if desired, it may be in V-shaping finished with a round collar. The long plain one-piece sleeves are perforated to be cut off and lengthened with flowing sections. The dress is made without lining, closing in front, and the skirt is a plain three-piece model. In its plainest form without the panels this frock is decidedly attractive also. This accentuates the long-waisted effect that is so fashionable. It is fitted by a dart on the shoulders in front, and the narrow string belt may have ends that are crossed in front and buttoned onto the dress.

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The New Dinner and Evening Gowns tho Simple Are Chic

7992—Ladies' Blouse. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Eight sizes, 22 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The costume in medium size requires 5⅛ yards 36-inch satin—1⅜ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe—⅜ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The new shawl drapery is charmingly introduced on the skirt of this handsome dinner gown. Tho it looks elaborate it is really very easy to arrange, the drapery is in one piece and is drawn up under the back panel. The bodice is very smart in line, drawn around to form a girdle, and worn outside the skirt. The front is in the new corselet overblouse style, and is cut in one with the girdle. An attractive neck finish is the square collarless outline, and the sleeves are lengthened by bell-shaped sections. The waist closes at left side-front, and the skirt at back.

8078—Ladies' Kimono Blouse. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. No. 7874—Ladies' Two-piece Draped Skirt. Five sizes, 24 to 32 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The costume in medium size requires 5¼ yards 36-inch velveteen —1⅝ yard fringe—⅜ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Braiding No. 11455, blue or yellow transfer pattern. There is a return to fashionable favor of the loose kimono blouse which is very attractive in velvet, satin, or Georgette crêpe. This model features another new style note in the back closing, and the collarless neck finished with silk fringe. It is mounted on an underbody also closing at the back, and may, if desired, have high neck with standing collar. Attached under the belt is a three-piece slightly circular pepium. Equally smart is the skirt which has an odd draped effect at one side. The waist-line is raised three inches, and the closing is at left side-front.

Dress 8004

8070—Ladies' Blouse. Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust. No. 8083—Ladies' One-piece Draped Skirt. Seven sizes, 22 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The costume in medium size requires 2¾ yards 36-inch velvet—2½ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Embroidery No. 12352, blue or yellow transfer pattern. For informal dinners, luncheons, and theaters, a frock like this is invaluable, as while chic it is not too elaborate in style. It may be fashioned of chiffon velvet in black or one of the new tones, and the blouse of embroidered Georgette crêpe allows the new Lanvin neck-line. The blouse closes on the left shoulder and under the left arm, and is mounted on a back-closing underbody. Instead of the flowing bell sleeves, long plain sleeves may be selected if preferred. The lines of the skirt are particularly graceful, and it features the new lead-pencil silhouette narrowing in slightly toward the foot. The drapery is drawn up at one side over the two-piece gathered yoke of Georgette crêpe, fastening under the girdle. The skirt closes at right side-front.

Blouse 8070
Skirt 8083
Embroidery 12352

Blouse 8078
Skirt 7874
Braiding 11455

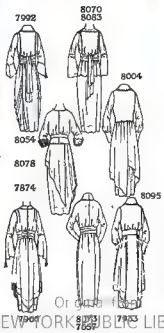
Dress 7965

Blouse 7992
Skirt 8054

8004—Ladies' Dress. Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 6 yards 36-inch charmeuse —¾ yard 36-inch white taffeta for shawl collar—¾ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Lower-edge width 1¾ yard. Very new in style is the long-waisted bodice of this frock that is brought down diagonally to the underarm. Along this line it is attached to the irregular-edged tunic. It is mounted on a front-closing underbody.

8078—Ladies' Kimono Blouse. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. No. 7965—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Five sizes, 24 to 32 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The costume in medium size requires 5¾ yards 36-inch velvet—⅝ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe for gathered vest—⅝ yard fringe —⅛ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Embroidery No. 12475, blue or yellow transfer pattern of 20 motifs. A novel feature of the blouse of this frock of chiffon velvet is the looped under panel that is attached at each side under the belt and finished with fringe. The blouse is one of the new kimono models with long shawl collar rolling back from a gathered vest of Georgette crêpe which is mounted on the front-closing underbody. Instead of the gathered vest, a plain front-buttoning vest may be selected. The skirt is a simple gathered model with high waist-line and closing at left side seam. The panels give the effect of a tunic attached to the skirt, but they belong to the blouse pattern as stated above, and are attached under the girdle. They may hang full length, or they may be looped under as illustrated, with the ends finished with silk or chenille fringe. The sleeves are loose at the top, but the fashionable cuff may be trimmed along the outside with buttons.

Blouse 8073
Skirt 7657
Braiding 12475



Blouse 8095
Skirt 7933
Braiding 12424

7965—Ladies' Dress. Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—3¼ yards 36-inch satin for underbody, skirt, and girdle. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Here is a charming frock for dinner and informal evening wear to be fashioned of flesh-color or any preferred shade of Georgette crêpe.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 64

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Velveteen and Satin Help Conserve Wool in These Frocks

8071—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Eight sizes, 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 36-inch velveteen—½ yard 36-inch satin for vest—⅜ yard white satin for collar—16 yards braid. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. These braid-trimmed velveteen frocks are particularly attractive for afternoon wear in black, blue, brown, mole, and wisteria. The lines are very simple, but the braid trimming gives chic. The dress slips on over the head, and the fronts turn back in revers framing an inset vest of satin. The three-quarter length flowing sleeves are attached to short kimono sleeves.

Dress 8097
Braiding 12470

8097—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 44-inch Poiret twill—⅞ yard fringe. Braiding No. 12470, blue or yellow transfer pattern. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Instead of the short double panels illustrated on this frock, one full-length panel may be adjusted front and back fastening on the left shoulder. The neck may be round, square, or in V shaping, and long plain sleeves are provided in the pattern which are perforated to be cut off and finished with bell-shaped sections as illustrated.

Dress 8071

Dress 8111

8111—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch satin for upper part of dress—3¼ yards 36-inch velvet for skirt section and sash—⅛ yard white Georgette crêpe for turn-over collar—¾ yard fringe. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. This type of dress is particularly attractive in combinations of fabrics, tho, if preferred, it may be fashioned entirely of serge or velveteen. The dress is in one piece from the neck to the lower edge, but a line of perforations is given in the pattern for attaching the skirt section so as to give the effect of the fashionable low waist-line. The dress closes on the left shoulder and at left side-front, and for the standing collar with turn-over, round or square neck outline may be substituted. Perforations are given for shortening the sleeves, which when shortened may be finished with turn-back cuffs.

8093—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 5 yards 36-inch velvet—⅜ yard 36-inch satin for collar and cuffs. Braiding No. 12371, blue or yellow transfer providing 3½ yards of 8-inch border and ten motifs. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. As the season progresses the low waist-line comes more and more into prominence. It is attractively worked out in this dress of velvet, the lower part of the waist elaborately braided, as is the tunic that hangs at the sides. The closing is arranged on the left shoulder and under the left arm, and instead of the V neck with square collar, a square neck outline may be selected. The two-piece skirt is attached at low waist-line as are the side tunic sections, which are perforated for shorter length. Simple tho they are, there is an alluring charm to the new long-waisted frocks that assures them of a distinct place in the affections of the smart woman. This Medieval line gives the essential touch of newness to the tailored frock which is indispensable this season. Every woman is engaged in some work—charitable, patriotic, governmental—and for an all-day frock there is nothing quite so serviceable as the tailored dress.

Dress 7934
Braiding 12427

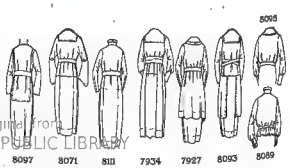
Dress 7927

Dress 8093
Braiding 12371

Blouse 8095
Embroidery 12348

Blouse 8089

8006—Ladies' Blouse. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 36-inch velveteen—⅞ yard white crêpe de Chine for panel vest—⅜ yard fringe. Embroidery No. 12348, blue or yellow transfer pattern supplying 14 motifs and 3½ yards of 2-inch border. Distinct novelty is given to this velveteen blouse by the embroidered vest of white crêpe de Chine which extends for some distance below the girdle in panel effect. The lower edge is finished with fringe. The collar extends into revers.



DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 64

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Afternoon Frocks Emphasize the New Long Waist-line and Panels

8097—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 44-inch serge—2 yards 36-inch satin. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Emphasized on this smart frock are the fashionable low waist-line, the collarless neck, and swinging panels. The closing is in front under the panel, and the neck may be in round, square, or V outline. The V neck finished with a round collar. The panels fasten on the left shoulder and are perforated for shorter length, perforations are also given for slashing the panels in front below the waist-line, forming two narrow panels. Perforations permit of cutting off the long plain sleeves at the elbow and lengthening them with bell-shaped sections.

8106—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 6 yards 36-inch velveteen—¾ yard satin for vest. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Embroidery No. 12322, blue or yellow transfer pattern. Nothing is smarter for afternoon frocks than velveteen and when combined as in this case with an elaborately embroidered vest the effect is distinctly chic. The embroidered center-front section of the waist of the dress forms a vest section disclosed by the open front of the long tunic blouse which is finished with a collar extending into revers. The tunic blouse is perforated for shorter lengths. The elaborate evening gowns are not in vogue, afternoon and restaurant frocks of velvet are richly elegant and are coming more and more into fashionable favor. Both the straight line and the peg top silhouette are featured, and skirts are inevitably long and narrow.

8093—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch satin for waist—2 yards 36-inch velveteen for skirt. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. This frock furnishes good propaganda for the wool conservation movement, as it eliminates all wool material combining satin and velveteen with no trimming save rows of silk floss machine-stitching. The long waist closes on the left shoulder and under the left arm, and instead of the V neck, square neck may be selected. Provision is made for flaring turn-back cuffs to finish the long plain sleeves, and the plain two-piece skirt is attached at low waist-line. There are side tunic sections provided in the pattern which are perforated for shorter length. These, however, are not illustrated. A frock like this in duvetyn or velours would be admirable for street wear under a coat, and while simplicity is strongly featured, there is a touch of dignity that adapts it to many uses and occasions. The belted at normal waist-line the dress features the fashionable medieval line.

Dress 8097

Dress 8106
Embroidery 12322

Dress 8093

Dress 7946

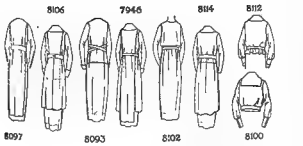
Dress 8102
Braiding 12147

Dress 8114

8114 — Ladies' Dress. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 5 yards 36-inch velveteen—¾ yard Georgette crêpe for vest—2 yards 36-inch lining for underbody and top of skirt. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Very desirable for street wear are these new coat dresses of velours, duvetyn, or velveteen to be worn with separate furs. This shows the new diagonal line that is so fashionable, and the waist and tunic close at left side-front.

Blouse 8100
Beading 11665

Blouse 8112
Braiding 12321



8102—Ladies' Dress. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 54-inch wool velours. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Braiding No. 12147, blue or yellow transfer pattern providing 3 yards of ⅛-inch border. To this simple frock an air of style is given by the panel front and back which fastens together on the left shoulder. The front panel may be made full length, as perforations are given for the shorter length illustrated. The back panel is perforated to form a deep collar, or it may be caught up and tacked to the top of the skirt. The two-piece gathered skirt closes at left side seam.

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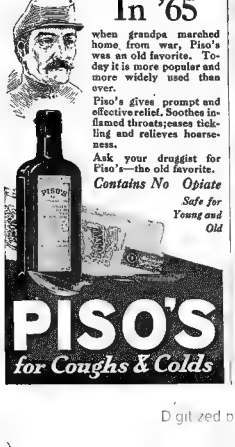

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Northwestern Mfg. Co.
Fort Atkinson, Wis.
Est. 1865

FASHIONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 61

8095—Ladies' Blouse. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. No. 7935—Ladies' Two-piece Tunic Skirt. Six sizes, 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The costume in medium size requires 6⅝ yards 36-inch velvet—⅞ yard crêpe de Chine for panel vest—⅜ yard fringe. Braiding No. 12424, blue or yellow transfer pattern of 4 panel motifs. The vest which extends below the waist-line in a long braided panel is a charming feature of this frock of chiffon velvet. The collar extends down to form revers, and plain sleeves perforated for shorter length with flowing sections may be substituted for the gathered sleeves with deep cuffs. At each side of the skirt is arranged a tunic section, and at the back a panel is formed.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62

8089—Ladies' Tailored Blouse. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch white washable satin. To wear with suits tailored blouses of this type with high collars are very popular. This is very simple in line buttoning at center-front to the top of the collar which is finished with pointed turn-over sections. The collar being convertible, however, may be rolled low if preferred.

7934—Ladies' Dress. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 5⅞ yards 36-inch gray crêpe de Chine—1⅔ yard 36-inch white crêpe de Chine—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Braiding No. 12427, blue or yellow transfer pattern providing 3¾ yards of 7-inch border. Smart features of this charming afternoon frock are the low waist-line which is achieved by attaching the skirt to a hip yoke, as well as the swinging panels which are introduced each side of the center-front and back. These panels are braided at the bottom. Long flowing sleeves may be substituted for the gathered sleeves with deep cuffs that are illustrated. Lower-edge width 1⅝ yard.

7927—Ladies' Dress. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 5¾ yards 36-inch velveteen—⅝ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe for surplice vest—⅜ yard 42-inch fur fabric for long sleeves—⅔ yards braid—¼ yards 36-inch lining for underbody and upper part of skirt. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Introduced on this smart velveteen frock is the irregular tunic that is such a feature of the new fashions. It is arranged on a two-piece skirt that closes at left side front and is trimmed with rows of braid. The waist closes in surplice style, the closing outlined by a long shawl collar that may be of velvet, fur, or fur fabric.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63

7946—Ladies' Dress. Eight sizes, 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 44-inch Poiret twill—3¼ yards 36-inch satin —¾ yard 27-inch black satin for collar—⅝ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The fashionable slender silhouette is admirably brought out by the long straight lines of this frock which emphasize the vogue of panels. The redingote overdress closes on the left side front at left side-front, and has a panel front and back. It is mounted on a foundation dress that consists of a front-closing panel effect attached to a two-piece skirt that also closes in front.

8112—Ladies' Blouse. Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe—¼ yard 36-inch satin for collar and cuffs—⅝ yard white Georgette crêpe for vest. Braiding No. 12321, blue or yellow transfer pattern of border and motifs. From an inset vest of white Georgette crêpe a rolling collar of satin braided in soutache turns back. The closing is arranged at left side-front, and there are one-piece sleeves gathered to deep cuffs and finished with turn-back cuffs. The sleeves may be perforated for shorter length with turn-back cuffs.

8100—Ladies' Blouse. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch voile for blouse—¾ yard 13-inch ribbon for panel—⅝ yard white satin for collar. Beading No. 11065, blue or yellow transfer pattern. A panel is added to the front of this blouse to give it a new and distinctive touch. This panel closes on the left shoulder and at left side-front. A square collar finishes the V-shaped neck, and the blouse is gathered in front below a yoke effect formed by extending the back over the shoulders. Very good-looking are the sleeves with deep cuffs to which they are gathered.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65

8072—Ladies' Blouse. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch white voile—¾ yard striped voile for vest. The rolling collar is prolonged to form revers which roll back from the inset vest. These revers extend below the waist-line and are finished with trimming sections. There are perforations for shortening the sleeves.

8095—Ladies' Blouse. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe—⅛ yard 36-inch satin for collar and cuffs. Beading No. 12469, blue or yellow transfer pattern of 24 motifs. The inset vest of this blouse extends below the waist-line in panel style, but it is perforated to be made without this extension. The large collar extends into long narrow revers.

8090—Ladies' House-dress. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards 36-inch percale—⅜ yard white linen for collar. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Neat and trim is this house-dress to be fashioned of percale, chambray, or gingham. The closing is at center-front, and the waist is tucked on the shoulders front and back. Turn-back cuffs finish the long plain sleeves which are perforated for the shorter length, and the three-piece gathered skirt is attached at one-inch raised waist-line.

8094—Ladies' House-dress. Sizes small, medium, and large, corresponding with 36, 40, and 44 bust. Small size requires 3¾ yards 36-inch striped gingham or percale —⅝ yard 36-inch white rep for collar and trimming. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The simplest thing in the world to make is this house-dress, the sleeves of which are cut in one with the dress. They are in full length, but may be perforated for the shorter length illustrated.

7881—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Seven sizes, 24 to 36 waist. Size 26 requires 3¾ yards 44-inch serge—8¾ yards braid. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Included in the pattern is a jumper attachment which is not illustrated. The skirt has three-inch raised waist-line, and closes at left side seam.

7886—Ladies' Two-piece Tunic Skirt. Six sizes, 24 to 34 waist. Size 26 requires 5⅞ yards 36-inch velveteen. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The tunic of the skirt is in four sections, but only two are illustrated; one applied at each side. The pattern provides a box pleated tunic section for the front and back. The waist-line is raised three inches, and the closing is at left side seam.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66

8105—Misses' One-piece Dress. Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Two illustrations of this frock are given, the one at the foot of the page showing how the dress may achieve the fashionable long-waisted effect. In this view the bodice is composed of velveteen and satin, the upper part of the dress of satin, and the lower part of velveteen. The velveteen is applied along the line of perforations given for this purpose. For this view 2¾ yards 36-inch satin—2¾ yards 36-inch velveteen are required. At the center of the page the dress is shown fashioned of one material, for which size 16 requires 3¾ yards 44-inch black satin—¾ yard white satin for collar. The dress may close at center-front or side-front, and may have high or low neck, both are illustrated.

8091—Misses' Single-breasted Jacket. Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3¼ yards 44-inch tricotine—3¼ yards 36-inch lining. No. 7773—Misses' Two-piece Skirt with Suspender Attachment. Three sizes, 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires with jumper 2½ yards 44-inch tricotine. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. A large crushed collar buttoning in surplice style is a smart feature of the jacket of this suit. This is comfortable for cold weather wear, but for warmer days, the collar being convertible, may be rolled low and the fronts of the jacket turned back in revers. The front and back are in panel style. The skirt is gathered at the top, and may have a jumper-like section in front with suspender straps at the back, or if preferred, the skirt may be worn without this attachment.

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The Newest Models in Blouses, Skirts, and House-Dresses

8089—Ladies' Tailored Blouse. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch striped crêpe de Chine—¼ yard white satin for collar and cuffs. White crêpe de Chine striped in blue, rose, orchid, or primrose yellow makes up attractively in these tailored blouses. The convertible collar may be rolled high or low.

8100—Ladies' Panel Blouse. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 35-inch voile. Braiding No. 12424, blue or yellow transfer pattern. The front panel which descends below the belt gives distinctive style to this otherwise simple blouse.

8119—Ladies' Blouse. Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 40-inch bisque Georgette crêpe—½ yard white Georgette crêpe for vest. Braiding No. 12426, blue or yellow transfer pattern. A braided vest of white Georgette crêpe affords charming contrast to this blouse of delicate biscuit-color. The closing is at left side-front.

8107—Ladies' Blouse. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard navy blue Georgette crêpe—⅝ yard white Georgette crêpe. Among the most popular blouses are those that combine two shades of Georgette crêpe. Navy blue and white are attractively combined in this model, but brown and bisque would combine equally well.

Blouse 8112
Braiding 12426

Blouse 8107

Blouse 8086

Blouse 8110

Blouse 8089

8086—Ladies' Tailored Blouse. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe—1 yard grosgrain ribbon for bow. Here is one of the fashionable new tailored blouses that may button to the top of the standing collar, or if preferred, the collar being convertible, may be rolled low. The blouse is gathered in front below a yoke effect formed by extending the back over the shoulders.

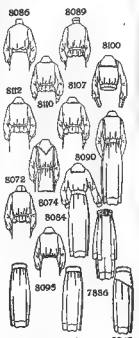
8110—Ladies' Blouse. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine. A rolling collar finishes the open neck, and a yoke effect is formed by extending the back over the shoulders. Below this the fronts are gathered. Quite simple in style are the one-piece sleeves which are gathered to deep cuffs with turn-back sections. They are perforated for shorter length.

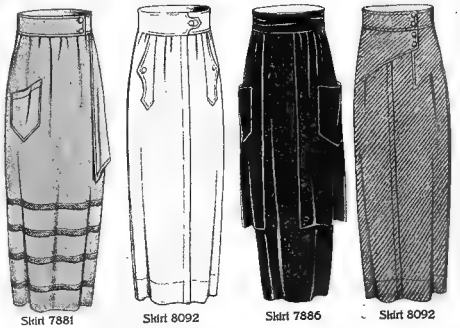
Blouse 8100
Braiding 12424

Blouse 8095
Beading 12469

Blouse 8072

Blouse 8074





Skirt 7881 | Skirt 8092 | Skirt 7886 | Skirt 8092

House-dress 8090 | House-dress 8084 | 7881 | 8092 | 8092

8074—Ladies' Blouse. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine. The closing is at left side-front under a tuck, and the front and back of the blouse are in panel style and extend to form a peplum. The collar forms a point at the back.

8092—Ladies' Three-piece Gathered Skirt. Nine sizes, 24 to 40 waist. Size 26 requires 2⅝ yards 44-inch gabardine. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Two views of this skirt are illustrated.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 84

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Chic Frocks that Express the Very Spirit of Youth

8096 Misses' Long-waisted Dress. Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 2¼ yards 44-inch serge —2 yards 36-inch satin—¾ yard 27-inch white satin for collar —⅛ yard fringe for view shown at upper left of page. Embroidery No. 12469, blue or yellow transfer pattern. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. In its original form this dress displays one of the new long swinging panels front and back, and this view is illustrated at the center of the page (right), but perforations permit of shortening and slashing the panels. For the view at center size 16 requires 4¼ yards 44-inch tricotine. Braiding No. 12474, blue or yellow transfer pattern. In the upper view the dress combines satin with serge, the serge attached at the fashionable low waist-line.

8080—Misses' Dress. Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3⅞ yards 36-inch velveteen—⅜ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe for collar 12 yards braid —⅞ yard 36-inch satin for girdle—⅞ yard 36-inch lining. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. This frock is illustrated here in its plainest form without the swinging panels which are part of the pattern. Rows of silk braid form the trimming. The neck instead of being in V-shaping with collar of white Georgette crêpe, may show the new oval collarless neck-line. The waist is closed on left shoulder and under the left arm, and the underbody at center-front.

Dress 8096 Embroidery 12469

Dress 8036

Dress 8105

Dress 8101 Braiding 12469

Dress 8096 Braiding 12474

Dress 8055

8055—Misses' Dress. Three sizes, 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 5⅜ yards 36-inch velveteen. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. A large collar that extends into broad revers forms an attractive finish for the surplice blouse of this chic frock of black velveteen. Below the girdle there are peplum sections at the side with a looped-under panel at the back. If the dress is made of satin or any of the soft fabrics, an accordion-plaited skirt may be selected instead of the gathered one, and plain sleeves are provided in addition to the flowing sleeves illustrated.

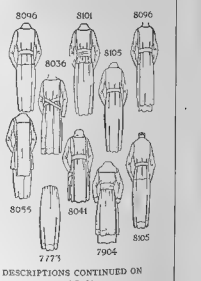
8101—Misses' Dress. Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 2⅝ yards 48-inch broadcloth—1¼ yard 36-inch velvet for panels—⅜ yard 27-inch white taffeta for collar —⅛ yard fringe—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Braiding No. 12469, blue or yellow transfer pattern of 24 motifs. Fringe-trimmed panels of velvet are applied effectively on the plain broadcloth frock. The deep girdle is elaborately braided.

Dress 7904 Braiding 12427

Jacket 8041 Skirt 7773

Dress 8105

7904—Misses' Dress. Three sizes, 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 5½ yards 44-inch serge —½ yard 36-inch satin for collar and vest—⅛ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Braiding No. 12427, blue or yellow transfer pattern. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Featured on this dress is the fashionable apron tunic front and back. The dress closes at left side-front.



DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 64

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Sensible Winter Fashions for the Girl in Her Teens

8075—Misses' Dress. Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch crêpe meteor for foundation dress—2 yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe for tunic blouse—1⅜ yard fringe—3¼ yards filet lace banding—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. For afternoon wear Georgette crêpe combined with one of the satin-surfaced fabrics is very popular. In this model the sheer fabric forms the long overblouse, and the satin is used for the foundation. The overblouse slips on over the head, and the neck is finished with shirred tucks. Long kimono sleeves are cut in one with the side-front and side-back of the waist.

8082—Misses' Dress. Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 5 yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine—⅝ yard 36-inch satin for sash. Beading No. 11506, blue or yellow transfer pattern. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The popular back panel is introduced, looped up under the tunic.

8098 — Juniors' One - piece Dress. Three sizes, 13, 15, and 17 years. Size 17 requires 4⅞ yards 36-inch velveteen—1½ yards braid—⅜ yard fringe. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. For the all-day frock which may be worn indoors and outdoors, nothing is so fashionable as velveteen in black, dark blue, burgundy, and seal brown. Braid is the favored trimming. This model is in panel style, the front and back panels fastening on the left shoulder. The neck is finished with a square collar and the panel is perforated for two shorter lengths, the longest length illustrated.

8038 7982 8075 8082

8098 7938 7913 7906 8103

8088 — Misses' Double - breasted Coat. Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3¼ yards 54-inch Bolivia cloth — 4½ yards 36 - inch satin for lining. For cold weather the collar is very comfortable buttoned high as illustrated, but, if desired, it may be rolled flat at will.

7913—Misses' Dress. Three sizes, 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 1½ yard 36-inch satin—4⅜ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Beading No. 12348, blue or yellow transfer pattern. This is an excellent model for Georgette crêpe, satin, or any of the soft fabrics. The blouse shows the fashionable round collarless neck and back closing. Lower-edge width 2 yards.

7982 — Misses' Dress. Three sizes, 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 1⅞ yard 27-inch velveteen — 3¼ yards 36-inch satin—1⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody and top of skirt. Width at lower edge 1⅞ yard. The irregular tunic is attached diagonally.

7906—Misses' Dress. Three sizes, 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 5¾ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The panel blouse, kimono sleeves, and tunic mark this frock as in the very latest mode. It is charming in Georgette.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 69

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is made by the
RUSSIA CEMENT CO. GLOUCESTER, MASS.
who also make and guarantee

SIGNET THE PERMANENT INK

Here Are Practical and Smart Styles for Little Folks

8070—Girls' and Juniors' One-piece Dress. Six sizes, 6 to 16 years. Size 12 requires 1¾ yard 42-inch serge for panels and belt—2⅝ yards 36-inch satin for dress—⅝ yard 36-inch white satin for collar and cuffs. Panels are by no means the exclusive property of mother and big sister. Little sister has calmly appropriated them to use on her frocks as well, and they are especially popular in navy serge over a foundation of black satin. A new effect is gained by slashing the panels through the center from the lower edge almost to the waist-line.

8085—Infants' Set. One size only, requiring for nightgown 1¾ yard 36-inch cambric or 1¾ yard 27-inch flannel—either style band ⅜ yard flannel or stockinet—upper diaper drawers ½ yard 27-inch rubber sheeting or stockinet—lower diaper drawers ⅝ yard 27-inch stockinet. The nightgown may be drawn in to cover the feet, as illustrated, or the lower edge may be left open.

8109—Girls' and Juniors' One-piece Dress. Five sizes, 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2⅝ yards 44-inch serge—½ yard 27-inch fancy silk for collar and cuffs. Embroidery No. 12372, blue or yellow transfer pattern providing 3½ yards of 2- and 3¾-inch borders. Attached to the separate underarm sections of this smart serge frock are the popular panels which are embroidered at the bottom. Perforations permit of shortening the sleeves.

8087—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Five sizes, 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 3⅛ yards 44-inch serge—6¾ yards braid—¼ yard 27-inch white satin for collar. From Lanvin comes the fashion of trimming serge and velveteen frocks with rows and rows of wide braid. The simple waist of this frock closes on the left shoulder and left side-front.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 69

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Her Wonderful Eyes

would be unattractive if they were not adorned with long, luxuriant eyelashes and well formed eyebrows. They give the appealing, beautiful expression, with overtones of charm. Eyebrows and ladies add beauty to eyes as does a beautiful frame to a picture. If Nature has denied you the priceless heritage of long, luxuriant eyelashes and well formed eyebrows, it is now quite possible to have them if you will apply just a little

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Send price and we will mail you LASH-BROW-INE and our Method Beauty Book, "The Private Life of the Eyelashes and Eyebrows." SATISFACTION ASSURED OR PRICE REFUNDED. Avoid disappointment—Refuse substitutes.

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We will prove its value in your own case. There is no reason why you should not accept our offer. The photographs show how light, cool, elastic and easily adjusted the Philo Burt Appliance is, how different from the old, torturous plaster of, leather or steel jackets. Every sufferer with a weakened or deformed spine owes it to himself to investigate this method. Price within reach of all.

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If you will describe the case it will aid us in giving you data for information at once.

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QUEEN HAIR DYE
(OR GRAY HAIR RESTORER)

for restoring your Gray or faded Hair to its original youthful color. Easy to apply. Neither sticky nor oily. Has been in use for more than 20 years by thousands of particular women whose hair has turned prematurely gray. Used and recommended by leading hairdressers everywhere.

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can be obtained at all leading drug stores and hairdressers, or will be sent postpaid upon receipt of price (65c or $1.15) if ordered direct from the manufacturers.

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— Every Deaf Person Knows That

I make myself hear, after being deaf for 25 years, with these Artificial Ear Drums. I wear them day and night. They are perfectly comfortable. No one sees them. Write me and I will tell you a true story, how I got deaf and how I make you hear. Address

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NATIONAL IMPORTING & MFG. CO., Dept. HR, 425 Broadway, New York

FASHIONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53

7976—Ladies' Combination. Sizes small, medium, and large, corresponding with 36, 40, and 44 bust. Small size requires 2½ yards 36-inch nainsook. Embroidery No. 11741, blue or yellow transfer pattern of 36 sprays.

8514—Men's and Youths' Negligée Shirt. Ten sizes, 32 to 50 chest. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch percale.

7113—Ladies' Night-gown. Sizes, 36, 40, 44, and 48 bust. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 36-inch batiste.

8094—Girls' and Juniors' Bath-robe. Eight sizes, 8 to 17 years. Size 12 requires 4¾ yards 27-inch elderdown—3¼ yards ribbon for trimming.

8022—Misses' and Girls' Fajamas. Sizes, 4, 8, 12, 16, 18, and 20 years. Size 12 requires 5 yards 27-inch flannelet.

8088—Ladies' Bath-robe. Sizes, small, medium, and large, corresponding with 36, 40, and 44 bust. Small size requires one blanket robe measuring not less than 70 inches wide and 84 inches long. If made of flannel small size requires 4¼ yards 36-inches wide.

7637—Ladies' Bath-robe. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 6⅝ yards 27-inch elderdown.

8801—Child's Nightdrawers, with or without feet. Four sizes, 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires 3 yards 27-inch flannelet.

8091—Girls' and Juniors' One-piece Pajamas. Six sizes, 6 to 16 years. Size 12 requires 5¾ yards 27-inch figured crêpe.

8099—Child's Bath-robe. Three sizes, 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 3 yards 27-inch elderdown—3⅜ yards ribbon for trimming.

8019—Girls' and Juniors' One-piece Pajamas. Five sizes, 4 to 12 years. Size 8 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch batiste—5¼ yards Valenciennes edging—2½ yards Valenciennes insertion.

8108—Child's Nightdrawers. Four sizes, 1 to 4 years. Size 3 requires 3 yards 27-inch canton flannel.

7405—Men's and Youths' Coat Shirt. Ten sizes, 32 to 50 chest. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 32-inch madras.

8069—Ladies' One-piece Pajamas. Sizes small, medium, and large, corresponding with 36, 40, and 44 bust. Small size requires 6½ yards 27-inch flannelet.

7968—Liberty Costume for Ladies and Misses. Sizes small, medium, and large, corresponding with 18 years, 36 and 42 bust. Medium size requires 7¼ yards 36-inch striped white muslin for blouse—2¾ yards red and white striped muslin for skirt—1 yard blue muslin for sash.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57

7938—Misses' and Juniors' Single-breasted Coat. Eight sizes, 13 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3¼ yards 54-inch tweed—1⅞ yards 36-inch lining. The large collar rolling high at the neck may be worn flat with the fronts turned back to form revers.

8103—Girls' and Juniors' One-piece Dress. Five sizes, 6 to 14 years. Size 14 requires 3⅜ yards 44-inch serge—1¾ yard 36-inch satin—1¼ yard fringe—¼ yard white organdy for collar. A rolling collar finishes the yoke, but instead of this a removable shield and round collar may be worn.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 68

8109—Boys' and Youths' Blouse. Five sizes, 8 to 16 years. Size 12 requires 2¼ yards 32-inch madras.

8046—Girls' and Juniors' Coat. Five sizes, 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch velours—⅞ yard 36-inch plush for collar and facing—3¼ yards 36-inch satin for lining.

8104—Boys' Double-breasted Coat. Six sizes, 3 to 13 years. Size 8 requires 2 yards 54-inch cheviot—2⅜ yards 36-inch lining.

8113—Boys' Blouse. Three sizes, 4, 5, and 6 years. Size 6 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch percale. A box plait is applied to the front of the blouse, and the neck is finished with a collar-band, and turn-down collar.

7985—Child's Dress. Three sizes, 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 2¾ yards 40-inch lawn or batiste—3½ yards 3-inch eyelet embroidered banding—8¾ yards edging. Round neck and short sleeves may be substituted for the square neck outline and short puff sleeves illustrated.

7972—Child's Dress. Four sizes, 2 to 8 years. Size 4 requires 1¾ yard 22-inch check challis—⅝ yard plain challis. This frock closes at the back and is gathered below a square yoke. The sleeves may be long or short, and the novel collar is especially attractive.

7931—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Five sizes, 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch crêpe—2½ yards velvet ribbon. The waist is cut in one with the sleeves which are perforated for shorter length, and it is joined to a straight gathered skirt.

7945—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Five sizes, 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 1¾ yard 27-inch dotted swiss—2½ yards 40-inch organdy—4½ yards ribbon for sash. Featherstitch borders No. 12363, in blue only. Plain and dotted muslins or organdy may be combined attractively in this frock which displays a new fashion note in the overblouse or jumper in peplum style.

7914—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Five sizes, 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch organdy—2½ yards Valenciennes insertion—2½ yards edging. Embroidery No. 12367, blue or yellow transfer pattern of 38 motifs. Pink-color, orchid, or jonquil yellow organdy may be selected for this dainty party frock with embroidered jumper.

$1000 profit yearly for the past few years is the record of one of our "regular" agents

Last spring one "spare time" agent sold $1000 worth in five months

A new agent last season sold $138 worth her first two afternoons

Read this book. Last year, it was the means of making hundreds of women successful

Made from $200.00 to $1000.00 apiece

Without capital or experience you can make *all the money you need.* We tell you exactly how to do it. Get our proposition. Part time work. Large commissions. Protected territory. Write today for free book, "How You Can Make Big Money"

free

WOMEN are working. Not just a few women, not the exceptional woman, but practically every woman in America is trying to earn some money during these times. Today no woman wants to be dependent—no woman feels comfortable with leisure time on her hands. If she can't do war or charitable work, she is out doing some kind of work to keep up the prosperity of America and increase her family's income.

In the Spring of 1918, after we had been at war only a year, we felt the effect of this movement among women to work. Over ten thousand women wrote us for our agencies!

If you want to become financially independent, write us for our booklet "How You Can Make Big Money," and get the right to represent our firm in your territory. You can give just whatever time you can spare. You will find it not only extremely profitable during the war, but that every sale you make helps you build up a permanent business which the ending of the war will not affect. Women with men in service or discharged veterans in their families have been especially successful with us.

Each season we import from Switzerland embroidered robes and waist patterns to be made up into gowns, waists and children's dresses. Wonderful, original, *exclusive* designs embroidered in every possible color on the latest fabrics.

Prices from $1.95 to $25.00. These with over 400 beautiful dress materials —imported ginghams, Japanese crêpes, fine madras and percale shirtings, silk shirtings, fine yarn woven and printed voiles, silk and cotton mixed and all silk fancy dress goods, silk stripe voiles and poplins, embroidered white voiles, creponnes, draperies, beach cloth, linen suitings, fancy silks, Shantung silks, wool mohairs, handkerchiefs, etc.; in fact, all the desirable materials in the dry goods line — are sold direct by our special representatives.

GET THIS BOOK

No experience necessary—Our Manager of Representatives has helped nearly 3000 women to be successful. Over half of them had never worked before!

Mrs. Patton says: "I never sold anything before in my life, so I feel quite proud of my Schweizer goods which amounted to almost $138 the first afternoon."

One way to start—Mrs. Reisner of Pennsylvania says: "I sent for the samples, showed them to my friends, who were so pleased with them that they ordered for themselves and sent me to other friends of theirs."

Easy to sell—Miss Laughlin says: "I can go in a house and sell your goods without saying a word. Just put out the samples in a way that displays them to a good advantage—the goods speak for themselves."

How much can I make? The amount you can make is limited only by the amount of time you give to the work. It is easy for you to make $100. One of our representatives has averaged as high as $1000 a season for five years.

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Large commissions—Women are eager to secure the right to represent us because orders for our goods run into money quickly. We pay big commissions, starting with your first order. You make big money and begin at once to make it.

Wonderful values: Materials have gone up so in price that women say they can't afford to buy. Our embroidered robes are imported direct from Switzerland—the moment you see them you will say, "How astoundingly cheap!" You appreciate value in dress goods; see our wonderful values! Almost before-the-war prices!

Good service: We handle orders promptly—delivery free—your customer's satisfaction guaranteed.

Protected territory: Exclusive territory can be arranged for—big territory, so that your opportunity is unlimited. We also furnish you with names of our customers in your vicinity

No capital needed: You invest no money. Scores of refinement who have never known what it was to work before are our most successful representatives now.

Write today for our proposition and actual samples. Applications for territory considered in order received. Delay may cost you your opportunity. Don't postpone writing. Begin right now to be financially independent.

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Disfiguring streaks of gray and unruly silver threads are an unnecessary affliction now, for science has solved the problem with a real hair color restorer.

It is no relation to the crude dyes which your friends criticise. You can use it without anyone's knowledge, and be absolutely sure of results.

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Mary T. Goldman's
Hair Color Restorer

When you open the trial bottle you will find a liquid which is clean and clear as water.

This pure liquid leaves the hair clean and fluffy, ready to curl and dress. It doesn't interfere with shampooing.

You simply comb it through the hair and the gray disappears. It all seems too good to be true until the trial bottle proves it.

Remember, when the first gray streaks appear is the time to begin with Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer and mail the coupon for the trial bottle today.

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849 Goldman Building, St. Paul, Minn.
Established 50 Years (150)

MARY T. GOLDMAN, 849 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
Please send me your free trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer, with directions, and my comb, enclosed in box, and by accepting this free offer I am not obligated in any way. I have ... gray hair. My hair is black ☐ dark brown ☐ medium brown ☐ light brown ☐

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MAVIS
Toilet Water-Face Powder
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GET THIS LABOR SAVING NEEDLE 10¢
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It's the needle that *threads through the eye with one motion*—The greatest sewing machine relief for nervous fingers and tired eyes.

The L-S Needle saves nerves, time and temper. Don't be without this comfort another day. There's a size for your machine. 10c at your store or from us. Give name of machine when ordering.

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LABOR SAVING SEWING MACHINE NEEDLE

Pictorial Review Mothers "Carry On"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57

First, PICTORIAL REVIEW'S service to you.

During the coming year, each meeting will open with a discussion of problems which arise during the first twelve months of a child's life, considered in chronological order. In the February PICTORIAL REVIEW, the topic will be the care of a baby during the first month of his life, a critical period for both mother and child. In March, problems of the baby's second month will be considered. Thus, by February, 1920, the entire first year of the child will have been covered in the same practical fashion as we followed the progress of "Pictorial Review Junior," two years ago.

YOUNG, inexperienced mothers and prospective mothers will find this new series of meetings most helpful, and we earnestly urge you to file away the articles for future reference.

But we realize that among our members are many mothers of children two years old or more, whose problems are different from those of young babies. And they must be met. How can we help you mothers of older children, say from two years to six? And will you help us to help you?

What age after weaning do you think the most trying?

What questions of diet, clothes, sleeping, amusements, habits have puzzled you most?

If you will suggest topics, we will have them discussed on this page.

Now for your service, as American mothers, to be rendered to your country. Thousands of women write to say that PICTORIAL REVIEW MOTHER CLUB has been a real education to them. It has saved their babies' lives. It has cut down doctors' bills. It has made life in the home more peaceful and normal.

What are you doing to pass this knowledge on to other mothers?

Will you help us to spread scientific knowledge of infant care and feeding throughout America?

We have a million and a half subscribers —most of them mothers. If each mother will do her part, PICTORIAL REVIEW MOTHER CLUB can save thousands of babies and raise the standard of health in America. The United States Government has asked the entire country to participate in a baby-saving campaign. Here is your chance to carry on for your country without leaving your home.

And PICTORIAL REVIEW stands ready to help you.

In your town, on your block, in your church, there should be a mother club.

If you have half-a-dozen neighbors willing to spare an hour a week for education in motherhood, organize a mother circle. You need not join a national organization or pay dues. Just organize among yourselves, select a convenient day, and meet in your own parlors or dining-rooms in Winter, on your porches in Summer. Choose a president and secretary to call meetings and distribute literature.

WHEN you have made up your little circle of students, send their names and addresses, headed by those of your president and secretary, to PICTORIAL REVIEW MOTHER CLUB, together with a stamped envelop, addressed to your secretary. In return you will receive an outline for reading and study, with names of books needed for reference and sufficient PICTORIAL REVIEW Leaflets on Baby Care to supply all of your members, whether they are subscribers to the magazine or not. In other words, if one reader wishes to form a circle of neighbors who are not subscribers, she will be aided in the great work of education for motherhood without charge as part of PICTORIAL REVIEW'S service to the women of America.

"SAVE the babies" is now a national slogan. Babies were never so important.

Will you help in this magnificent work? If so, send for an outline of organization and study. It will cost you nothing. While this appeal is made particularly to members of our Mother Club, social workers, teachers in day and Sunday schools, nurses, and all women interested in the betterment of children will be welcomed as co-workers in this mighty movement. Send us two references—your clergyman, banker, doctor, or school principal—and a list of mothers whom you have interested in child study, and we will supply the organization plans and study outlines. You do not have to be married to love children and to save them. If the mothers on your block, in your village, are a bit apathetic on the subject of child study, organize them, inspire them, induce them to learn more about their wonderful profession of motherhood, which, more than ever before in the country's history, looms up magnificently for the future of the nation.

Start the movement for a PICTORIAL REVIEW MOTHER CLUB among your friends to-day.

This is patriotic service.

Next month we will tell you about a worker who has already used PICTORIAL REVIEW articles to rouse sentiment and spread valuable knowledge in her community. When you read this little story, you will want to form a "Carry On" club for the mothers of your community.

New Books with a War Flavor

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

SOME of the best books of the year have been written as a direct result of the war, some are indirectly influenced by it, and some make a strenuous effort to get away from it entirely. Perhaps the best war book that the season has produced is "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" (E. P. Dutton) written by a Spaniard, Vincente Ibanez, and translated by Charlotte Brewster Jordan. Already well known as a writer in his own country, Mr. Ibanez has achieved just fame in the English-speaking world through this book. The title is purely symbolical, for the story is a clean-cut and definite portrayal of present-day times. It deals with a South-American family which has broken up into factions, one faction going to France and one to Germany. The result can be imagined and is interesting in the extreme, inasmuch as the war has a different reaction on each group of people.

BOOKS of the type that have the war as a background only are less interesting because we see the reaction of real men and women. "An American Family," by Henry Kitchell Webster (Bobbs-Merrill), is an interesting example of this kind. It portrays the war and its ultimate relation to each member of a family of to-day, and would be extremely interesting if it were not filled with too many labor problems which become tedious before the book, which is inordinately long, comes to a close. Contrasted with this is a nice little story by Olive Higgins Prouty, called "The Star in the Window" (Frederick Stokes). It traces the development of a raw sailor who has been in the service long before the war, and his ultimate finding of himself through the love of an inexperienced girl curious for a taste of life and not exactly knowing how to go about getting it. This story has no elements of greatness, but it possesses a certain charm that is clean and genuine and after all teaches a little lesson of its own in a simple, unostentatious manner. "Elizabeth's Campaign," Mrs. Humphry Ward's new novel (Dodd, Mead & Co.), an English story of the war, has more to it and is not so stodgy as "Missing." Whatever Mrs. Ward lacks in clever manipulation she makes up for in a certain dignity that is always to be found in her books, and this new book is really quite worth while.

WE STILL have some cheerful books written, perhaps with the idea of getting away from the war altogether, which serve their purpose very well. Chief among these is a volume of short stories called "Cheerful by Request," by Edna Ferber (Doubleday, Page). These stories are true to life and the most novel method is used to link them together. The book is handled with directness and simplicity and with almost no O. Henry touch of quaint humor. "You're Only Young Once," a simple little tale by Margaret Widdemer (Henry Holt), which she plays the part of the matchmaking author and marries off seven heroines one after the other, is not a valuable addition to the season's array of books. It does, however, lighten the gloom, has a certain emotional appeal, and for boredom it a pretty good antidote if taken in moderate quantities.

A STRANGELY interesting book called "Many Mansions," by S a r a h Warder MacConnell (Houghton Mifflin), has for its central theme the strange gropings towards happiness of an unusual heroine. No one has understood this girl from childhood, and one by one there come into her life different men who influence her character deeply. The book is beautifully written, with a power and passion that plainly shows the love the writer has for her subject. It is filled with interesting human characters, no two of whom are alike, who talk, and whose talk is interesting. After dipping here and there in different mansions for the happiness that she has always craved and has never found, the heroine, Perdita, finally goes back to her first love and we suppose is happy forever after. That is, if any mere man could make her happy, for she requires a great deal more in every way than the average man is prepared to give.

IF: By Mable I. Clapp

IF YOU can Hooverize when all about you
The smell of breakfast bacon doth arise;
If you have kept the faith so none can doubt you
Upon the wheatlessness of cake or pies;
If you have saved, and not grown tired of saving;
If you have canned in fifty-seven ways;
If you have ne'er been charged with misbehaving
By substituting hash on meatless days—

If you have conservationed all you're able,
And through it all forborne a look of pain,
Despite the fact that from the breakfast-table
There comes the plaint, "Oh, gosh! Corn-meal again!"
If you can serve a patriotism lofty;
If you can coax Friend Husband to forego
The customary four lumps in his coffee
And yet *be satisfied* to have it so—

If you can learn to knit, and start a sweater,
And find, when half done, sixteen stitches dropped;
And pull the darned thing out and do it better,
And never feel your zeal for service flop;
If you can rock and talk and plan a dinner
And at the same time deftly turn a heel,
And quite forget the time when, a beginner,
Around that sock you painfully did reel—

If you can run a Red Cross entertainment,
And peel potatoes thin, and save, and sew,
And wear your last year's somewhat faded raiment,
And buy a bond, and make a Kitchener toe;
If you can watch the pennies like a miser;
If you can knit and knit and knit and KNIT!
Yours is the zeal that helped to can the Kaiser,
And what is more, my dear, you've done your bit.

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